July 20, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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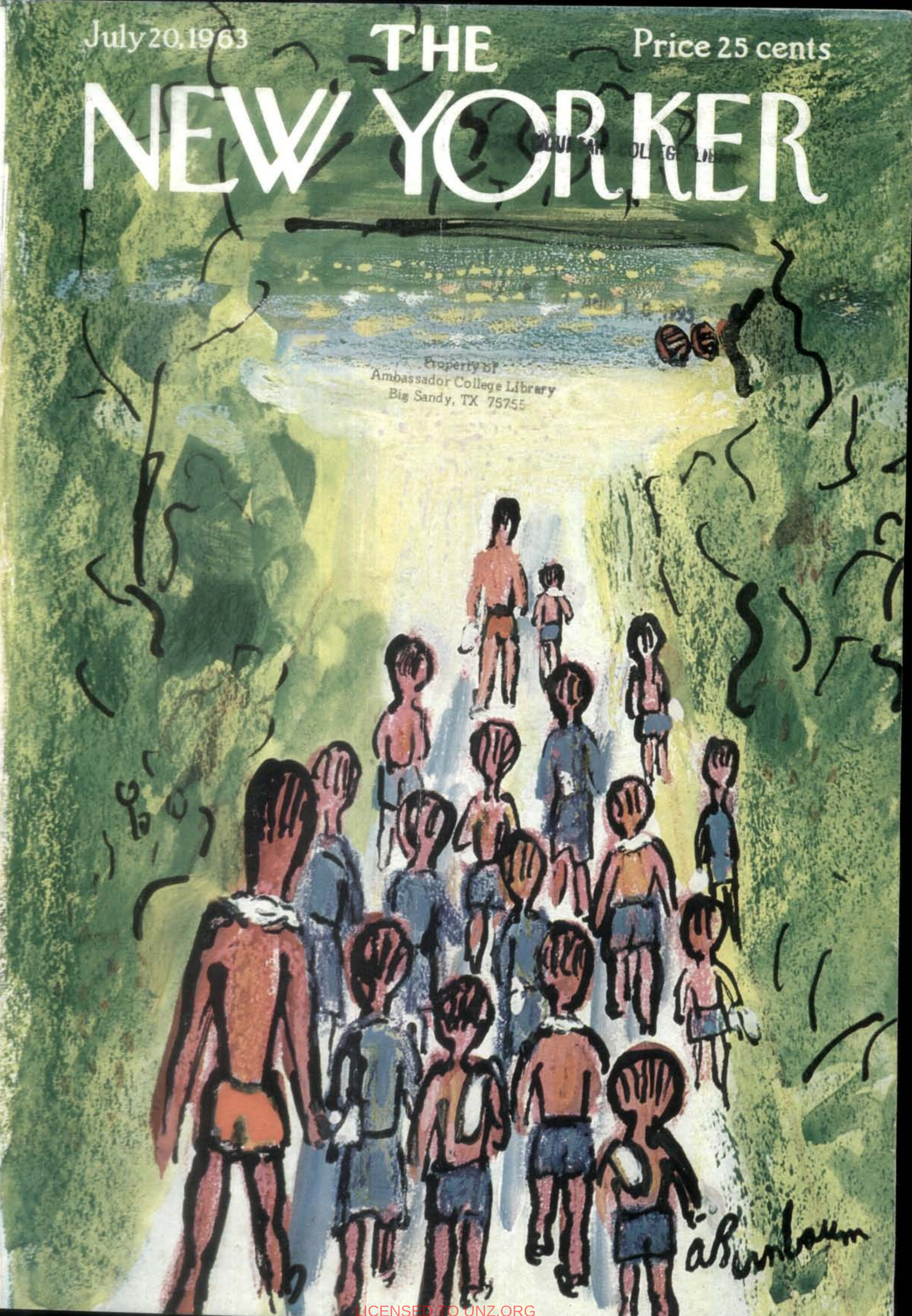

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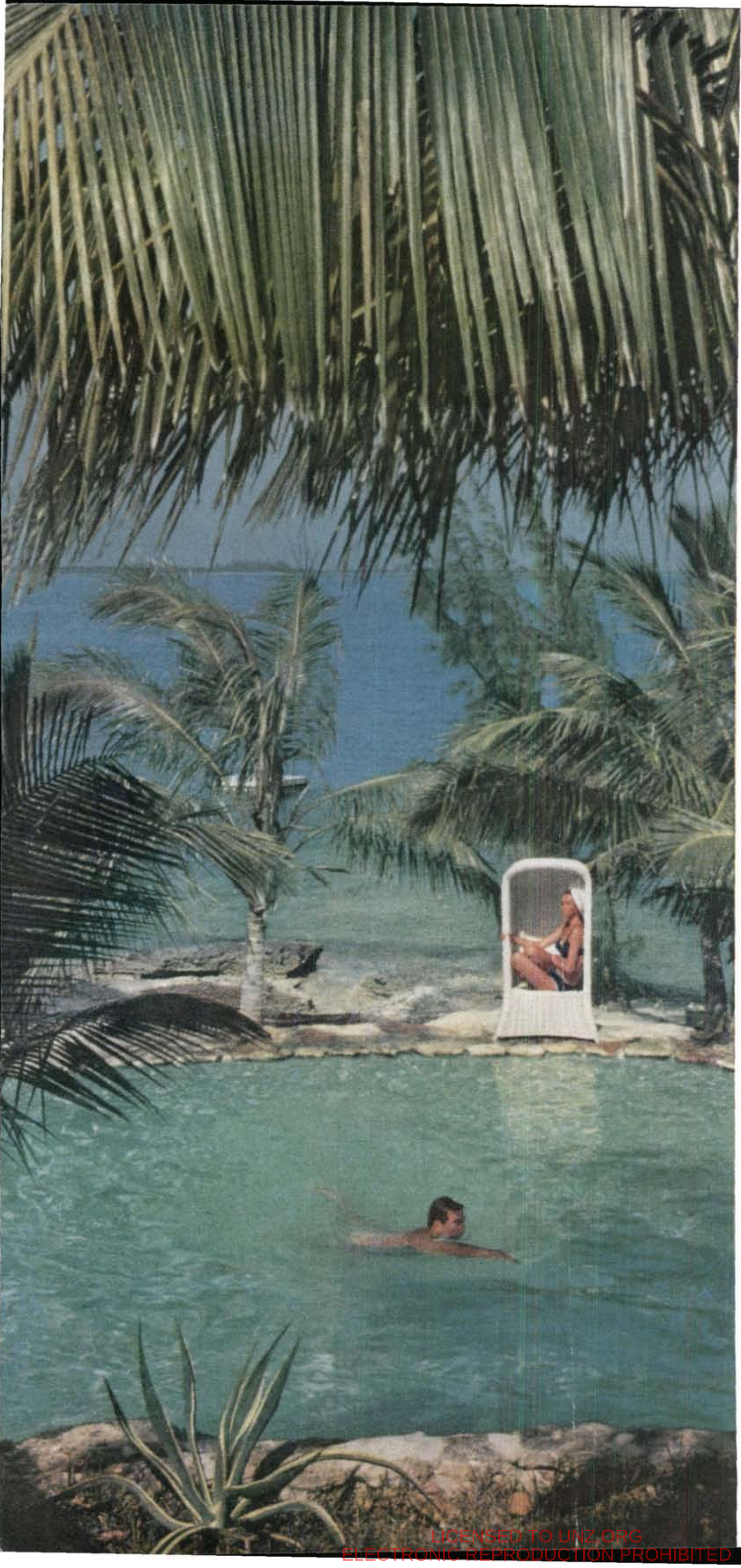

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Beyond the Fringe—A delightful diversion in which four superb English comedians—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Dear Me, the Sky Is Falling—This slight but warm-hearted comedy about a kind of Jewish Mrs. Fixit is closed for the moment but will probably reopen on Monday, July 22. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Enter Laughing—Joseph Stein's funny adaptation of a novel by Carl Reiner. Alan Arkin is extremely comical as a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor—a profession for which he is totally unprepared. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, and Meg Myles are among those in Mr. Arkin's humorous circle. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Never Too Late—Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a brisk farce about a sixty-year-old who finds, to his dismay, that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. The play was written by Sumner Arthur Long, who is a good man with dialogue, and directed by George Abbott with his customary authority. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**mary, mary:** Biff McGuire, Patricia Smith, and Michael Evans are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The cast at the evening performances consists of Nancy Kelly, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Elaine Stritch, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Oliver!—An entertainment based vaguely on Dickens' "Oliver Twist" and having in its favor several fine big production numbers. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill and David Jones are quite competent in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—Jack Cassidy, Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, Ludwig Donath, and the other members of the company perform delightfully in this charming and rather old-fashioned comedy about the employees of a cosmetics shop in Hungary back in the thirties. The songs, by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the dances, by Carol Haney, may not be truly memorable, but they're agreeable. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tovarich—This new musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, White and Red, is handicapped by a book that just doesn't make much sense. However, Vivien Leigh, even if her voice is small, turns in a reputable, even regal, performance as a grand duchess of all the Russias. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**a funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Jerry Lester (substituting for Zero Mostel) and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **how to succeed in business without really trying:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **no strings:** Howard Keel (who has just replaced Richard Kiley) plays an expatriate writer in Paris, and Barbara McNair plays a Paris *Vogue* model in Richard Rodgers' show. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 3.)... **stop the world—i want to get off:** The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Kenneth Nelson, who is filling in for Anthony Newley. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The American Dream and The Zoo Story—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, July 18-19: "The Gondoliers."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 20: "The Mikado."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, July 21, and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, July 23-24: "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, July 25-26: "The Mikado."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 27: "Patience." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 4.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical about a movie actress who comes to a prep-school dance. The songs still sound fine, and the attractive young cast makes up in breeziness what it lacks in professional finesse. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:40. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A thoroughly satisfying revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. The book, an adaptation of "The Comedy of Errors," gets a bit tiresome, but who cares? (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—A strong and merciless record, as convincing as a documentary, of a single day in a U.S. Marine Corps prison. The acting of almost everyone concerned, and the direction, by Judith Malina, couldn't be better. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two rubbishy one-acters with Shelley Winters and Jack Warden. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—Carl Low plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Betty Miller plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably animated revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeck-

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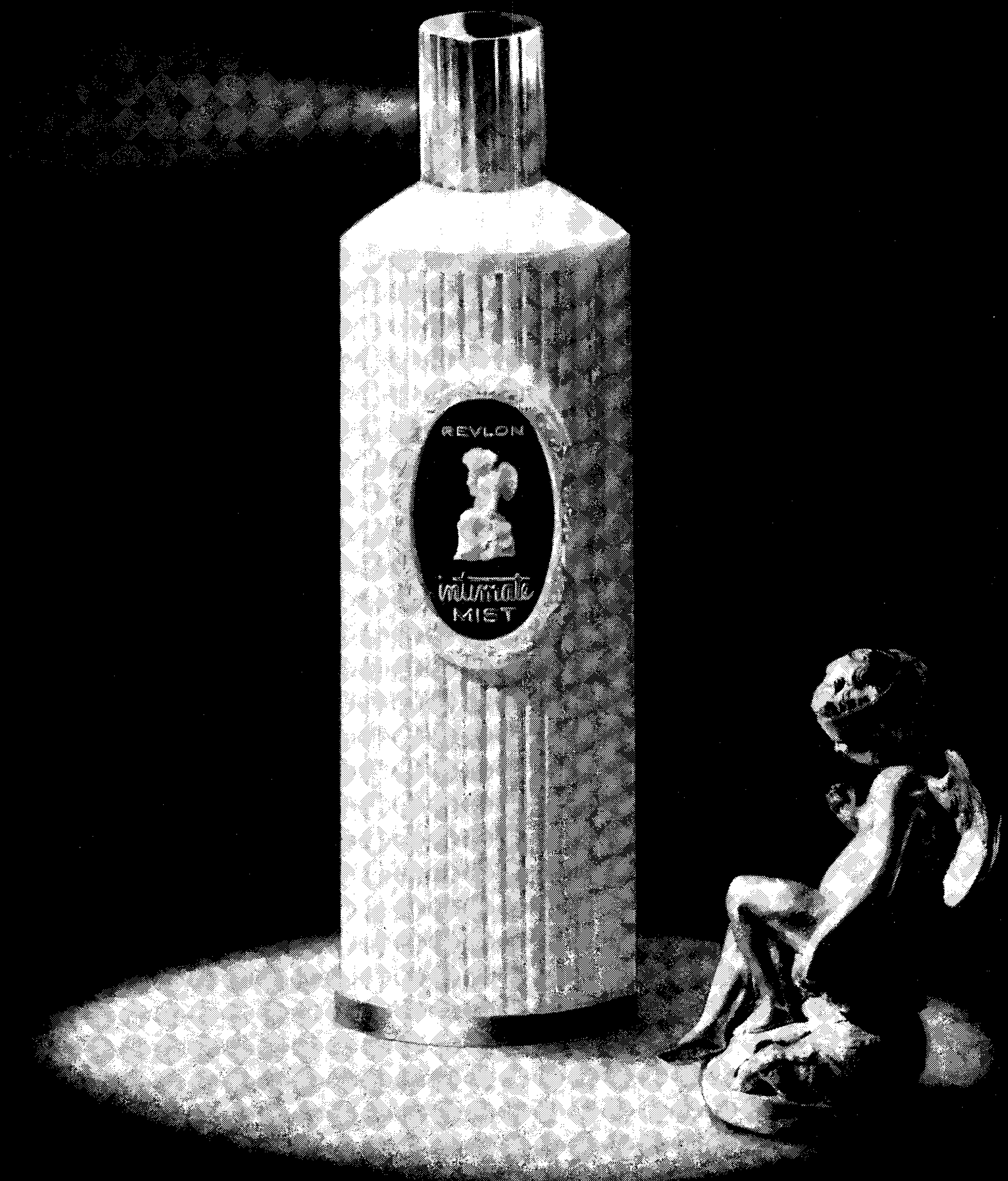
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er St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana; the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment; and the performances by all hands are considerably more than adequate. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk and buoyant production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as strip-teaser. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Typists and **The Tiger**—A couple of funny one-acters, each for two characters. Now with Milt Kamen and Janet Ward. The promising dramatist is named Murray Schisgal. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "As You Like It," with Paula Prentiss and Richard Jordan. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 3.)

Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—The second in a series of six free programs, this one by England's Western Theatre Ballet. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Monday, July 22, at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by Fritz Weaver, Robert Clary, and Elaine Malbin. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, recently redesigned by Solomon in all his glory, there are dinner and supper visitations by Della Reese, now a much more efficient exponent of the hyperthyroid ballad. Her tropical storm is augmented by a Lester Lanin band, which makes dance music both before and after. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—This goldfish bowl, now drained, will be refilled on Monday, July 22. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' neatly turned orchestra will pipe the customers aboard. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, will resume its programs of music by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, where the only approved forms of athletics are circumspect dancing and circumspect table-hopping, is shared by Stanley Worth's minute band and the guitar of Renato Rossini, which knows the Riviera all the way from the Costa Brava to Sorrento. They give over on Mondays to another band.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Betty Johnson, cup of cheer, is on the wine card of the Persian Room. Her arias are intertwined with Milt Shaw's reasonably large band and Mark Monte's small one, both of them of the chortling sort. On Monday, July 22, Miss Johnson will be succeeded by Kaye Ballard, a formidable girl who likes to decorate her songs with streaks of insanity. Once a night during the week, twice on Fridays and Saturdays is the songbirds' regimen; closed Sundays.... ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. The Palm Court is also closed on Sundays.

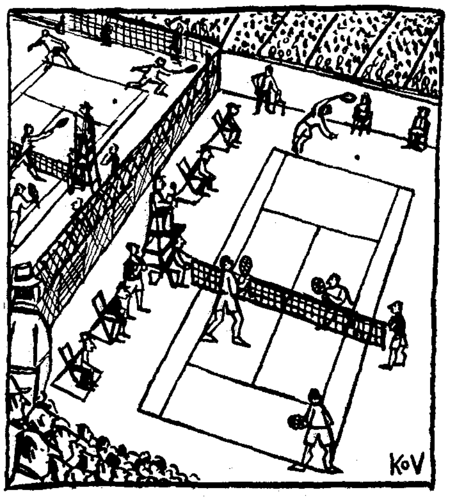
St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Dinner and supper, and dancing, too, to the orchestra of Charles Turecamo, a bandsman quite familiar to the summer inhabitants of the Hamptons. Walter Kay's group helps out. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Peacock Alley comes out of hiding only between Tuesdays and Thursdays, to give house room to Meyer Davis dance trio No. 306, which is sportive from nine to one.

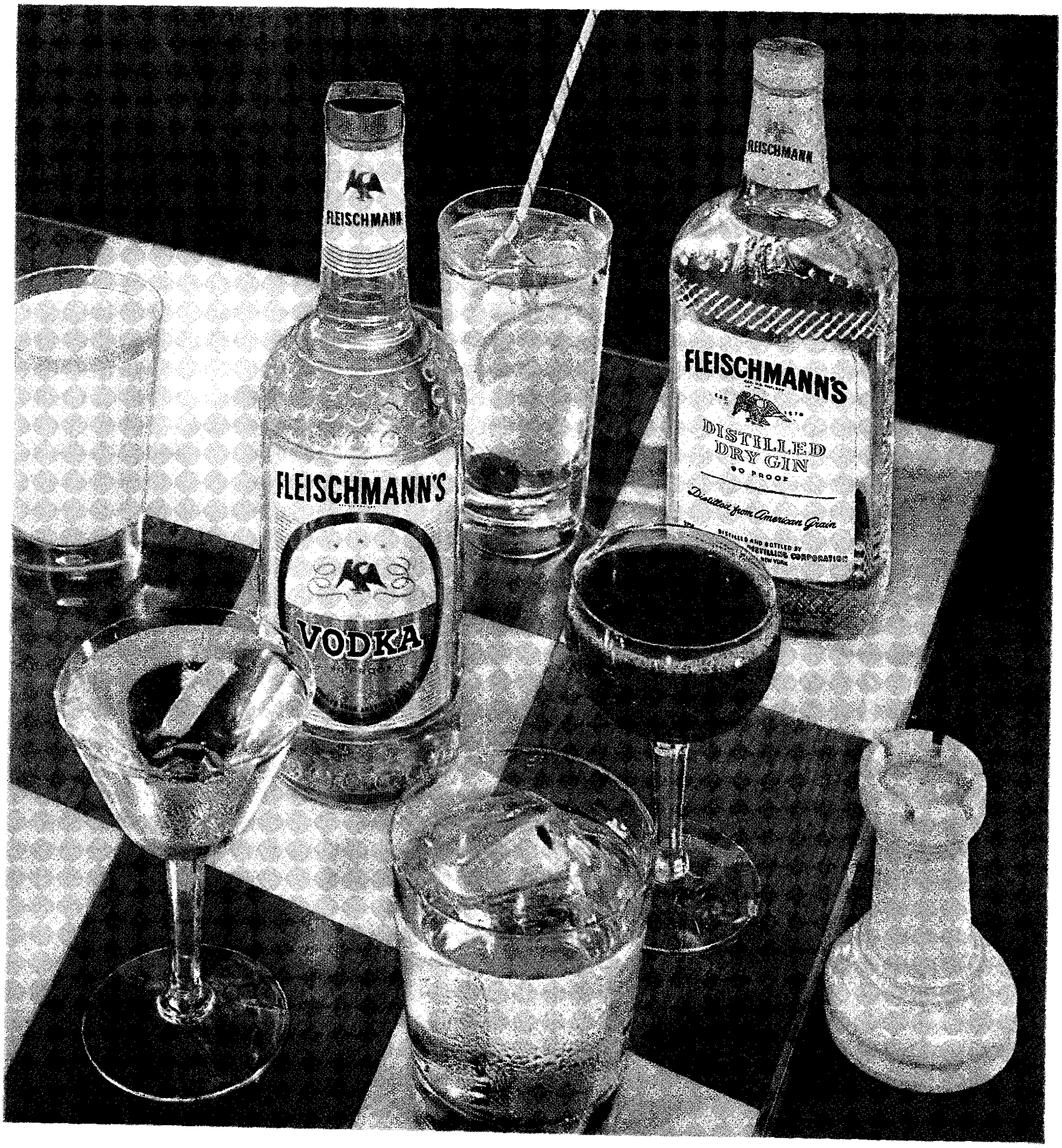
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Monday through Thursday is the summer schedule for Goldie Hawkins' urban, though rarely urbane, country club, which is still on the tennis-anyone? basis. The concomitant musicale runs like this: The pensive piano of Sam Hamilton from five-thirty to eight, before his tour of duty at Downstairs at the Upstairs; the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from the latter two.... **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Eggs Florentine, *pasta* Florentine, opera Florentine. This last ingredient is provided by Aldo Bruschi (piano, concertina, tenor), whose resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night. He also operates a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays.... **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays.... **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A sly glance at the French château country. The best-known resident of the territory is Norbert Faconi, dean of the come-be-my-love violinists. No music Sundays.... **King Henri IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini perambulates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays.... **Ritz Bar**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the flight deck of the bar in the Carlton House, Victor del Monte addresses his piano in measured tones between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays.... **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country.... **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die Wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays.... **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper, though not on Sundays.... **Méditerranée**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): There's many a fish (edible) in this private ocean, on the rim of which sits Ralph Strain's piano. His odes to nocturnal ambiance occur between six and one every evening but Saturday.... **Liborio**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Latin American mumbo-jumbo, as well as mambo-jumbo, takes place once in a while on the tiny stage of this Latin American plantation, and a glorious bit of flamenco fluff named Luisita Sevilla is also rampant, though not frequently enough to prevent dinner and supper. There's dancing for the patrons, too, and tea dancing on Sunday afternoons from two to seven.... **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman legion is forever on the prowl through this picturesque and lively residential area. Its military band is the ever-so-lightly violin of Herman Honigsberg and a set of acolytes also fitted out with stringed instruments. Closed Sundays.... **La Chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unbridled *femme fatale* in her musical-comedy incarnations, is simply a docile housewife when she does her at-homes (songs, mostly) in this small efficiency apartment and dining room. An accordion or a guitar or a piano talks in whispers whenever she's not front and center. Close-order dancing (the floor is minute) after ten-thirty to the music of a trio. Closed Sundays.... **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The Old Guard often drills in this armory. The music, though, is more pastoral than martial. It issues from the piano of Karl Inwald. Closed Sundays.... **Malmaison**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti's piano beguiles, in European fashion, the hours between five and eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays.... **Café Renaissance**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The leisurely dinner hour, from eight to one, gets marginal notations by the guitar of José Luis Franco, who comes from the part of Spain where flamenco is the official language. Mondays are silent nights.... **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An emotional, and social, outlet for youngsters who are engaged in a couple of the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house in mood and diet, and urged on by a clearly enunciating jazz trio from time to time. Sundays, a piano is the whole music department.... **Regency**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room lounge, Rack Godwin devotes the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday to the



You Can't Make a Wrong Move...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CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Investigating the theorem that all life's a stage, Julius Monk's revue ("Dime a Dozen" is the name) discovers, to its and the audience's infinite merriment, that life is really a theatre of the absurd. The A-for-effectiveness propounders of its findings are Gerry Matthews, Jane Connell, Gordon Connell, Carol Morley, Rex Robbins, and Susan Browning; the orchestra is two pianos most properly plied by William Roy and Robert Colston; the intermission pianist is Carl Norman. The work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday.... **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dinner and supper are now, after twenty years, the preamble to the backroom activities, which are the concern of Meg Myles, a singer who looks in after her evening's stint in "Enter Laughing," as well as of Lenny Maxwell, a younger-set humorist, and the Wayfarers, younger-set folksters, who start in earlier. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the lounge, Dudley Moore, of the "Beyond the Fringe" troupe, plays jazz piano for a trio after the theatre. Closed Sundays.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): No rose-colored glasses adorn a revue that is a veritable mother of invention. It enlists the valuable services of Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, MacIntyre Dixon, and Barbara Harris. Tom O'Horgan's incidental music occurs largely on his own harp. The charades start at eight-thirty and eleven, except on Saturdays, when there is a third showing, at twelve-thirty, and on Sundays, when there's only an eight-thirty showing. Mondays, darkness prevails.... **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): More in anger than in sorrow is frequently the attitude of the new crew of mimes who fill the small stage with a rough-and-ready symposium on Whither America. Their resultant revue operates Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The entertainment is a pulsing musical comedy that casts new (and heaven-help-us-if-true) light on the American heroine, here presented as a girl whose favorite dish is the psyche of any intending mate. This dragonfly is enacted by a luxurious creation called Barbara Quaney, and her supporting cast of thousands is enacted briskly and brightly by David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The authors of this willful witticism are David Axlerod and Tom Whedon, the composer is Sam Pottle, the director is Ronny Graham. Twice a night is the rule; no work Sundays.... ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS,** there is Mabel Mercer, patron saint of the *chanson d'amour*, which she has raised from mere infancy to a fine art. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Ten-thirty is their hour of arrival. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The invincibly flamenco troupe (Los Duendes Gitanos) under the guidance of Pedro Vargas, a balladeer of a passion polished yet pagan, is determined to die with its ballet boots on. The customers, no slouches at footwork, are given equal time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. The Sunday *thés dansants*, which run on and on, are bacchanalian.... ¶ Off the bar is an alcove so tiny that thirty's a matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly.... **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334); This laissez-faire theatre café is now dedicated to a comprehensive in-memoriam concert, "The World of Kurt Weill in Song." Its personnel—Will Holt, in his time perhaps the most skillful parodist of the Weilly ways, and Martha Schlamme, a wholly-in-earnest devotee of Mr. W.—go to work Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty.... **THE HOWFF,** 4 St. Marks Pl. (YU 2-0220): What began life moments ago as a Scotch barrel house is temporarily a Caribbean barrel house in song and action, such as the Limbo. Community-spirit is the atmosphere, and two deals a night is the custom. Lights out on Mondays.... **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): On Monday, July 22, that sweet-and-lowdown Meistersinger Matt Dennis begins his pleasurable and annual tour of duty in our town, along with his upsy-daisy trio, upsy-daisy piano, and soprano wife, Ginny.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A quartet is headed by Sonny Rollins, breathing abstractions that are nearly Hamletlike in their illusiveness through his horn; Blossom Dearie, who operates a piano and a trio, likes music of an earlier day, but in her lost-in-the-clouds voice it acquires a timeless quality. On Tuesday, July 23, they'll be replaced by (for one) the foursome of the swing-high-and-hard Gerry Mulligan. There's also an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Just Fridays and Saturdays is the hot-weather timetable. Duke Ellington, who modestly never plays nearly enough piano, and his big band (Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, Cootie Williams are still on hand) do their involute orchestrations; Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan do their involute and witty caterwaulings.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The young folk musicians at home—namely, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee. Nina Simone, who is metropolitan rather than rural, sings her own haughty little songs at the head of a trio. On Tuesday, July 23, Herbie Mann's sextet (in, as usual, a transitional stage) and Roland Kirk's quartet (music of today) will take over from them. Mondays are outsiders' nights.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here depends on real coffee and nothing else. The sounds, which are predominantly folk, are made by the Big 3, though there is a humorist, Murray Roman, in hand, too. Tuesdays, the regulars are off duty.... **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris and his cohorts—Sidney de Paris and Garvin Bushell among them—are expounding, very much out loud, their version of ancient history. Dancing. Closed Sundays. ... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged and a couple of pals, one of them Dick Wellstood, are keeping this Old Schoolhouse wide open. Closed Sundays. ... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): "Assault" and "battery" are the sole notations on the musicians' manuscripts, when there *are* any manuscripts. Rocking and rolling is the music early in the evening; Gene Krupa's quartet of firecrackers sees action later. On Friday, July 19, Lionel Hampton's band takes on the Krupa assignment. Guest performers pick up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The fivesome belonging to John Coltrane, who can be an ad-infinitum soloist, and the quartet belonging to Terry Gibbs, who doesn't get around here as much as he used to, sing out in praise of modernity. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A neighborly bar whose denizens, all believers in furthering progress, keep looking for new sound barriers to scale. Bobby Brookmeyer and Clark Terry will remove their fivesome, a latter-day brooder, on Sunday, July 21. On Tuesday, July 23, the quintet run by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn reports for duty. Closed

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Experimental research is the project here. The staff is subject to graduation without notice, but it is reputed (repeat, reputed) that Thelonious Monk, a venerable and celebrated pioneer who now indulges himself in Acker Bilk garb and antics, and Walter Bishop's trio are at work. Mondays are for visiting artists.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' quartet is trumpeting its down-to-earth music for those diners who have time to listen. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The trio headed by Martial Solal, the Algerian Frenchman whose piano recordings have rightly made him famous here, is behind the bar with a group of fellow-progressives. No action Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses (Cliff Jackson's piano all week long, plus Danny Barker's trio Fridays and Saturdays) as before. No music Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LYNN CHADWICK, HENRY MOORE, AND JACK ZAJAC—Sculptures and drawings; through Aug. 15. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

ART DEALERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA—"Review of the Season: 1962-63," the first annual showing by forty-four of the member galleries. It consists of nearly three hundred *American and European paintings, drawings,* prints, and sculptures, ranging in style from the Ashcan school to "pop" art. Through Saturday, July 27. (Parke-Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KRAUSHAAR** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Still-lifes (paintings and sculptures) by twentieth-century artists, among them John Heliker, William Glackens, and Leonard DeLonga; through Aug. 2.... **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ralph Blakelock, George Inness, George Luks, and others, plus sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Aug. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as Edward Betts, Robert Sivard, and Nathan Hale; through Aug. 30.... **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: John H. Twachtman, Ernest Lawson, Leon Kroll, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through July 31.... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Participants in a showing of drawings and water colors include August Mosca, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and Raphael Soyer; through Friday, July 26. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a showing of turn-of-the-century paintings; through Aug. 30.... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Edward Dugmore, Lee Krasner, and Michael Lekakis; through Friday, July 26.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Sumer Is Icumen In," an exhibition of paintings by, among others, Maurice Prendergast, Odilon Redon, and Thomas Gainsborough; through Friday, July 26.... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Gandy Brodie, and other painters; through July 31.... **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such artists as Jannis Spyropoulos, Earl Kerkam, and Bernard Reder; through Sept. 21.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BIANCHINI**, 16 E. 78th St.: Works in a variety of mediums *by André François, Gérard Koch, and Ronald* Searle (to name a few); through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) ... **FINDLAY**, 11 E. 57th St.: Landscape paintings by Roger Mühl, Maurice Brianchon, Bernard Cathelin, and other School of Paris artists; through Aug. 2.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Contemporary paintings and sculptures by leading exponents of figurative art in France, among them Bernard Buffet, Bernard Lorjou, and Paul Belmondo; through Aug. 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan exhibition of paintings from private New York collections, composed chiefly of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures, by Renoir, Monet, van Gogh, and others; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, water colors, and prints, dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; through Sept. 8.... ¶ "Americans 1963," a fifteen-artist exhibit of paintings and sculptures. Among those represented are David Simpson, Chryssa, and Michael Lekakis. Through Aug. 18.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by André Derain (1880-1954); through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Eleven Spanish old-master paintings, by (for example) El Greco, Goya, and Murillo, from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3.... ¶ Prints and drawings (1948-63) by John Paul Jones; through Aug. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Contemporary Japanese calligraphy; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Paintings," comprising Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Notable Acquisitions of the Past Two Years" (manuscripts, drawings, printed books, and bookbindings) and "Eighteenth-Century Drawings from the Samuel H. Kress Collection;" through Friday, July 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

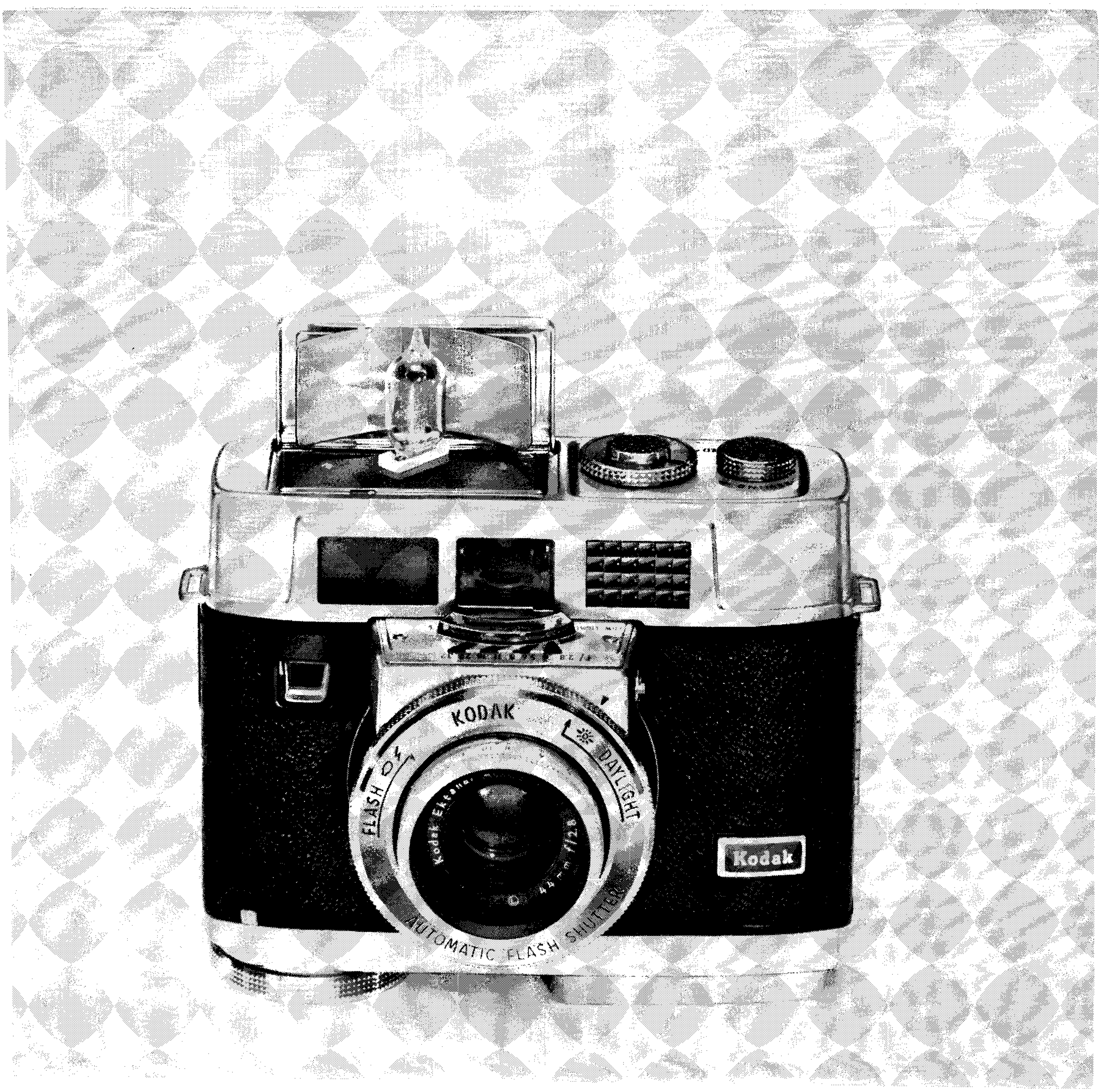
MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Emergence: Student-Craftsmen," examples of work from six representative schools; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—The collection assembled by Robert and Lisa Sainsbury, of London, made up of items from around the world—Greece, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Oceania, Benin, Alaska, and so on; through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Twenty-six American Artists from the Collections of the Whitney Museum and Its Friends," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Charles Burchfield, Jackson Pollock, Alexander Calder, and others; through Sept. 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

LEWISOHN STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 18: Vladimir Golschmann conducting a program of Russian music, with Julius Katchen, piano. ... ¶ Saturday, July 20: Skitch Henderson conducting and acting as piano soloist in an Irving Berlin program, with June Valli, soprano, and others.... ¶ Tuesday, July 23: Julius Rudel conducting a program of French opera music, with Arlene Saunders, soprano; John Alexander, tenor; and Ara Berberian, bass.... ¶ Wednesday, July 24: Julius Rudel conducting, with Frank Gullino, violin.... ¶ Thursday, July 25: Julius Rudel conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano, and David Clatworthy, baritone.... ¶ Saturday, July 27: Julius Rudel conducting Puccini's opera "La Bohème" in concert form, with Teresa Stratas, soprano; Barry Morell, tenor; and others. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 10. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute



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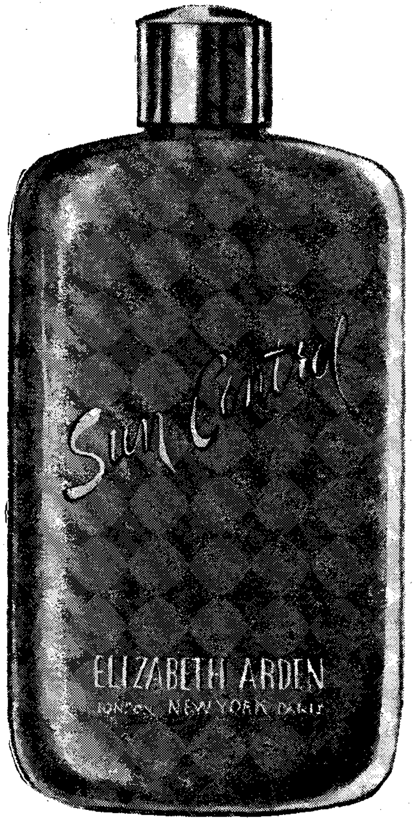

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:06 P.M. over WQXR.)

CANTATA SINGERS—The first two in a series of six concerts with the Festival Orchestra. Wednesday, July 24, at 8:30: Paul Callaway directing Mozart's opera "La Clemenza di Tito" in concert form, with Martina Arroyo and Margaret Kalil, sopranos; Betty Allen and Beverly Wolff, mezzo-sopranos; David Lloyd, tenor; and David Clatworthy, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 8:30: Thomas Dunn conducting a program of *concerti grossi*. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16.) . . . ¶ The Karamu Opera Players, of Cleveland, in four opera performances. Thursday, July 18, and Saturday, July 20: Haydn's "Foolish and Fickle," in English. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 23, and Thursday, July 25: Handel's "Julius Caesar," in English and in modern dress. (Evenings at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 19, at 8: Charles Munch conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members in an all-Bach program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; Doriot Anthony Dwyer and James Pappoutsakis, flute; and Lukas Foss, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8: Charles Munch conducting another all-Bach program, this one with Roger Voisin, trumpet; Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; and Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing the chamber orchestra in an all-Haydn program, with Jeanette Scovotti, soprano; June Genovese, contralto; Nicholas Di Virgilio, tenor; George Hoffman, bass; and the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 23, at 8: The Kroll Quartet in an all-Prokofieff chamber-music program, with Ruth Posselt, violin, and Ralph Berkowitz, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing a performance of Britten's War Requiem, in memory of Serge Koussevitzky, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Nicholas Di Virgilio, tenor; Tom Krause, bass; and the Chorus pro Musica. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Nicole Henriot-Schweitzer, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Folk and jazz concerts—Saturday, July 20, at 3:30: Herbie Mann's sextet and Chief Bey. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 8:30: Louis Armstrong's orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 3:30: Flatt & Scruggs and others. (Lenox, Mass.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet in a program of Czechoslovakian music, with Albert Sprague Coolidge, viola. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 21, at 4.)

NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL—Friday, July 26: Bob Dylan; Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry; Peter, Paul & Mary; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27: Theodore Bikel, Judy Collins, the Tarriers, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28: Joan Baez, Jack Elliott, the New Lost City Ramblers, Pete Seeger, and others. (Freebody Park, Newport, R. I. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call CO 5-1267.)

SILVERMINE GUILD CHAMBER-MUSIC CONCERTS—The Silvermine String Quartet, with Leonid Hambro, piano. (New Canaan, Conn. Sunday, July 21, at 8.)

SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER—Friday, July 19, at 8:30: The Newport Jazz All-Stars. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 8:30: Mischa Elman, violin. (Manchester, Vt.)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN—The Claremont String Quartet. Saturday, July 20, at 3: With Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 3: With Charles Russo, clarinet. (Pittsfield, Mass.)

NOTE—JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL: England's Western Theatre Ballet. The first program

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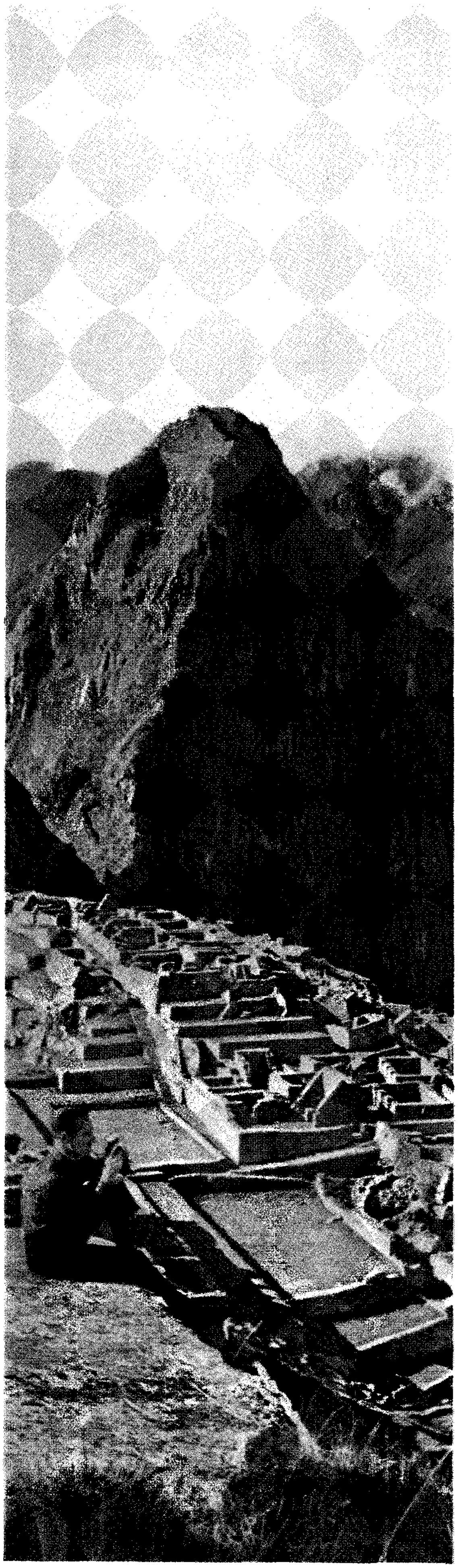

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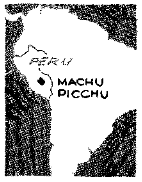

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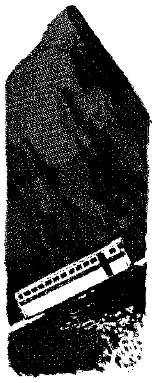

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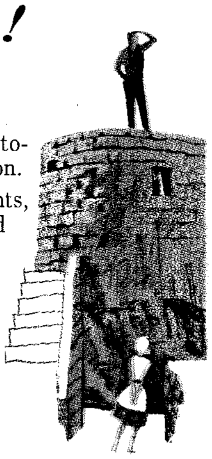
Finally you coast to a halt at a tiny station. A bus takes you up the last steep slope and you see it. Machu Picchu balances on a ledge against a backdrop of gigantic peaks. Two thousand feet below, the Urubamba river plunges on toward the Amazon.



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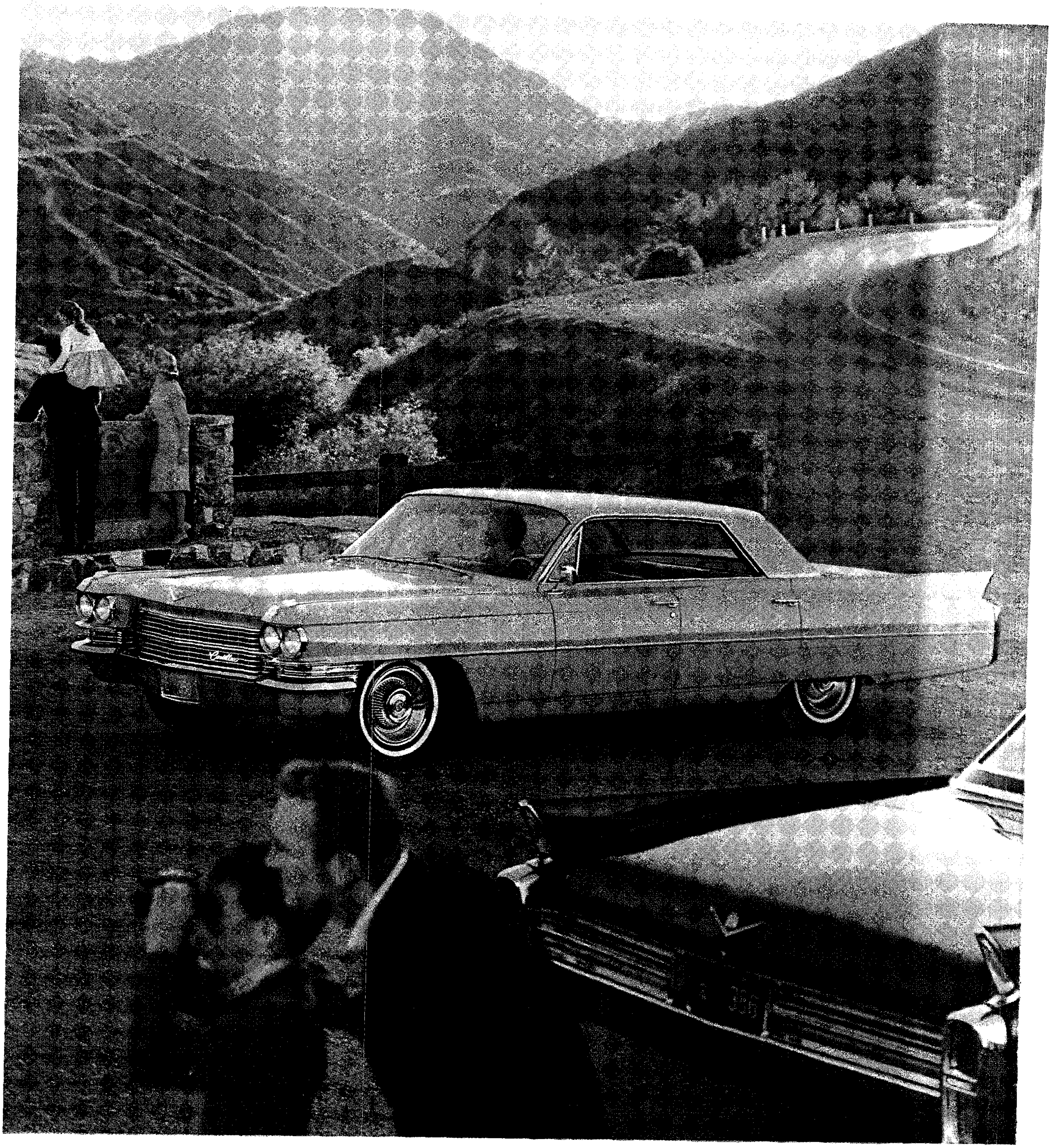

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will run through Saturday, July 20, and the second from Tuesday through Saturday, July 23-27. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.)... **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL:** Jean Léon Destiné and his company, with Paul Draper. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Saturday, July 27, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Mets vs. San Francisco, Thursday, July 18, at 8.... **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, July 19, at 8; Saturday, July 20, at 2; and Sunday, July 21, at 2 (doubleheader). ... ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Monday and Tuesday, July 22-23, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, July 24-25, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, July 26, at 8, and Saturday, July 27, at about 2:30 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:15, and will include a couple of innings involving major-league all-time record-breakers).

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, July 20: George Benton vs. Allen Thomas, light heavyweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Saturday, July 27: Ernie Terrell vs. Zora Folley, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

GOLF—New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Knollwood Country Club, White Plains. Through Sunday, July 21.)... ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Garden City Country Club, Garden City. Thursday through Sunday, July 25-28.)... ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains. Thursday through Sunday, July 25-28.)

POLO—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase: Sundays at 3:30 and Fridays at 7.... **BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS,** Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 27. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 20, and the Lexington Handicap, Saturday, July 27.... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Choice, Saturday, July 20, and the Sorority, Saturday, July 27. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

SOCCER—International Soccer League—Sunday, July 21, at 2:15: Ujpest vs. Halsingborg and Valladolid vs. Belenenses.... ¶ Wednesday, July 24, at 7:30: Halsingborg vs. Valladolid and Ujpest vs. Dinamo. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Saturday and Sunday, July 20-21, at 3.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 20.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN—Will be observed from New York as a partial (about nine-tenths) eclipse, on Saturday, July 20, commencing at 4:41 P.M., with the fullest phase at 5:49.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

David and Lisa—A touching story about a mentally disturbed boy and girl who find their way back into the world by finding each other. Starring Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through July 23.)

Divorce—Italian Style—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a beautiful cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a shining farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Dr. No—A slick thriller, not a second of which you need to believe. Based on the Ian Fleming original, with Sean Connery as the hard-boiled but ever so suave English Intelligence agent and Ursula Andress as the pretty girl he takes in hand. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

8½—A movie by a famous movie director, Federico Fellini, about a famous movie director engaged in making a movie and failing. Very fine. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Four Days of Naples—In which we see how, shortly after the Italian surrender in the Second World War, a handful of Neapolitans rose up and overthrew their Nazi oppressors. A brilliant essay in the documentary form by the Italian director Nanni Loy. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through July 23.)

Heavens Above!—The Church of England is the main target of this mild but often funny satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and starring Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, Ian Carmichael, and half a dozen other favorites. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Hud—An excellent Western, and more than a Western, thanks to superb performances by Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535. . . . ¶ Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; through July 23. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting July 24.)

Lawrence of Arabia—A rendering, in scenes of astonishing natural beauty, of T. E. Lawrence's famous "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Quayle, and the director is David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The List of Adrian Messenger—A rip-roaring old-fashioned mystery, amusingly directed by John Huston and acted to the hilt by, among others, George C. Scott, Kirk Douglas, Clive Brook, and Dana Wynter. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; starting July 24.)

The Longest Day—Darryl Zanuck's conscientious reconstruction of D Day, which, for all its three hours' juggling with life and death, is never very moving. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277. On Monday, July 22, the telecast of the Sonny Liston-Floyd Patterson fight will be shown at the theatre, which may—or may not—be closed for the rest of the day. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

The L-Shaped Room—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell make this sentimental tale of young love in old London seem perfectly true. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—Marlon Brando as Fletcher Christian and Trevor Howard as Captain Bligh in a high-flown rendering of a tale that used to be about good men and bad but that now concerns the class struggle, sex, and other Hollywood commonplaces. The sea scenes are stupendous. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30 except Monday, July 22, when the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Sonny Liston-Floyd Patterson fight. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

My Name Is Ivan—Kolya Burlaiev gives an extraordinary performance as a twelve-year-old scout for the Russian Army during the Second World War. A Russian movie that occasionally edges into propaganda but is pretty impressive all the same. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

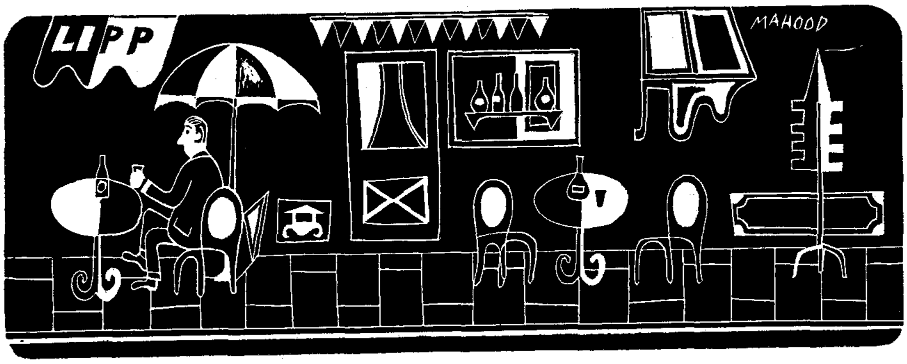
Sanjuro—A Japanese romance in which a sort of Robin Hood sort of outwits innumerable bad men, to the relief of quite a few good ones. Adroitly directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; through July 22.)

Sparrows Can't Sing—A rousing, pell-mell comedy of London lowlife, directed to perfection by the great Joan Littlewood. James Booth and Barbara Windsor are the two stars. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Sundays and Cybèle—A young French war veteran who has lost his memory and a child who has lost her family become friends and might someday be more than friends, but the world blunderingly intervenes, to the ruin of all their hopes. Sad and beautiful, and more beautiful than sad. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 24.)

This Sporting Life—A violent movie about the violent rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris gives a stunning performance as the turbulent, sensitive hero, and Rachel Roberts is fine, too, as a widow who doesn't love him back. David Storey adapted the good script from his own novel; Lindsay Anderson, the director, seldom lets you forget that he's around. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-6300; and Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

The Ugly American—A good movie made from a bad novel. Marlon Brando plays the part of an intelligent but wrongheaded United States ambassador to a mythical republic in Southeast Asia. When Mr. Brando feels like acting, no one can beat him, and this time he felt like acting. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through July 23. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through July 23. After 5:30 on Monday, July 22, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Sonny Liston-Floyd Patterson fight.)



The Wrong Arm of the Law—Peter Sellers as the head of a London mob and the proprietor of a fancy dressmaking establishment. Attractive nonsense, with Sellers in fine form and backed by a splendid company of cops and crooks. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through July 23.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Paper Hanger," "Triple Trouble," "The Tramp," and "Shanghaied," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

The Emperor's Nightingale (1951)—A film played by a cast of puppets and a couple of genuine actors. Narrated by Boris Karloff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 23.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 22, last showing that day at 2:10.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy (1962)—Samples of the handiwork of an early master builder of sight gags. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 24.)

Night Affair (1961)—Murder in Paris. Jean Gabin is the detective and two of his suspects are Nadja Tiller and Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 19-22.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Vera Ellen, and Frank Sinatra singing and dancing to some music by Leonard Bernstein. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 23.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 18.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut wrote and directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 24.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 20.)

The Truth (1961)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's scrutiny of life among the beatniks of Paris. With Brigitte Bardot. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through July 20: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), with Dame May Whitty and Margaret Lockwood. . . . ¶ Starting July 21: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), with Joel McCrea and Laraine Day. (Showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Marilyn," excerpts from fifteen Marilyn Monroe films.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:45. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through July 23: **HUD.**
From July 24: "Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY. (On Monday evening, July 22, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Sonny Liston-Floyd Patterson fight.)

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through July 22: **SANJURO** (in Japanese).
From July 23: "My Hobo" (in Japanese), Hideko Takamine.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Greenwich Village Story," Robert Hogan, Melinda Plank.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"PT 109," Cliff Robertson, Ty Hardin.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
DAVID AND LISA.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
THE LONGEST DAY. (On Monday, July 22, the telecast of the Sonny Liston-Floyd Patterson fight will be shown at the theatre, which may—or may not—be closed for the rest of the day.)

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 23: **THE UGLY AMERICAN.**
From July 24: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 23: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES;** and "Kill or Cure," revival, Terry-Thomas, Eric Sykes.
From July 24: **HUD.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
MY NAME IS IVAN (in Russian).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-6300)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through July 23: "PT 109," Cliff Robertson, Ty Hardin.
From July 24: "Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
HEAVENS ABOVE!

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 23: **THE UGLY AMERICAN;** and "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," revival, Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty.
From July 24: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.**

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE L-SHAPED ROOM.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through July 23: **DAVID AND LISA.**
From July 24: "Queen Christina," revival, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert.

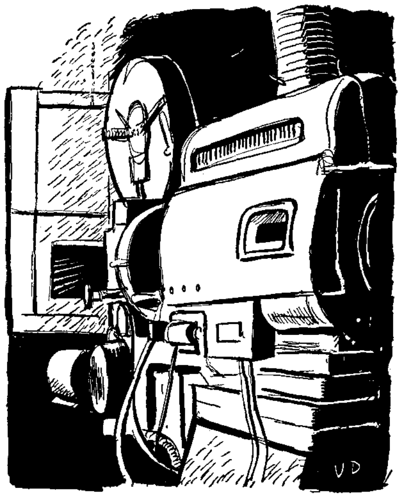
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
HUD.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
SPARROWS CAN'T SING.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
DR. NO.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through July 23: "The Nutty Professor," Jerry Lewis, Stella Stevens.
From July 24: **HUD.**

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Ben-Hur," revival, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE LONGEST DAY.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 23: **THE UGLY AMERICAN;** and "Play It Cool," Billy Fury. (After 5:30 on Monday, July 22, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Sonny Liston-Floyd Patterson fight.)
From July 24: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER;** and "Hot Horse," revival, Dan Rowan, Dick Martin.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 23: "The Nutty Professor," Jerry Lewis, Stella Stevens; and "Dondi," David Janssen, Patti Page.
From July 24: **HUD;** and "Fancy Pants," revival, Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 18: **SHADOWS,** revival; and "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers.
July 19-22: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
From July 23: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 23: **THE UGLY AMERICAN.**
From July 24: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER;** and **HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY,** revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 23: **ON THE TOWN,** revival; and "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.
From July 24: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French); and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Run with the Devil" (in Italian), Antonella Lualdi, Alex Nicol.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 23: "The Nutty Professor," Jerry Lewis, Stella Stevens; and "Dondi," David Janssen, Patti Page. (After 6:45 on Monday, July 22, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Sonny Liston-Floyd Patterson fight.)
From July 24: **HUD;** and "Fancy Pants," revival, Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 23: "The Stripper," Joanne Woodward, Richard Beymer; and "The Millionairess," revival, Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers.
From July 24: "Love and Larceny" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero; and "The Elusive Corporal" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Claude Brasseur.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Greenwich Village Story," Robert Hogan, Melinda Plank.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8½ (in Italian).

Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Marilyn," excerpts from fifteen Marilyn Monroe films.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Hand in the Trap" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel, Francisco Rabal.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 23: "The Nutty Professor," Jerry Lewis, Stella Stevens; and "Dondi," David Janssen, Patti Page.
From July 24: **HUD;** and "Fancy Pants," revival, Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 22 (last showing that day at 2:10): **HORSEFEATHERS,** revival; and "The Big Broadcast of 1938," revival, Kirsten Flagstad, W. C. Fields.
July 22 at 6, 8, and 10: A program of excerpts from various serials, including Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline."
July 23: "The Fly," revival, Al Hedison, Patricia Owens; and "The Creeping Unknown," revival, Brian Donlevy.
July 24: "The Incredible Shrinking Man," revival, Grant Williams; and "The Mysterians," revival, Kenji Sahara.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 23: "A Girl Named Tamiko," Laurence Harvey, France Nuyen; and "The Courtship of Eddie's Father," Glenn Ford, Shirley Jones.
From July 24: "Call Me Bwana," Bob Hope, Anita Ekberg; and "Alexander the Great," Richard Burton, Fredric March.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 18: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
July 19: "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin; and "The Storm Within" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais.
July 20: **A TASTE OF HONEY,** revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
July 21: **THE EMPEROR'S NIGHTINGALE,** revival; and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent).
July 22: **THE TRUTH** and **NIGHT AFFAIR** (both in French and both revivals).
July 23: "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
July 24: A program of six short films, dealing with psychology—"What's on Your Mind?," "The Feeling of Rejection," and such.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 23: **THE UGLY AMERICAN;** and "Play It Cool," Billy Fury.
From July 24: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER;** and "Hot Horse," revival, Dan Rowan, Dick Martin.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 23: **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.**
From July 24: "Love and Larceny" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero; and "The Elusive Corporal" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Claude Brasseur.

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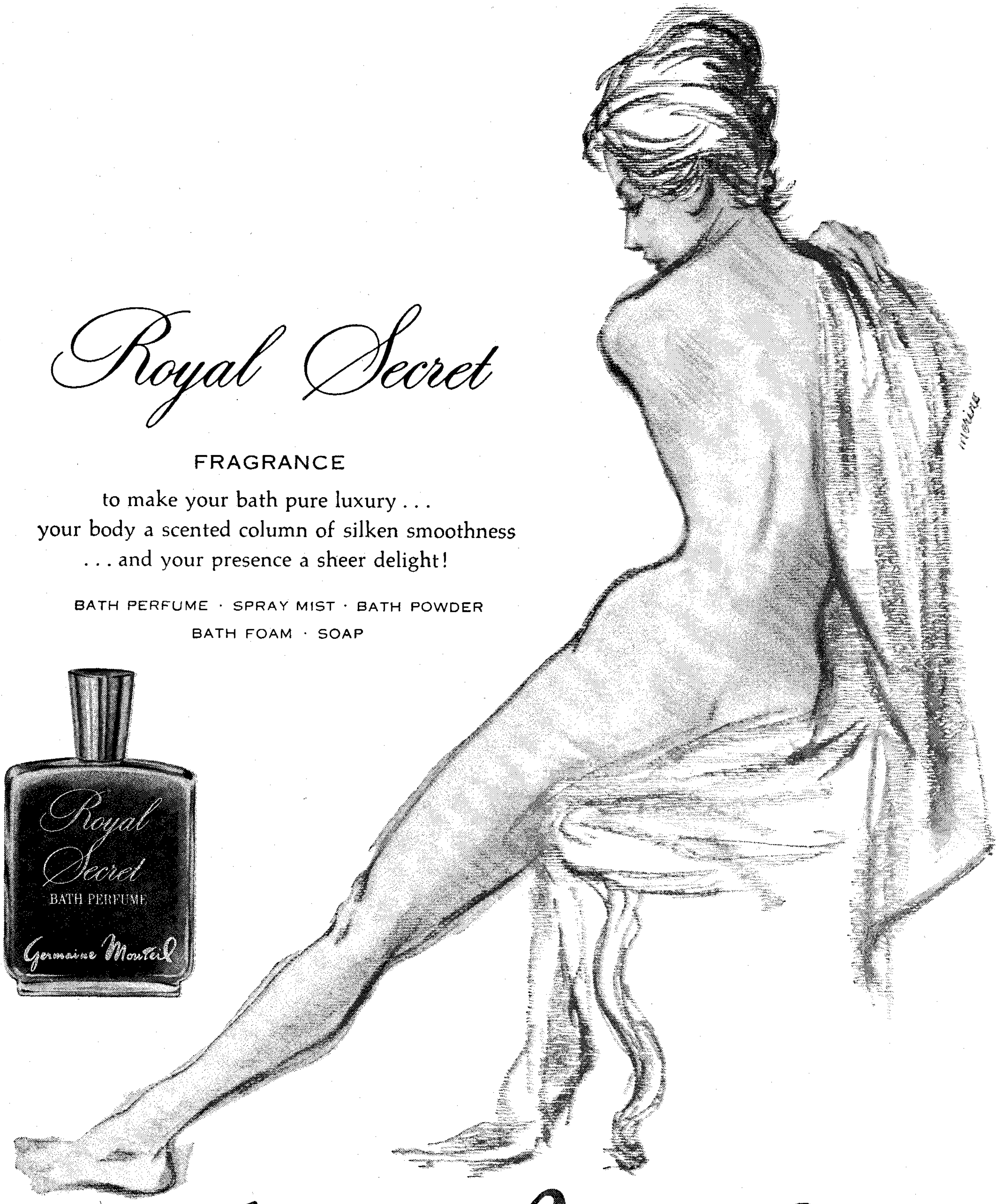
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BATH PERFUME
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

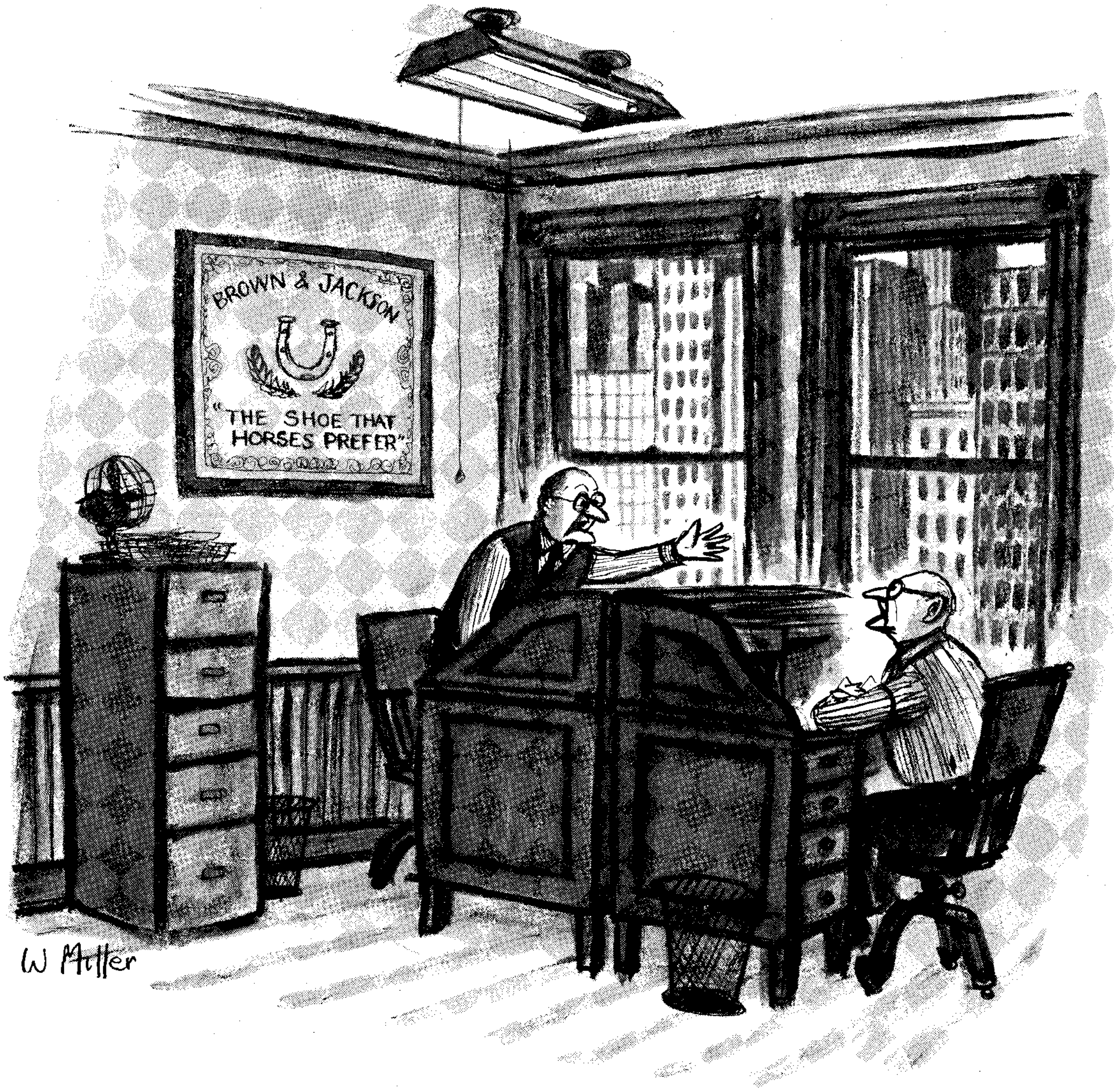
Notes and Comment

NOW and again, in the most unlikely places, there appears a little paradigm of the sort of misunderstanding between men of presumably good faith and sound intelligence which, in personal or international affairs, brings on catastrophe. Such a paradigm was presented recently in the pages of the *Times Book Review*. Hannah Arendt had written for this magazine, and for publication in book form, an account of the trial of Adolf Eichmann in Jerusalem. No one was more qualified than Miss Arendt to undertake such a work; her experience as German Jew, historian, philosopher, and humanist enabled her to approach her subject with feeling, with reason, and with knowledge. She outlined precisely and brilliantly the structure of the Nazi hierarchy. She analyzed the character of Eichmann, a member of that hierarchy, and found him, despite the scope of the horror that it was within his power to inflict, a man without depth of character, of passion, or of intelligence; six million victims could not have been executed without the dogged efficiency of such simpletons as he. She recorded the behavior of individuals and of nations, and found within her story a moral for Germans, for citizens of other Western countries, and for Jews—in descending order of responsibility: It is evil to assent actively or passively to evil, as its instrument, as its observer, or as its victim. She criticized the Israeli handling of the case for its lapses into histrionics at a moment that called for calm analysis and for the rendering of justice to an individual who reflected the almost total collapse of conscience in a formerly civilized nation. One of the assumptions underlying her work was that, while compassion is one enemy of evil, a stronger and more reliable force for good is reason, for the dictates of reason in moral questions are most likely to coincide with the demands of conscience. She was concerned with all the sins of omission and commission that contributed to the disaster, and, concluding that evil is never grand but (an infinitely more terrible thought) unremittingly trivial, she subtitled her work "A Report on the Banality of Evil."

But, with the perversity that often interrupts even the most lucid and brilliant discussions of ethics and historiography, Michael A. Musmanno, a Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, chose, in the pages of the *Times*, to misunderstand. In reviewing her book, he accused Miss Arendt of an excess of sympathy for Eichmann (her condemnation of the Nazi leaders was far more withering than any that had been made before) and of a lack of sympathy for the Jews (her sorrow over their suffering was far more eloquent than the Justice's own). He ignored all Miss Arendt's ironies (referring to her "Alas, nobody believed him," unmistakably ironic in context, as a "lament" for Eichmann). He accused her of indifference to "the screams of horror-stricken women and terrorized children as they saw the tornado of death sweeping toward them," although an important purpose of her inquiry was to determine the causes of those screams, so that they might never be heard again. To Miss Arendt's quiet, moral, rational document he opposed such rhetorical exclamations as "Himmler!," "Hitler!," as though these were enlightening statements in the philosophy of history. When, in a letter solicited by the *Times*, Miss Arendt attempted to clarify her already clear position, Justice Musmanno, in a reply, simply distorted it again, in such a way as to make fruitful discussion of "Eichmann in Jerusalem" almost impossible. The *Times* published this unsymmetrical exchange without comment, and, evidently no more sensitive to irony than Justice Musmanno himself, added to the confusion by presenting a letter written in Miss Arendt's defense as though its author, Irving J. Weiss, had taken the side of Justice Musmanno. The refusal to *listen*, the frightening breakdown of communication, is nothing new; we have grown accustomed to it in life and in the headlines. But the very essence of literature is communication, and to find such a breakdown in the literary section of a major newspaper is profoundly disappointing.

Anniversary

THE Rehearsal Club, which occupies two five-story brownstones on West Fifty-third Street, is the home away from home of some forty girls, ranging in age from eighteen to thirty, all of whom are bent on becoming star actresses, singers, dancers, or what you will in the performing arts. The other day, the Rehearsal Club gave a party to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, and we were among those invited to be present. No sooner did we ring the front-door bell than the door swung open and a maid beckoned us into a darkly wainscotted entrance hall, charged with the presence—mercifully, in portrait form—of an awesome Episcopal deaconess named Jane Harris Hall. It was this sombre personage who, with the help


BROWN & JACKSON
"THE SHOE THAT HORSES PREFER"
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"Advertise! Advertise! That's always been your answer to everything."

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of other philanthropic New Yorkers, established the club as a low-cost home for struggling actresses. Originally located on West Forty-sixth Street, it has been a fixture on West Fifty-third since 1923. Since its founding, ten thousand young women have taken advantage of its low room-and-board rates—currently set at twenty-two to twenty-five dollars a week—and there's always a long waiting list. The girls have door keys and may come and go as late as they please, but men callers must leave by midnight. Some girls don't stay long at the club, because they find the regulations too strict; many stay for the official maximum time—three years—and wish it were longer; a few girls, who are without jobs but considered especially talented, are allowed to stay on a bit longer. Among the club's distinguished "graduates" over the years have been Shirley Booth, Martha Scott, Jo Van Fleet, and Carol Burnett.

We proceeded into the sitting room, where the anniversary party was well under way, with lots of young women with very red lips and lots of young men with horn-rimmed glasses making the usual thrust-and-parry party talk of "No, really?" "Of *course*." We noticed a collection of old theatrical pictures on one wall—Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in a belted camel's-hair coat; William S. Hart, in a sombrero; Ellen Terry, posing as Cordelia; and the French actress Réjane, showing off her piquant profile. "That's my mother," said a voice behind us. Turning, we found ourself looking into a face with lively brown eyes and an uptilted nose much like that of Réjane and belonging, we learned, to Mrs. Philip D. Wilson, president of the board of managers of the club. We begged Mrs. Wilson to tell us about her mother, a toast of Paris in the vintage years. "There were four fine actresses in that period," said Mrs. Wilson. "Duse, Bernhardt, Mother, and Mrs. Fiske. The plays of the period were by no means always good in themselves, but they provided excellent vehicles for actors. Mother was a very unsnobbish person about her art. She was always nervous at work and extremely aware of her audience. If anyone began coughing, or if there were any other indications of possible restlessness, she would stop and change her manner, or the tone of her voice, in order to catch the audience again. At home, she was funny and gay—and difficult. She told me once, 'In order to be natural, you have to be so *un*natural.'"

As Mrs. Wilson went off about her party duties, we observed a rush toward the front door, where a striking blond woman had just made an effective entrance and was greeting everyone with rich, double-damask cries of "Hello, darling!" "That's Helen Menken," one of the bespectacled young men in the sitting room informed us. "Made her stage début in 1906, when she was four, as a fairy in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' Was once married to Humphrey Bogart. Used to star in a famous radio soap opera called 'Second Husband.' Has been president of the American Theatre Wing for the past eight years."

We thanked our unexpected encyclopedia and asked Miss Menken if we might have the privilege of a word with her. "Of course! Isn't this a marvellous party?" she said. "It seems I'm an honorary board member of the club. I like fiftieth anniversaries. We had a fiftieth at Actors' Equity in May. Suddenly everything is fifty. A couple I know just had a fiftieth wedding anniversary. A friend asked them, 'What on earth has kept you together so long?,' and their answer was 'We never let a quarrel get cold.' I'm not sure I understand what they meant. The Rehearsal Club is a wonderful place for girls who come to New York with stars in their eyes and no money in their pockets. Years and years and *years* ago, when I was in 'Seventh Heaven,' Bogie and I used to come over here to get a good lunch for thirty cents. Where else could we have gone? Sorry, I have to run. I'm hoping to get back into the theatre very soon. The next time you see me, I hope I'll be on a stage."

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SIGN in the Portland, Oregon, Farmer's Market: "CULTIVATED WILD BLACKBERRIES FOR SALE HERE."

Emergency Lighting

ROUSED to action by a phone call that we made to the Maintenance Company, of Long Island City, an act that was incited by our receipt of a piece of company literature describing the Mainco EV-R-LERT automatic emergency-lighting system ("designed to minimize the dangers caused by power and light failures"), two young men—William J. Wheeler, Jr., Maintenance's executive vice-president, and Edward T. Duncan, a Maintenance development engineer—showed up in our office with a box containing one of their lighting units. Mr. Duncan plugged it into an electric outlet under our desk and switched off the office lights, and EV-R-LERT's lamp went on with an intensity that he said amounted to one-hundred-and-fifty-beam candle power. He then switched the office lights back on, pulled out EV-R-LERT's plug, and switched the office lights off, simulating a power failure. Again the EV-R-LERT lamp went on.

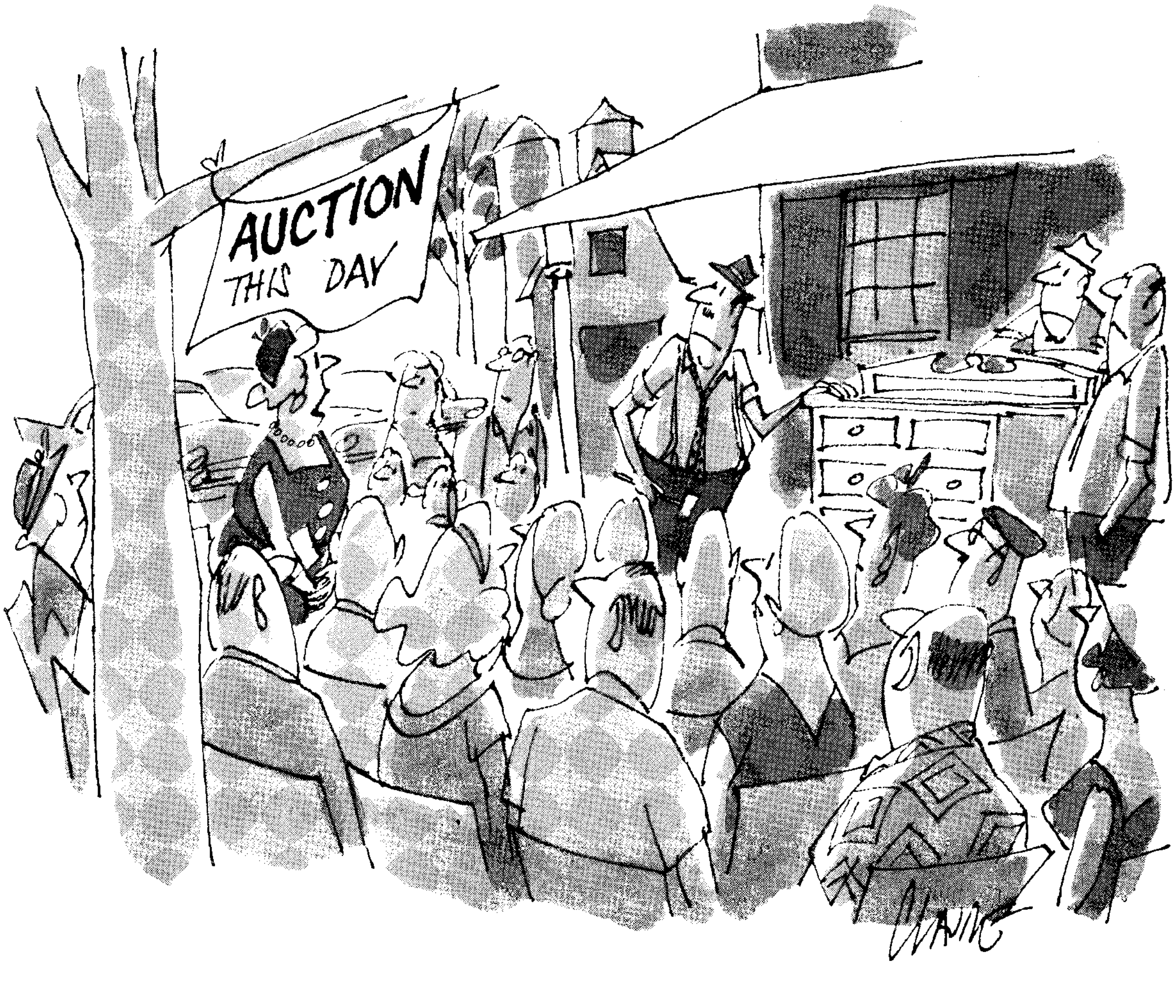
"It's the first failure-proof, maintenance-free emergency light," Mr. Wheeler said. "It's been a bee in my bonnet ever since the power failure that plunged a large part of New York into darkness for several hours on August 17, 1959. The bee began to buzz more insistently after June 13, 1961, when, as you may recall, there was another power failure, with, again, hundreds of people trapped in elevators as dark as the inside of a cow. I got Ed to join us after that—he had an electronic-research-and-development consulting business, and thirteen patents in the field of electronics—and he brought this system to technical perfection. It's activated automatically by either a power failure or an absence of light. It has no moving parts. It should last indefinitely."

"Bill and I worked on it together," Mr. Duncan said. "It's a product of space research. It utilizes solid-state switching devices and nickel-cadmium sealed-cell batteries similar to those powering the Telstar satellite and the nation's various space probes. It operates on gas pressure."

"It's funny, considering the name of our company, but EV-R-LERT requires no maintenance," Mr. Wheeler said. "We hope that it will be installed in places where light failure can create a crisis or cause panic—in theatres, department stores, schools, subways, elevators, bomb shelters, hospital operating rooms, and so on. The first unit was bought by the Massachusetts General Hospital. Massachusetts has its own generator, like most hospitals, but the generator isn't instantaneous. Most generators take at least twenty seconds to go on, and patients' lives have been lost in that time. Our unit goes on in a hundred-and-twentieth of a second. It burns for four hours. Its batteries regain full capacity at the rate of four hours of charging for each hour of use. Once restored, the power source is continuously trickle-charged to maintain a constant standby of full potential."

We asked what else Maintenance does, and Mr. Wheeler said, "We design, fabricate, install, and service conveyors, pneumatic systems, machine tools, air-conditioning and refrigeration, elevators, and moving walks. And lots of other equipment. Our emergency repair service is available twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. We're installing moving sidewalks at the World's Fair for the Ford, Vatican, and General Motors Pavilions, among others. The thing we're most interested in is *safety*."

Mr. Wheeler went on to say that the company was established, as an electrical repair shop, in 1897, by his grandfather, George M. Wheeler; that his father is its current president; and that his brother, Richard, is a vice-president. "I'm the heir apparent," he said. "My specialty is elevators. You know, in 1959 nearly five thousand elevators were affected by the blackout, and in 1961 seven thousand were affected. Practically none of them had emergency lighting equipment, and in most of the elevators that *did* have some the



"I'm sorry but I'll have to retract that bid. My husband just left me."

equipment wasn't functioning properly. If every one of those elevators had been equipped with adequate emergency lighting, a lot of downright misery might have been avoided. Do you wonder that our favorite new baby is EV-R-LERT?"

The new baby costs around two hundred dollars. "We designed the light in a black laboratory room that I call Duncan's Dungeon," Mr. W. said.

Mr. Duncan smilingly packed up EV-R-LERT, and we showed our callers to our underprivileged elevator.

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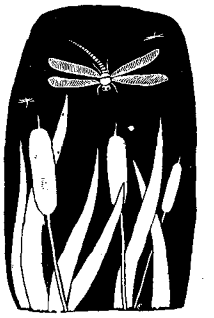
POSTAL INTELLIGENCE: The voice at the General Post Office that answers telephoned questions about the new Zip Code identifies itself as "Patron Relations."

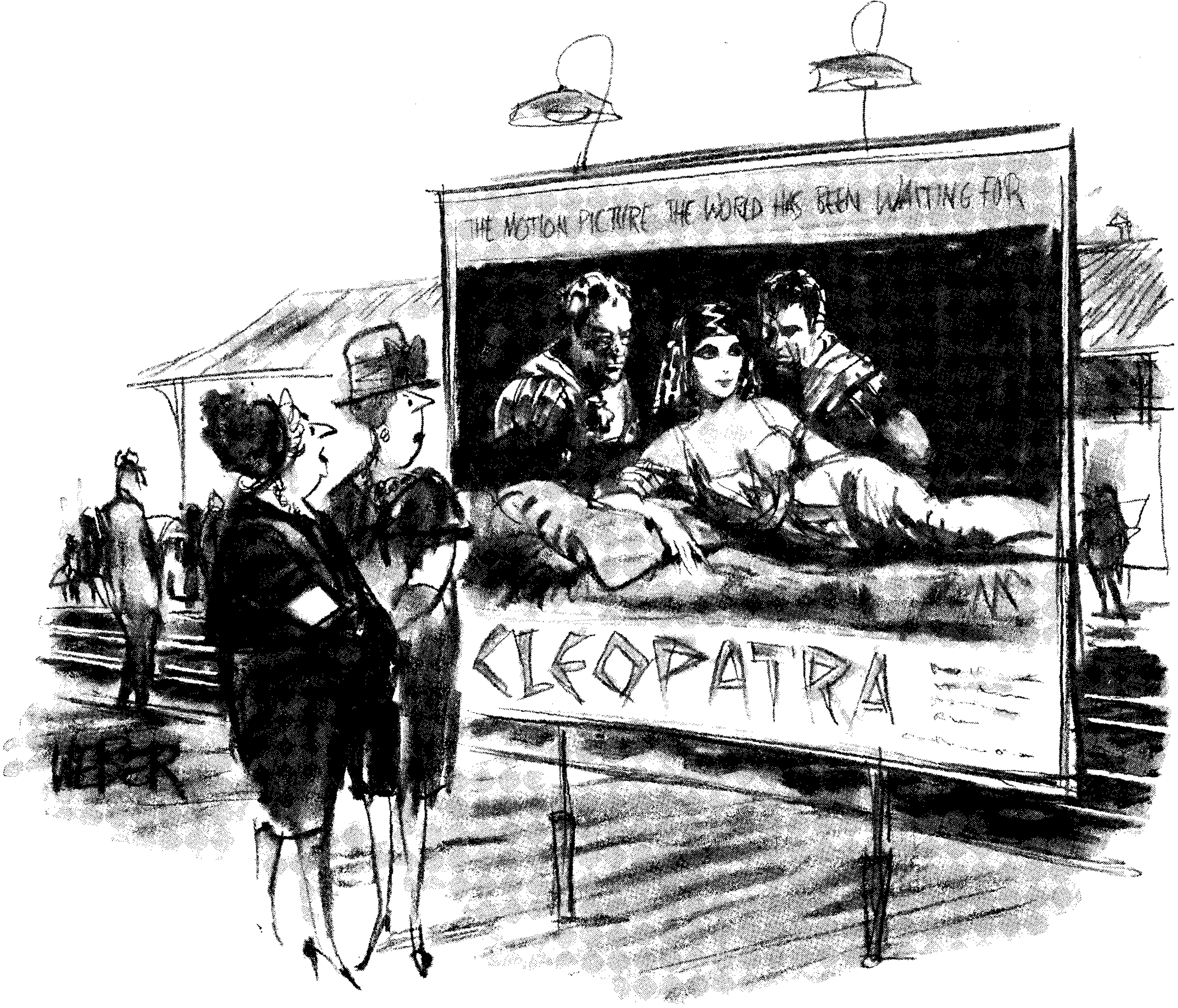
Long-Winded Lady

ONCE again our friend the long-winded lady has spoken, as follows:

"There is nothing like a short walk through this city to remind us of the accidental nature of our lives. Here it is a lovely Sunday in summer—the weather a miracle in itself—and it is a miracle I am alive to write this. I started my walk at Forty-fourth Street and Second Avenue, and the first thing that happened was that I almost got killed by an overexcited motorist who was taking the corner much too fast. I would not have been alone in my calamity. A young man and woman and their baby, who were waiting along with me for the light to change, would also have been run over. But we were all saved. The man barely missed us, and screeched around without even looking at us. We all walked across the avenue as though nothing had happened, putting our common miracle behind us, along with the relief we did not want to acknowledge. They continued with their lively baby along Forty-fourth Street, but I had decided to do one block of Second Avenue, which remains dismal in spite of the grandeur that is rising up a block to the east along the river and around the United Nations building. I turned off on Forty-fifth Street, also dismal, and came out on Third Avenue, which is no longer an avenue but a beautiful vista, as you look north. The removal of the 'L' has revealed all of the space and color and distance that Third Avenue used to possess in secret, but I was walking step by step, and I did not especially want to tackle a vista. I admired Third Avenue for the length of a block, and then I went on over to Lexington. I have no particular fondness for Lexington Avenue. It is a useful place, lined with shops that are filled with interesting things, but it is noisy and congested and I think it nags for far more attention than it deserves. But after my escape from sudden death I was well disposed to whatever presented itself, and as I went along, looking about me, I saw three tall, handsome people, two women and a man, come out of a hotel and get into a limousine that I was certain was taking them to Idlewild. They had luggage and they were well dressed and they appeared to be collected and in good humor, and I wondered where they were going, and I envied them. I thought about Amsterdam and Marseille and Algiers, all places where I have never been, and I wished I could turn myself into a transatlantic traveller for a few days, or even a week, and masquerade with luggage and a striped steamer rug in some distant hotel lobby, and allow everybody to believe that I had a very good and important reason for being there, and that when I left I would have an urgent reason for leaving, and that my next destination was fixed and depended on plans that could not be changed. I wanted to be at the mercy of strict arrangements for a little while, with a timetable to guide me and tickets and a passport to explain me, and to have a list of faraway hotel rooms that were unknown to me now but that soon would be perfectly familiar, because I would sleep in them. And my excuse and explanation for being wherever I found myself would always stand by me—my suitcase, recognizable in any language. My suitcase would translate me to everybody's satisfaction and especially to my own satisfaction. And I would go to a city where the people spoke a language I did not understand, so that I could listen as much as I liked and still not eavesdrop. It is so nice to be able to listen to voices without being delayed by what is being said. I would go to Amsterdam. I might as well have been in Amsterdam for all the attention I was giving to the city I was walking in, and then I found myself at the Lexington Avenue entrance of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.



"With my vision of arrivals and departures and international travellers, I went into the Waldorf and began to climb the stairs that lead to the main lobby. I thought I would walk straight through the hotel to Park Avenue and perhaps notice some transatlantic elegance on my way. When I reached the lobby, I saw that it was crowded to its last inch with groups of men and women delegates to some convention. I have never in my life seen so many people all so glad to see one another. They were having a wonderful time. They were all smiling and shaking hands and talking heartily. I hoped they would not begin to sing. I got through the lobby as quickly as I could and hurried out onto Park Avenue. I took a taxi to a small French restaurant on West Fifty-fifth Street, where I intended to have lunch. There were two men, not together, at the bar in the little front room, but the tables were empty. It was all Sunday quiet. I took the small table by the window, and as I sat down a very young woman walked slowly by outside, wheeling her baby. A very old, bent woman walked beside her—the baby's grandmother, or more likely its great-grandmother. They must live in the neighborhood, because the old woman, whose dress was long and voluminous, wore an apron and slippers. She carried two handbags, her own and the girl's. They had just come out for a minute, to give the baby its Sunday airing. No one came into the restaurant, but from time to time people would stop and peer in through my window, shading their eyes with their hands. They wanted to find out if the restaurant was open, and on finding that it was they went on their way. Inside, nothing at all happened until five young people emerged from the big dining room at the back, coming through on their way to the street. There were four boys and a girl, and they all seemed to be about the same age—eighteen or nineteen. The girl was very pretty, with straight blond hair, and the boys were nice-looking. They were all dressed in blue jeans and sweaters, and they looked quietly about them with a curiosity that was remarkable because it was polite and reserved and at the same time perfectly alive and unashamed. Before they reached the door, the bartender called to them in French and offered them a drink. '*Eau sucrée*,' he said, and he laughed at them. They were at the door, but they trooped over to the bar and sat up on the high stools. They were all French, visiting here. They talked with the bartender and seemed to be just as interested in him as they were in one another. I thought they looked incapable of rudeness or boredom. They were very happy, enjoying their idleness, and in their lack of self-consciousness I saw the


THE MOTION PICTURE THE WORLD HAS BEEN WAITING FOR
CLEOPATRA
WEBER

“What annoys me is that I know I’m going to see it.”

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international elegance I had looked for at the Waldorf. I did not listen closely enough to understand what they were saying. I looked out into the street, not to stare at them, and I thought their voices described them as the pigeons in flight outside my hotel-room window describe the view that lies before me there. I am at the Beaux Arts Hotel, on East Forty-fourth Street between First Avenue and Second, and my room is on the twelfth floor, with a great drop down to the flat roof of the adjoining house, so I have a clear view across low roofs and then across First Avenue to the glittering glass walls of the United Nations building and beyond to the East River and across the river to Queens. Just to the right of my window there is a monumentally ornate apartment building with four stone lions sitting upright on the corners of one of its lesser roofs. The lions wear crowns and hold iron pennants in their paws, but crowns, pennants, and paws are all subservient to the pigeons, who perch where they please and fly freely about the long, flowered terraces of the same building. Away over to the left, on the other side of Forty-fourth Street, there are low, moderately old commercial buildings, blank-faced, as well they might be, because they are surely doomed to come down soon, with all the ambitious construction work that is going on over there. On top of one of those buildings there is a big homemade terrace, hopefully painted pink. It is all the same to the pigeons. All of the buildings, high and low, are only different levels of the great arena in which they play all day, and they own everything in sight and out of sight. As I listened to the voices at the bar, I began to imagine I knew a country where people were so at ease with themselves that they were able to be at ease anywhere. I was thinking of another world, not France. Then, to my surprise, I saw the five young French people on the sidewalk outside my window, and as I watched they walked away down the street and out of my sight. They had made their adieus and left and I had heard nothing. Now they were gone and my lunch was finished, but I was not yet ready to leave. I watched the entrance to the back room until the waiter appeared, and I asked him for another *café-filtre*. I don’t really like *café-filtre*, but when I am in French restaurants I always drink it. I think those dutiful *café-filtres* are probably all I will ever know of Marseille.”

Case Dismissed

THIS pencilled note was found in a copy of “The Little Prince” in the Children’s Room of the Flushing Branch Library:

> The scribbling on page 8 and page 11 of this book was there when I got it. I didn’t do it.
>
> Sincerely,
> Linda M.

THE LOCOMOBILE

SHORTLY after getting out of the Army in 1919, George Denison gave—*gave*—his mother's Locomobile limousine to Arthur Gow, who had been the lady's chauffeur. The car was a beauty, purer in line than the Pierce-Arrows and Packards that were generally chosen by women like Mrs. Denison. It was painted Brewster green, and it was the only one of its kind in the county. It had less than fifteen thousand miles on the odometer, six new Pennsylvania Vacuum Cups to replace the original tires, and it would have fetched five thousand dollars in a trade-in if George Denison had wanted to bargain. But his mother had neglected to mention Arthur Gow in her will—she had never got around to it in the years since the will had been drawn up—and George Denison wanted to do something for Arthur. Mrs. Denison's personal maid, Agnes, was left five thousand dollars; the cook, Margaret, a more recent addition to the Denison establishment than Arthur Gow, got two thousand. Something had to be done for Arthur, whose nose was a little out of joint at not being included among the beneficiaries but who had stayed on, taking care of the limousine and George's phaeton and doing odd jobs about the house and grounds, until George's return to civilian life. Arthur did not exactly say so in so many words, but he *as much as* told Agnes and Margaret that he would not quit the job until George had had a chance to do what was right and fair. George would surely do the right thing. He was a young fellow, George, but very fair, and when he had had time to study the whole situation would realize that the missus—well, it wasn't only the money. All those nights sitting outside somebody's house while the missus was at a dinner. Up at six o'clock every morning and sometimes not getting to bed again till after midnight. Supposed to have one day off a week, but how many times did she ask him to change to another day, so that he never knew for sure whether he could go fishing or plan a picnic with his wife and kids. And if it came to money, how much money had he saved the family by cleaning the sparkplugs and vulcanizing inner tubes and things like that that other drivers would take to a garage. The Winton salesman, the Cadillac salesman, the Peerless salesman had all approached him to use his influence with Mrs. Denison and he had turned them down flat, although some other women's drivers had used *their* influence and collected a nice cut. Could anyone say that there was a car anywhere in the whole county that was better taken care of than the Denisons' two Locomobiles? In all kinds of weather Arthur put on his gum boots and washed and polished those cars and caught many a cold doing it. Was *her* car, the limousine, ever once pulled up at the porte-cochere without fresh flowers in the cut-glass vases? Didn't he always warm the lap robe in front of the carriage-house stove so she wouldn't have a cold cover over her knees? And who was it saw to it that the car never left the carriage house without her little flask of brandy where she knew it would be?

George Denison knew most of these things about Arthur Gow and his diligence, his pride in his work. True, George took a lot for granted, as you do take a lot for granted in a good servant such as Arthur and Agnes and Margaret; but having so recently got out of the Army, with its blundering and inefficiency in spite of the disciplined atmosphere, George was more inclined to observe and appreciate the quiet smoothness of a well-run household and of the persons responsible for it. "I want to do something for Arthur Gow," he told the family lawyer, Arthur McHenry, himself just returned from overseas.

"I had another look at that will," said McHenry. "I helped your mother with it, and I remember at the time thinking it was strange she didn't mention Arthur. But I didn't say anything. You know how your mother was. She came in here one day and had a batch of notes on how she wanted everything disposed of, right down to who was to get your father's cufflinks. The diamond ones." He smiled.

"Who did get them? I forget," said George Denison.

"Nobody," said the lawyer. "Originally she was going to leave them to me, but I persuaded her not to. As her lawyer I didn't want to figure as a beneficiary. Somewhere you'll come across a letter suggesting that you give them to me, but it's not in the will itself."

"Well, I haven't taken a good look at her jewelry. It's all in one box," said George Denison. "I'll have another look and if they're there, I'll bring them down to you."

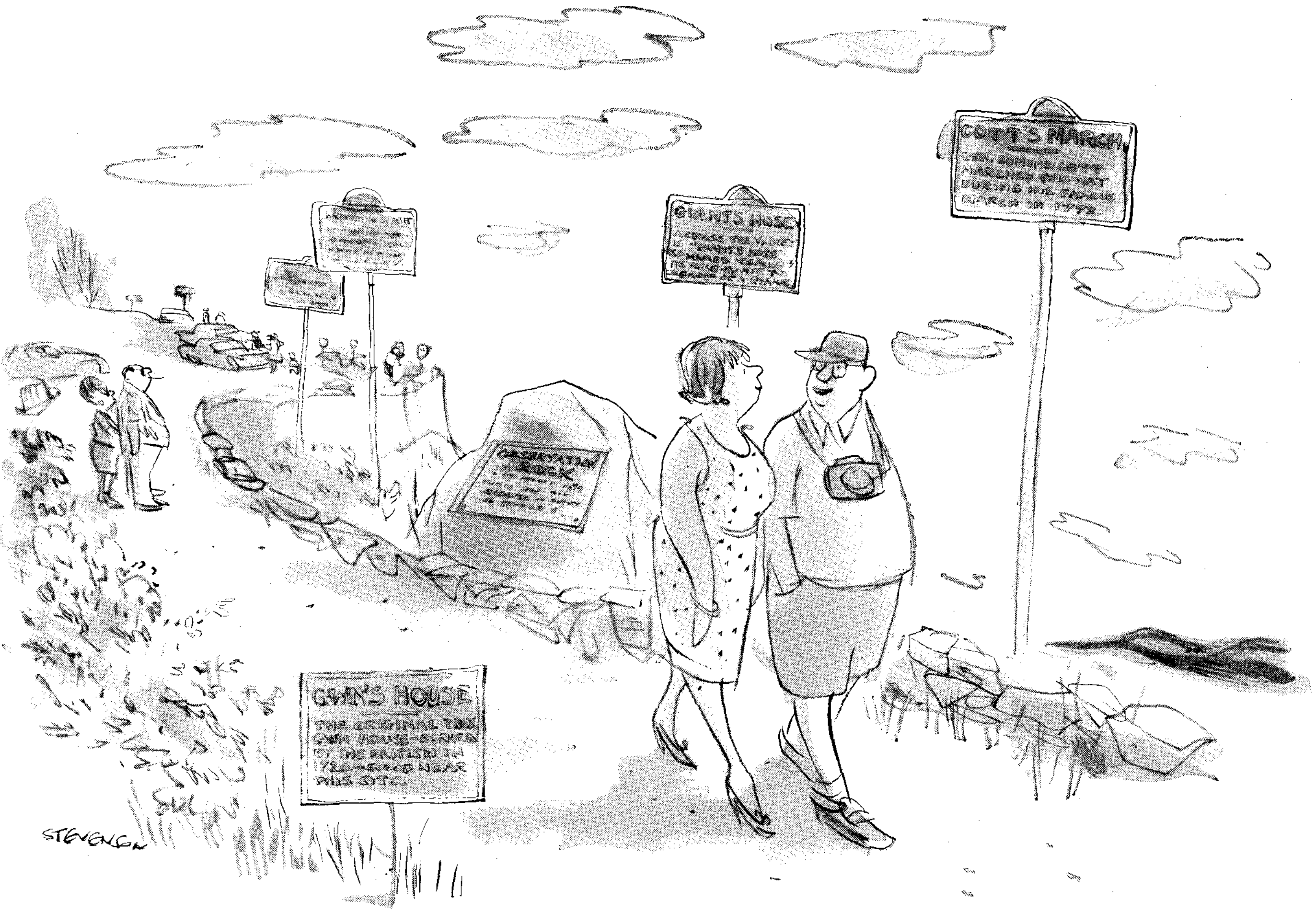
"No hurry," said the lawyer. "And I never saw the letter. But she told me she was going to write it, and when she said she'd do a thing she usually did it. So it's somewhere around."

"Yes. Mother had two desks, one in the library and the other upstairs in her sewing room. I haven't even attempted to go through the stuff in the sewing room."

"Well, it's around somewhere, you may be sure. And incidentally, when you come across it you may find some suggestion as to what to do about Arthur Gow. Although I'm inclined to doubt that. She was so explicit about the bequests to the cook and the maid, I think she had very positive feelings about leaving him out. I thought at the time, well, she might have lent him money, for instance, and had some understanding with him that she would forgive the debt."

"Oh, no, Arthur," said George Denison. "I doubt that very much. Unless it was a small sum—fifty dollars or something like that. But not anything like a thousand or two thousand. Mother liked to live well and she spent money with a fairly free hand, but she always considered that money as mine. That is to say, eventually mine, and from the time Father died, when I was eighteen, she always made quite a point of telling me how the money was going out. She didn't ask my permission, of course, but things like—oh, taking the cobblestones out of the carriage house and putting down a concrete floor. When we got rid of the horses and turned the carriage house into a garage, she showed me all the bills. And if she gave money to Farmington or the Children's Home, she was always careful to let me know how much and where and so forth. She wouldn't have lent Arthur Gow any considerable amount without telling me. And she wouldn't have forgiven the debt without asking me. Of that I'm sure. Also, Arthur never needed money. He was very stingy with his money. If I wanted a nickel or a dime outside my allowance, I could get it from Margaret or Agnes—although it was much easier to get it from Margaret than Agnes. But Arthur was hopeless. 'You're not supposed to ask me for money,' he used to say."

"I'm surprised that you have such



"By golly, Janet, you're right! This area is rich in history!"

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charitable feelings for him now, considering," said the lawyer.

"Not charitable, Arthur," said George Denison. "I just don't want him thinking my mother was as stingy as he was."

"Oh, I understand," said the lawyer. "Discriminated against. Just what I thought when we were working on the will. But knowing your mother, I don't think it was an oversight."

"No, it couldn't have been an oversight. After all, Arthur drove her down here to this office, and he was sitting in the car downstairs while she was talking to you. It wasn't an oversight. But it was and is a good excuse for someone to have unkind thoughts about Mother, and she was too good for that. . . . There's another thing."

"What's that?" said the lawyer.

"I'm going to let him go."

"Fire him?"

"Terminate his employment. I don't intend to stay in Gibbsville. You know that."

"Well, I guess you've thought that all out. You and Pammie. It's probably not very stimulating here."

"I want to be near the water, somewhere where I can go sailing every good day. And these past ten years—prep school, college, and the Army—I've made different friends than those I grew up with."

"You've got the Gibbsville doldrums, and you want to get out. Well, why not? And if you don't do it pretty soon, you never will."

"That's exactly what Pammie says. I'm fond of my old friends, but I like my new ones, too. And since I can't afford to move Long Island Sound to Lantenengo County, we'll move to Long Island Sound."

"And you're not going to need Arthur Gow."

"What I thought I'd do—I don't want to give him any actual cash. Mother saw fit not to, so I won't. But there's that Locomobile limousine. It's probably worth at least as much as Mother gave Agnes, and if he wants to sell it, fine. That way everybody should be satisfied. I haven't gone against Mother's wishes, but he has no cause to complain."

"Certainly no cause to complain," said the lawyer. "I think it's the handsomest car in the county. He shouldn't have any trouble selling it in Philadelphia."

"Then you approve?"

"I have one slight reservation—that your mother knew exactly what she was doing, and *she* might not approve. But as you said a minute ago, she always considered that the money was yours. And I never knew her to really go against your wishes."

"No, not after I began to make some sense," said George Denison. "Whenever that was."

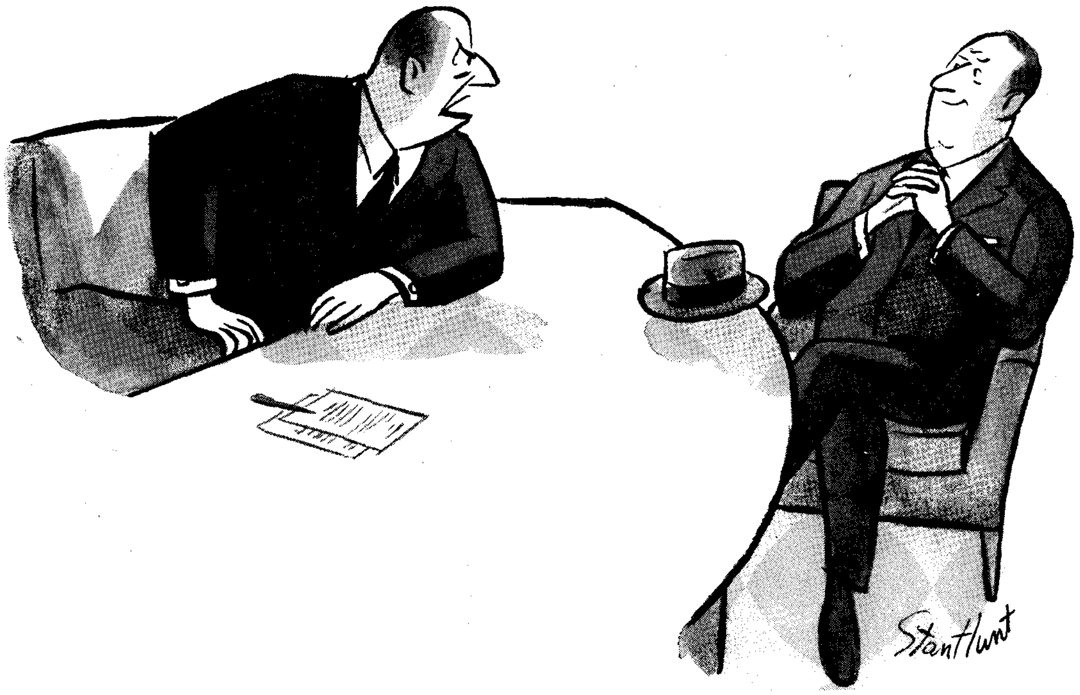
"Seems to me you've always made pretty good sense, George," said the lawyer.

GEORGE DENISON found Arthur Gow in the carriage house (which, from habit, they had not learned to call the garage). Appropriately, Arthur was giving the limousine windows a polish. "You like that car, don't you?"

"I do," said Arthur Gow. "That I do. You can have all your Pierce-Arrows and Packards—"

"And Rolls-Royces?"

"Well, I don't know as I'd go that far. The Rolls-Royce is in a class by itself. But it ain't only the make of car I was thinking of. It's this here car, this particular one, I have a fondness for. I guess if I put in the same hours on a Scripps-Booth I'd feel the same way. Only I never would—put in the same hours on a Scripps-Booth, I



“Don’t you go getting open and aboveboard with me, Hungerford.”

• •

mean. I took a liking to this car the minute I saw it. Now for instance Mrs. Hofman has that Pierce, and you know what we call it? The drivers? We call it her china closet. This ain’t no china closet.”

“How would you like to own this car?” said George Denison.

“Yes, well if a man owned a car like this he could consider himself—he could consider himself very fortunate. I guess there ain’t but two or three hundred like it in the whole country, if that. A car like this don’t wear out, and you never get tired of looking at it. The Pierce-Arrow people are improving the looks of their new models, but they have a long way to go before they catch up to this one. You’ll have this car another five years, at least.”

“No, I’ve decided to give it away.”

“Give it away? If you give this car away, I’ll quit.”

“Well, that’s all right, Arthur. Because I’m going to give it to you. As a sort of a farewell present.”

Arthur Gow went to the car and rubbed the door window with his chamois. He was thinking. “I heard talk you were leaving town,” he said. Even his incredulity was slow, as slow as belief might have been in a less cautious man. “Somebody said you were putting the house up for sale.”

“Putting everything up for sale, except the closed car. I’m going to give you that.”

Arthur Gow stopped polishing the glass. “You’re in earnest?”

“Positively in earnest. Go down to Mr. McHenry’s office, tomorrow morning if you like. He’s making out the bill of sale.”

“Sale?”

“To make it legal, I’m selling it to you for one dollar. But you can owe me the dollar.”

“What do you want me to do with the car when I own it?”

“When you own it you can do whatever you please. You can keep it, you can sell it, you can fill it full of Singer’s Midgets and go all over the country in it. What would you *like* to do with it?”

“What would I like to do with it? I’d like to ride in the back seat, from here to Reading and back. Just to see how it feels. Then when I got that out of my system—are you giving me my walking papers?”

“Yes, if you put it that way. I’d like you to stay on till Mrs. Denison and I leave for good. That’ll be the first of June, we’ve rented a house in Connecticut. Mrs. Denison is giving the women notice today.”

“Margaret not going with you? Or Agnes?”

“No. We have a couple, a man and wife, that go with the house in Connecticut. You don’t seem very surprised at any of this.”

“Well, there was talk around that you and your missus were moving away. Everything gets around in Gibbsville.”

“Yes. What will you do? Take a vacation? I’m sure you’ve been thinking about this.”

“I’ve been thinking. I’ll get offers. There’s always a couple ladies wants me to drive for them. When you were away in the Army I had a couple offers. But I didn’t know you were thinking of giving me this car.”

“Does that change your plans?”

“To some extent. To *some* extent, it changes them. To some extent it don’t change them at all.”

“I see—although I don’t see,” said George Denison.

“What I mean is, George, I don’t want to drive for nobody else. I want me own hours. And I got a little money put away. I was thinking of going in business for myself, driving for hire. There’s a lot of ladies in town, widows and old maids, that your mother used to lend them the car with me driving. Most of them I got tips from. But now I can charge them all, like so much a head to drive two-three-four of them to the golf club. Reading. Philadelphia. Card parties. Evening parties, but double for parties after ten o’clock.”

“You have given it some thought.”

“There’s a lot of these ladies, they got the money but they don’t want to go to the expense of a car and a garage and a driver. They all know me, and they all rode in this car, most of them. It’ll be the same as living retired but making money at the same time.”

“You wouldn’t like to work for whoever buys the house?”

“No more driving private, George,” said Arthur Gow. He faintly, almost indiscernibly, smiled. “When you come back for a visit you can ride in this car, and I won’t charge you.”

“Well, thank you,” said George Denison. (Later he was able to recall that his was the only word of thanks offered during the conversation.) “You go see Mr. McHenry tomorrow.”

“What would be a good time to go?” said Arthur.

“Oh, any time after ten o’clock, I should think.”

“Yes, I guess there won’t be much to it, just a bill of sale,” said Arthur.

“Well, go on with your work, Arthur. I don’t want to interrupt you.”

“That’s all right,” said Arthur Gow, and resumed his task.

George Denison found his wife in his mother’s sewing room. “Well, I just got rid of one Locomobile and one Arthur Gow,” he said.

“That’s good. I was never very fond of either,” she said. “I don’t look well in green, and as for that pickle-face Arthur, dignity is all right but he carries it too far. Before we were married I used to see him, chauffeuring your mother around, and from his expression he seemed to say, ‘Look what I’ve got in the back seat.’ Not in a complimentary way, either.”

“Well, after the first of June,” said George Denison.

“Yes,” she said. “What do you want me to do with all these letters and little scraps of paper? Can I throw them away? Your mother was very efficient, but she kept everything. Every letter you ever wrote, from the time you were visiting your Uncle Joe and Aunt Something, I can’t decipher her name.”

“Not a real uncle and aunt. He was my godfather. Joe Riddle, friend of my father’s. Aunt Sophie. They’re both dead.”

“Ah, you poor little orphan, let me give you a nice pat on the head. Go away. Now what *about* these things? I’m in favor of holding on to your letters and things like that, but here is a whole stack of miscellaneous. Reminders that your mother wrote to herself.”

“Did you by any chance come across anything about Arthur Gow?”

“Arthur Gow? I’ll say I did. A whole stack.”

“Are they all together in one stack?”

“No, they’re all mixed up in the miscellaneous. Do you want me to separate them? Some are from him to her, and some are memorandums she wrote herself.”

“Memoranda.”

“Memoranda sounds like a pancake flour,” said Pammie Denison. “If you want me to go through this whole accumulation, I will, but having gone through it once I can assure you there’s nothing worth saving. Unless you suspect your mother of carrying on a romance with Arthur Gow.”

“Somehow, *somehow*, I have my doubts about that. Mother liked men, all right, but if she was ever going to have a romantic attachment it wouldn’t be Arthur Gow. If she’d had some dashing French chauffeur—but not Arthur. Mother was more like you in that respect. Very impatient with dull men. Luckily you have me.”

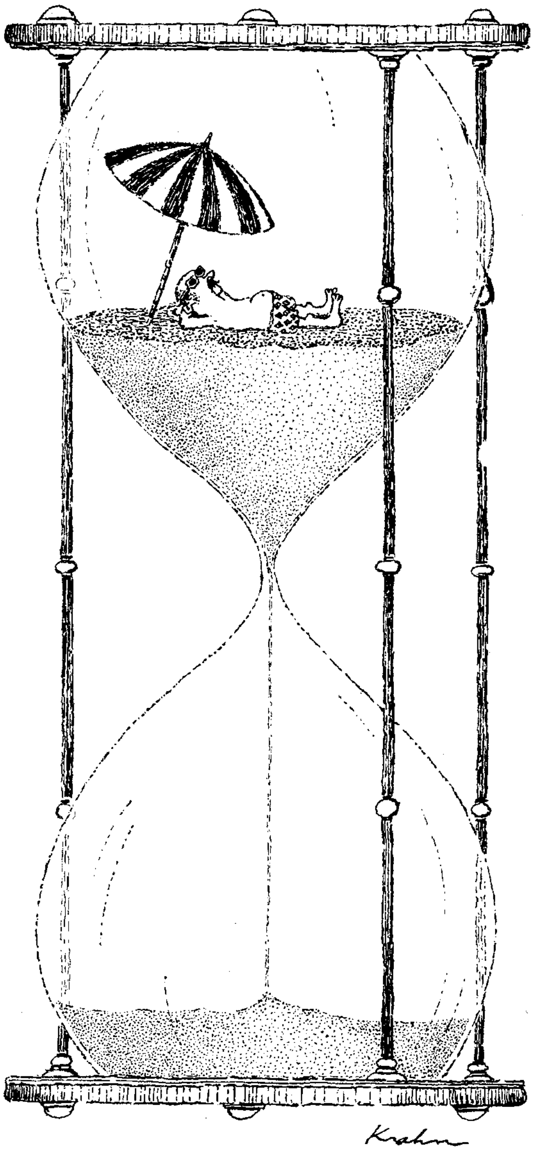
“Uh-huh. And if I should happen to forget how lucky I am, I have you to remind me.”

“Yes, isn’t that splendid? Very few wives—”

“Never mind. Just tell me what you want me to do with this junk. Your letters and other family letters are all tied together, but the rest of this hodgepodge, you’ll have to decide. I mean I’m certainly not going to go through it all over again. So shall I leave it all here and you go through it? I warn you, you’re in for a very dull three or four hours.”

“I’ll get to it after dinner,” he said.

THE miscellany turned out to be full of items that were easily discarded. They went back to his father’s death six years earlier, at which time Mrs. Denison apparently instituted the practice of jotting down notes that covered repairs and changes in the house and grounds, wedding presents to be purchased, social engagements, books to be read, letters to be written, telephone calls to be made. All these notes were written on paper of uniform size and texture which bore the initials “A. S. D.” in the upper left-hand corner. Here and there would be an item of simple arithmetic—addition, subtraction, multiplication, short and long division—that indicated her attempts to estimate her income and expenses. Here George Denison was going in for guesswork, since the items were not identified by words or names; but he recognized figures that represented his recollection of her income for various years, which she seemed to have divided by twelve. Conversely, he found notes in which certain repeated figures were multiplied by twelve, indicating her attempts to arrive at a year’s outlay on wages and other fixed expenses.



“This is rather fun,” he said to his wife.

“Why?” said Pammie Denison.

“Well, for several reasons. First of all, I didn’t realize that Mother didn’t trust her memory. I wish I knew whether she kept notes before Father died. I doubt it. I think he did all this while he was alive, and she only started after he was dead. She wasn’t very good at long division.”

“Another thing she and I had in common,” said Pammie.

“But I’ll say this for her. When she did a problem in long division, she’d prove it.”

“You multiply the thing on the right and the thing on the left, and it’s supposed to come out the thing in the middle.”

“Oh, you do know how,” he said. “My compliments.”

“Of course I know how. It’s just those damn subtrahends that confused me. Those names for things. I have a very good mind for figures.”

“Yes, as a matter of fact, you have,” he said. “Ah, here’s something I’m glad I came across. ‘A. McH., C. Links.’ ”

“Oh, boy!”

“Well, it’s important. It means that she really wanted Arthur McHenry to have my father’s diamond cufflinks.”

“Good.”

“I’m sorry. Am I distracting you? What are you reading?”

“It’s called ‘The Magnificent Ambersons,’ by Booth Tarkington,” she said. “He’s the one that wrote those Penrod stories, but you wouldn’t guess it from this book.”

“Princeton man,” said George Denison.

“Oh, *well*.”

“Class of—I’m not sure. I

PRECIOUS STONES

How when the angel
of the golden eyes—
his pupils Orient pearl,
his eyebrows jet, and in
half circles coiled—

comes for his first rich sight
of the broad-spilling world,
how then is he assailed and made absurd,
owned in a minute, traded and transferred,
until transaction clouds his native light.

Reft from the truth
of wealth as God's free gift,
his jewelled heart,
whose lobes are as the diamond's principle,
catches in pain,

and from the precious eyes, made less intense,
once having seen the exchange of fraudulence,
the agate tears, the ivory, cheaply fall
into rich purses of bland providence,
that value nothing till they own it all.

—William Dickey

• •

think he went to Exeter, too. Ivy Club."

"Naturally," she said.

"When you get finished with his book I'd like to read it."

"If you ever get finished with that stuff," she said. "At the rate you're going, checking your mother's long division."

"I'm almost finished that part, and practically all of it goes in the trash basket."

For an hour or so she went on reading, while he continued with his chore, and there was no conversation. But she chanced to look across the room at him twice in a five-minute period, and she saw that both times he was sitting back in his chair, his legs stretched out, a piece of paper in his hand, and he had hardly changed his position. He was no longer reading the notes, but he was deep in thought.

"Have you discovered something?" she said.

"I don't know," he said. "See what you make of it." He handed her not one but two sheets of the notepaper.

On one sheet she read, "Send A. G. away."

On the second sheet, "See A. McH—advice about A. G.!!! Afraid!!!"

"Well?" said George Denison. "Does it make any sense to you?"

"Does it to you?" she said. "You've been brooding over it for the last ten minutes."

"I've been letting my imagination run riot. She obviously never did see Arthur McHenry about Arthur Gow, or he would have told me so when I spoke to him about giving Gow the car. But she must have been afraid of Gow. Can you read any other interpretation into it?"

"No. I never realized it till now, but he does give me the creeps."

"I'm a little sorry now that I promised to give him the car."

"You can get out of that easily enough."

"Not so damn easily. What excuse can I give? What have I got to go on?"

"Go see Arthur McHenry first thing in the morning, and take these notes with you. What about the notes from Arthur Gow to her? Is there anything in them?"

"Not a thing. I've got them all here, but they don't tell anything. Here he wants a new hose. Here he wants a new nozzle for the hose. Here's one that asks for a new storage battery for the car. This one is a request for three days off, 'next week,' whenever that was. This one—a long one with a list of things he's ordering at the hardware store. Chamois. Bon Ami. Brass polish. Whisk broom. You saw all this, and there isn't a thing in it that gives any clue."

She was silent.

"Are you still with me?" he said.

"I'm thinking," she said. "Let me see his notes to her."

He handed her the sheaf of notes, and she quickly went through them, one by one. "I wonder," she said. "But I think I'm on to something."

"Like what?"

"In all the years he worked for us, Jim McGroarty, our chauffeur, never wrote a note to Mother or Daddy. They may have written notes to him, or left messages in the kitchen. 'Please have car to take me to eight-thirty-five train.' Things like that. But I don't even remember that. The point is, all these things that Arthur Gow asked for in his notes he could have much more easily asked her in person. Do you see what I'm getting at? Why write these things out, when all he had to do was say, 'Mrs. Denison, can I buy a chamois and charge it?' Do you see what I mean? They didn't speak to each other, he and your mother. At least any more than was absolutely necessary. For five or six years, ever since your father died, she's avoided conversation by having him put everything on paper."

"So that she wouldn't forget anything."

"No! Because she was afraid of him," said Pammie Denison.

"You're basing that on that one note, the one about seeing Arthur McHenry. 'Afraid.'"

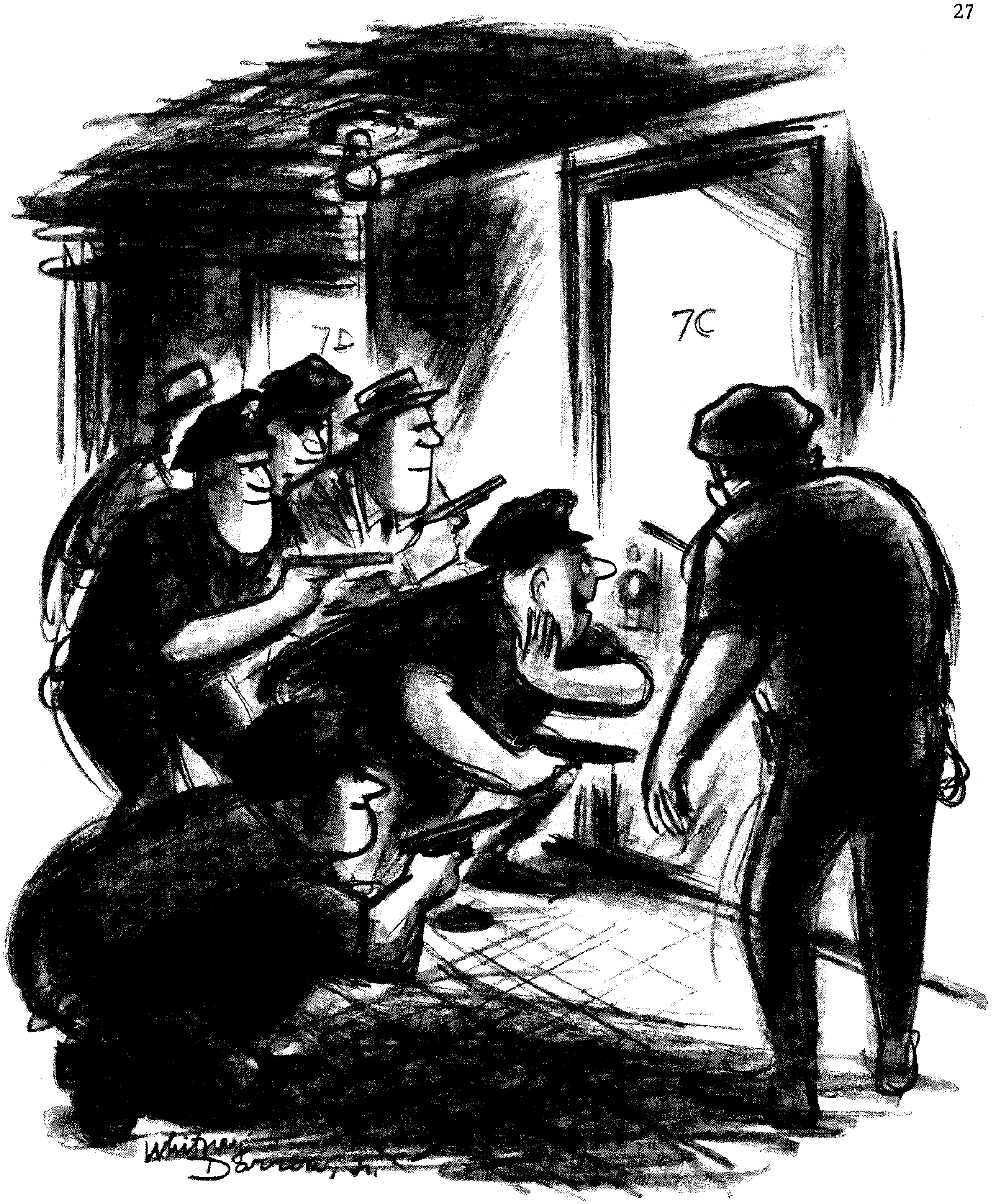
"No I'm not. I'm basing it on instinct. Intuition. And common sense. Here you have dozens of notes from Gow to your mother, dozens of them, and it must have been a nuisance for him, writing notes every time he wanted to buy a feather duster. But she made him do it, and why? Because she couldn't bear to talk to him, or more likely have him talk to her."

"Why didn't she fire him, if she felt that way?"

"Because she had no good reason to, that's why. I'm sure he never said anything, or did anything, that would give her grounds to fire him. But she had an instinctive feeling—yes, like me. And she was *fair*, your mother. She wasn't going to discharge a servant because he gave her the creeps, not as long as his work was all right. I couldn't have discharged him, either, not without reason, but I'm awfully glad he isn't going with us to Connecticut."

"And she left him out of her will," he said. "He was honest, sober, reliable, a very thorough worker. What do you suppose happened?"

"Nothing, I tell you," said Pammie. "But I swear to you, she was afraid something would happen, or could happen, or might happen. I know exactly



"Avon calling."

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how she felt, and you never will, because you're not a woman."

"I may be making a big mistake, giving him the car," he said.

"Possibly, but now you can't go back on your word, any more than your mother could discharge him without grounds. Let him have the car, and let's forget about him."

"If we can," he said. "From now on I'll always think of my mother, the last six years of her life, intimidated by a perfect servant."

"I agree with you, because that's the way I think it was."

"There's one thing that does worry me, a little," he said. "Maybe it shouldn't, but it does."

"What's that?"

"Oh—thinking of those old ladies, those friends of Mother's, that he's going to have for customers. Are they my responsibility?"

"No, George," said his wife. "You can stop being a captain."

"I suppose so," he said. "I suppose I should." —JOHN O'HARA

THE VOICES

WHEN the voices began again, Laura decided that she had let things go too far to demonstrate the thinness of the walls by coughing. To have to speak in whispers from then on might spoil their holiday, and would take something from her own. As they talked, Laura could hear movements about the room, the rattling of coat hangers in the wardrobe. The conversation was discursive, languid, and there were long, tired silences.

She had never seen them, had never come across them in the passage or waiting for the lift, and was amused to know so much about two women she had never met. For instance, she knew that Edith's little trouble had cleared up at last, and she was glad about that. It had seemed a pity to waste two days of a holiday from fear of leaving the hotel. Amy had seemed to be kindness itself, hardly venturing out except on little errands, and having trays of plain food sent up for her friend. "It's the oil, all that oil," Laura often heard.

She spent the hot part of the day in her bedroom, writing letters or lying on the bed, listening, keeping quiet. When she opened the shuttered windows, the noise of Athens roared in—traffic, pneumatic drills, the chipping of steel on masonry, bells tolling—and in flowed, too, the steady heat, the glare from the sky, and greasy smells from the kitchen below. When she had failed to find any fresh air, Laura closed the windows and flopped back on the bed to listen.

"It was just a sort of mince with a batter," Amy said.

"Really more of a custard," said Edith.

"*Moussáka*, they called it."

"*Moussaká*," Edith said. She was the less gentle one. She liked to know more, and dominated. Taller, Laura thought. She imagined Amy rather plump and soft. Her voice was high and floating, very sweet. Edith's was abrupt and deeper. It was Amy who had been so affected by the stairs when the lift was out of order. She had puffed and blown for a long time after they reached their room. It was the morning that they visited the Acropolis (a view of which Laura could have by leaning right out over the courtyard and craning her neck upward), and both were worn out but exalted. To think they had really seen it, after all these years, they said over and over again.

To Laura, at first, they had sounded like schoolmistresses; but the summer term could not be ended yet. They might *have* retired; yet she pictured them leading some kind of busy life together—"my colleague," they might say in introductions to other people—"a colleague of mine." It was clear that their holiday had been planned for a long time and Laura was glad that, apart from Edith's little trouble at the beginning, it was being a success. They went off to Delphi, having what they called "mugged it up" first, and Laura wondered anxiously if Delphi would come up to expectations. It had, and more. Sounion, in spite of a thunderstorm (perhaps because of it, Amy suggested), had greatly impressed, and even the food was what everyone—and especially a certain Colonel Benson—had warned them that it would be.

From Mykonos ("Just a little bit touristy") they had apparently brought back a quantity of peasant art—the prices of it were much compared and discussed—and Laura could imagine them making their excursions draped in crudely striped stoles, their hair covered with bright scarves, guidebooks and sun-tan oil in fringed and tasselled shoulder bags.

On the other side of the wall, they often mildly argued. "We *paid no* credence to Colonel Benson about drinking the water," Amy had said, when Edith had her bout of diarrhea.

"I paid no credence then. I pay no credence now," said Edith sharply. "It is a long time since the Colonel was in Athens. It was the oil—'This oil's *off*,' I remember saying to you the first evening we were here. In that place with the wine vats. It was rancid."

Amy murmured something in reply, but for once Laura could not hear.

Sometimes, when Laura awoke in the morning, the voices were going on as if they had not stopped all night; other days, there was silence, broken by Alexis bringing their breakfast.

"Good morning, good morning, ladies," he would call out in a warning, lilting voice, and Laura imagined the scramble for bed wraps, the sheets drawn up to their chins as they gravely replied in the other language, "*Kali méra*, Alexis." When he had gone, Laura would hear long yawns, the sounds of breakfast beginning,

"*The way I look at it, all the world's a tent and every man's a clown.*"

and the start of the day's conversation.

"How kind Mme. Petropoulos was," said Amy. "I made a note of the restaurant she recommended. *Where* did she say to get the rose-petal jam from?"

Edith had made a note of that somewhere. They had acquired a habit of writing everything down, for there was a great deal they were in danger of forgetting. They had brought a letter of introduction to Mme. Petropoulos and had been greatly excited about their visit to her. Amy had even been tempted to wear the stole she had bought as a present for her niece.

Mme. Petropoulos had a flat high up in a building at the foot of Mount Lycabettus (such a pull up from the hotel; they had arrived quite winded and then had to climb the flights of marble stairs), and they had sat out on a balcony and looked at the view—the Acropolis golden in the evening light, the mountains violet, and Salamis darkening in the glittering sea. They had described it over and over to one another as they went to bed last night, rather over-excited, like children. It had been a high spot of their holiday. This morning, they began to marvel at it again.

"We must remember to send her a Christmas card," Amy said. "Although I don't think they make as much of it as we do."

"Don't *speak* of Christmas," Edith begged her, with the English dread of it in her voice.

"We needn't have worried about the language. I must confess I was quite nervous at bringing out my few sentences."

She had been rehearsing these—compiled from the phrase book—for days beforehand; but Edith, whom Laura suspected of fearing to make a fool of herself, would not try. "We know that Mme. Petropoulos can speak English. Colonel Benson told us so," she had reminded Amy, interrupting her rehearsal of "Athens pleases us very much. We go to Delphi." (Everything in the phrase book was in the present tense, but she hoped to be understood.) "Delphi pleases us very much. Mykonos pleases us very much. And Sounion."

To her girlish wonder and—it appeared to Laura—Edith's annoyance, the phrases had seemed to be understood and had gone down well. Mme. Petropoulos had responded with warm surprise, had said, in fact, "Now I do not know whether to speak to you in English or Greek."

"Such a lot of gold teeth when she laughed," Amy said afterward, repeating what Mme. Petropoulos had said. "And clasping her hands and shaking them over her head like that reminded me of those boxers we saw on the television."

"*You* saw," Edith said.

"But the *view*—the colors changing all the time and then suddenly the lights going on out at sea."

"I think we stayed too long. I kept trying to catch your eye."

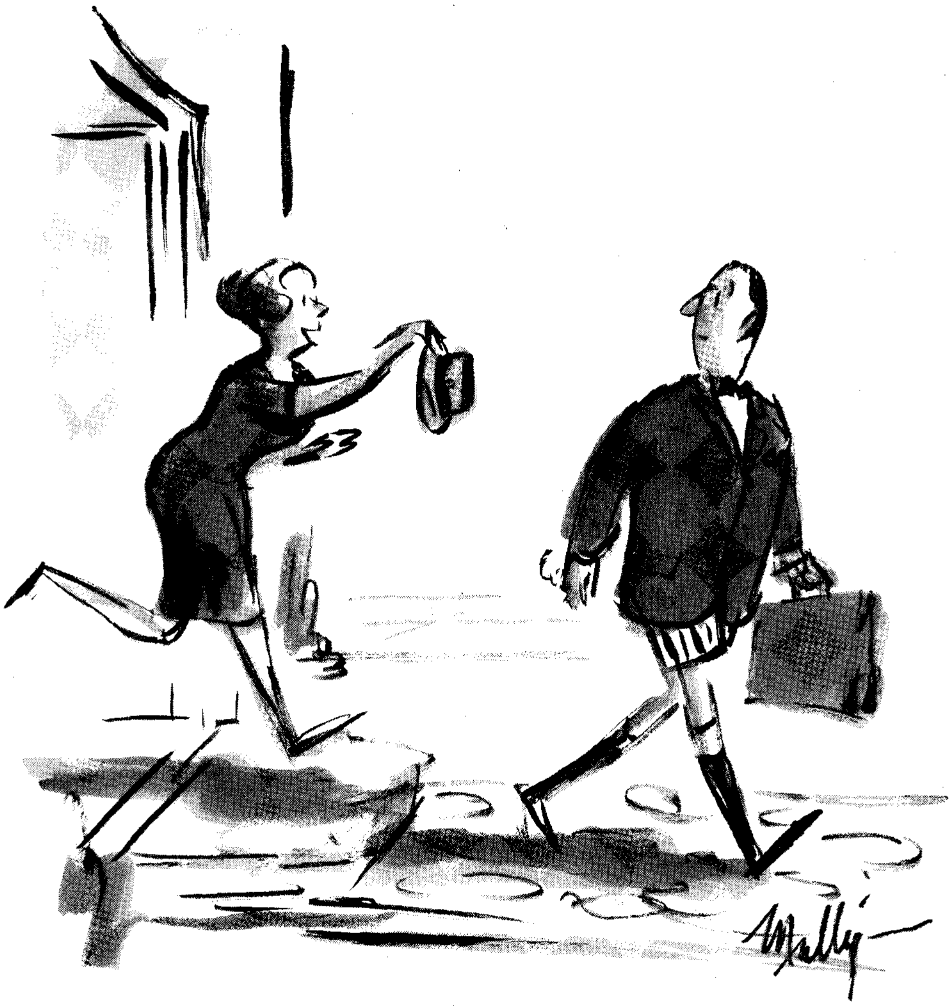
"I simply forgot time existed."

Laura could hear breakfast trays being put aside, and then creakings and rustlings about the room, water running. She lay very still in bed, her arms laced under her head, and wondered what to do with her day. She also had letters of introduction and invitations, but she had done nothing about them. The habit of inertia is a hard one to shake off; the sloth of mind and body torments as it takes hold. After a long illness, she had been persuaded by her parents to go away—perhaps as a holiday for themselves as well. For her, it was too soon; travel had not broken into her apathy. Flying in, she had gazed down at the islands with indifference, though their tawny beauty would at one time have moved her to tears. Since then, she had wasted the holiday, mooning about in the morning sunshine, lunching at the same place every day, resting in the afternoon. It was a much more real holiday, this one she enjoyed vicariously through the bedroom wall.

WHEN Amy and Edith had gone out, Laura telephoned for her own breakfast and ate it sitting up in the hard bed—spreading the pieces of dry bread with melting butter, drinking coffee from a large, thick cup.

It was such a silence, now that the next room was empty. They had gone down to the travel agency in Constitution Square to arrange a trip to Mycenae. *I* ought to do that, Laura thought. As things were turning out, she would have nothing to say for herself when she returned home. "Did you go there? Did you see such and such?" And to those questions she would say, "No, no, no," her voice rising irritably. "I just stayed in my room and listened to two old ladies chattering."

She dressed and went out and wandered about the busy streets. The day was well on for other people. After a time, she found herself in a cool flower market with watered pavings. She


Mally

"Hey, absent-minded! You forgot your hat!"

• •

walked all round it, breathing the scented air, made her way out of it by a different narrow street, and soon was lost. Some buildings looked familiar from other, similarly aimless wanderings, but she could form no pattern from them. She could not even read the letters of the street names, or those above shops. The feeling of isolation was the worst she had suffered since her illness, and she was ready to sit down on some church steps she had arrived at and weep until someone rescued her. She was too much of a burden to be managed by herself alone.

THE MAP

Composed, generally defined
By the long sharing
Of contours, continents and oceans
Are gathered in
The same imaginary net.
Over the map
The portioned air, at times but
A continuance
Of boundaries, assembles in
A pure, cloudless
Canopy of artificial calm.
Lacking the haze,
The blurred edges that surround our world,
The map draws
Only on itself, outlines its own
Dimensions, and waits,
As only a thing completed can,
To be replaced
By a later version of itself.
Wanting the presence
Of a changing space, my attention turns
To the world beyond
My window, where the map's colors
Fade into a vague
Afterimage and are lost
In the variable scene
Of shapes accumulating. I see
A group of fields
Tend slowly inland from the breaking
Of the fluted sea,
Blackwing and herring gulls, relaxed
On the air's currents,
Glide out of sight, and trees,
Cold as stone
In the gray light of this coastal evening,
Grow gradually
Out of focus. From the still
Center of my eyes,
Encompassing in the end nothing
But their own darkness,
The world spins out of reach. And yet,
Because nothing
Happens where definition is
Its own excuse
For being, the map is as it was:
A diagram
Of how the world might look could we
Maintain a lasting,
Perfect distance from what is.

—MARK STRAND

• •

In the end, she found a taxi and was driven back to the hotel. When she reached her room, she was a little comforted to find that Edith and Amy had also returned, were busily counting coins, as they did after all their expeditions. When they had settled everything fairly down to the last drachma, they began to sort out the picture postcards they had bought.

"There is quite an art in timing them," Edith said in a humorous voice. "If one sends them off too soon, one's friends are apt to think one is at a loss to know how to pass the time, that there is nothing better to do, that one can only think of people back home, that perhaps one's homesick. Then, too late seems like a last-minute thought and a dreadful risk that they may arrive after one arrives oneself."

"I think *now* is just about right," Amy said.

"And another thing is that they must all be posted together. I haven't forgotten that rumpus when we went to Rimini and some people in the village got them early and others thought they had been forgotten."

"Don't you think we might send Colonel Benson's off a little earlier than the rest? After all, he's been so kind. It would be a small mark of appreciation."

"Perhaps a couple of days," Edith conceded. "I thought this one of the evzones for him—it was about the nearest I could find to anything of a military nature."

"And this archaic statue for Mrs. Campion, don't you think? It is *so* like her daughter-in-law."

"Funny that that smile looks so beautiful on a statue, and is simply infuriating on a real person."

Laura, lying on her bed, nodded to herself and smiled a different smile.

"We will go after tea and get the stamps," said Amy, making it sound quite an expedition.

So somewhere, Laura thought, they had organized teatime, as they had organized everything else. She felt ashamed of herself, not able to imagine *them* wanting to sit down on the steps of a church and weep.

There were some silences in the next room while—Laura supposed—they wrote their postcards. She hoped all those people in whatever village it was would value the trouble that had been taken.

"The temple of Poseidon *is* later than the Parthenon, isn't it?" asked Edith.

"I am almost sure, but you could look it up. Who is that for?"

"The vicar."

"I am just putting personal things. 'Sitting here in the sun, drinking *retsina.*' "

Laura turned her face to the pillow, laughing silently.

"But you aren't," said Edith. "Oh, there is so little space on a postcard, and so much to say."

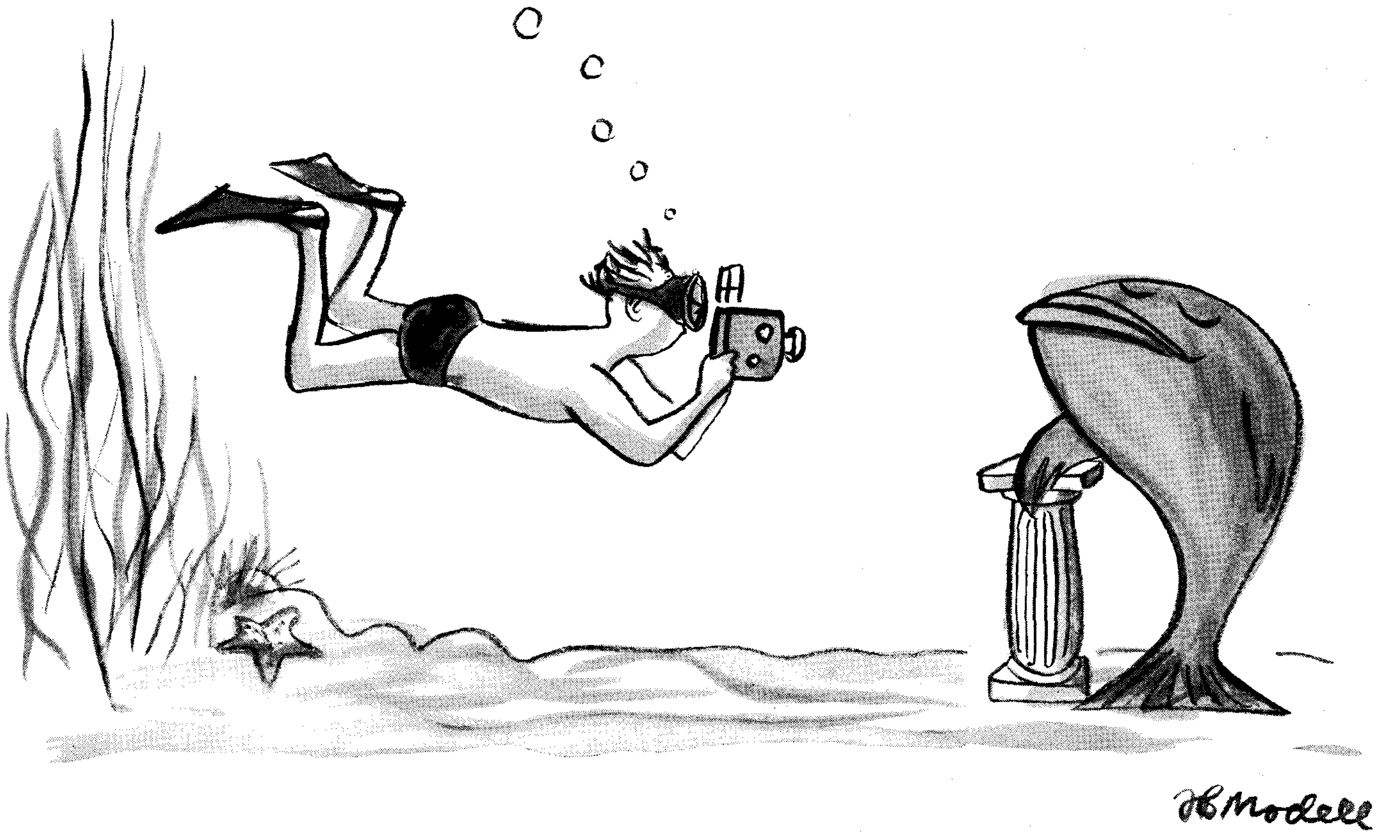
When they had gone out to tea, Laura had a shower and went for a walk in the Royal Gardens. Dusky, dappled light was shed through leaves and petals, and peacocks stepped fastidiously over fallen, rotting oranges under the trees. She sat on a seat and watched the passersby—beautifully dressed babies in perambulators pushed by English-looking nannies in uniform, young couples hand in hand, older men wearing sunglasses, swinging key rings, treading ponderously. One of them passed several times, staring at her with curiosity, but her indifferent English air puzzled and at last defeated him.

The sun went down quickly, and when she got up at last and came out of the Gardens, the temples on the Acropolis had turned from golden to a shadowy brown.

The next morning, after Alexis's high-spirited "Good morning, ladies," Laura heard Edith and Amy "mugging up" Mycenae from the guidebook. They were to set out the next day, early in the morning, and Laura decided that she, too, must go somewhere. She felt like knocking on the wall to ask them where. Delphi, she knew, they had especially enjoyed. It had been described as picturesque.

" 'We now enter a circular chamber shaped like a beehive,' " Edith read from the guidebook, in a voice unlike the one she used in conversation.

"I can't take in so much beforehand," Amy complained. "I like to read about it *after* I've been there."



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"And *I* don't like going round a site with a book in my hands," said Edith. She then must have dropped the guidebook to the floor, because Amy exclaimed about the pressed flowers that had fallen out.

"And I get the royal family so muddled up," she said, breathing rather heavily, perhaps on her knees, gathering up wafery, dry wild flowers. "Agamemnon and so forth."

"Perfectly straightforward," Edith replied. "Agamemnon returns from the war; Aegisthus and Clytemnestra murder *him;* Orestes murders Clytemnestra; Electra . . ."

"Your *hands!*" interrupted Amy. "Just look at your hands. All the time you were saying that, they weren't still for a moment. You laugh at *me;* but, goodness, you are even worse."

"I don't do it in the street," said Edith coldly.

It was then that Laura, diverted and off guard, suddenly sneezed. Reaching for a handkerchief to stifle it, she was too late, and knocked over a glass of water.

There was a deep, long silence in the next room. She imagined them staring at one another, hardly daring to stir. It was some time before they began to whisper and move stealthily about the room.

SITTING in the bus, on her way back from Delphi, Laura wondered how Edith and Amy had enjoyed Mycenae. Enjoy it she knew they would. Their enthusiasm would reduce the ancient horrors; dispassionately they would relate old histories as if describing houseparties at Balmoral.

Laura felt put to shame by their toughness. At Delphi, brooded over by towering crags, diminished, overawed, she had tried to put herself in their state of mind in the same place—happily darting from one wild flower to another, describing (as they had) the scenery as picturesquely mountainous. They had even had someone sick on the bus, as Laura had, but were led by this simply to talk of national characteristics. Greeks had poor stomachs—they had known this beforehand; hadn't Colonel Benson himself said so?

When she reached the hotel, Laura found flowers in her room and an invitation to a party. She wondered if she might not accept, after all. The journey to Delphi, however shattering, had been a beginning. It might now be pleasant to talk again to someone in her own language. Yet she had not been so very lonely. Edith and Amy had been just the undemanding company she would have wished for, and she hoped that they were not still talking in whispers on her account.

She awoke early the next morning, and there was silence in the next room. She lay and waited for the coming of breakfast and the beginnings of conversation. Perhaps they have finished talking about Mycenae by now, and I shall never find out about it, she thought.

When Alexis came along the passage and opened the door of the next room, his voice was less warning than usual, Laura thought, and less genial. "Good morning, good morning," he called, falsely bright.

Someone groaned and yawned. "Good morning to you," a man's voice replied—an American voice.

Laura was quite shocked. As soon as Alexis had gone away down the passage, she began to cough sharply. She telephoned for her breakfast, making as much noise about it as she could when it arrived.

So they have gone, she thought. They have moved on somewhere else and soon will follow their postcards back home, and Colonel Benson will hear about Mycenae and the rest, not I.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

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We understand that Sara Brown, a neighbor on Kirkland circle, saw the flames and called the Fire Department. Her small dog awakened her by barking. A news report had it that she was walking her dog and saw the fire. She wants it published that she doesn't walk her dog at 4 a.m. and was not abroad at that hour last Monday. Her dog is one of the really small varieties so it rates a special commendation for barking loud enough to waken Mrs. Brown.—*Wellesley (Mass.) Townsman.*

And may we also commend Mrs. Brown for retiring when a lady should.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

AN EDUCATION IN GEORGIA—II

WHEN Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes, two Negroes from Atlanta, entered the University of Georgia as sophomores in January of 1961, they represented the turning point in Georgia's reaction to the 1954 Supreme Court decision declaring racial segregation in the public schools unconstitutional. Before their first week at the university was over, Charlayne and Hamilton, after a riot in front of Charlayne's dormitory, were suspended "for their own safety" and had to be reinstated by another court order, but the state decided during that week to abandon its policy of all-out resistance to integration. As a reporter based in Atlanta, I had covered both the federal-court trial that ended eighteen months of maneuvering to get Charlayne and Hamilton admitted to Georgia and the first days they spent on the campus, during which they became temporarily famous Student Heroes, and this spring, about ten weeks before their graduation, I returned to Georgia from New York to see how their two and a half years at the university had worked out and how two intelligent, attractive young people had happened to become Student Heroes in the first place.

The latter inquiry took me to Atlanta, where I spoke to several members of Hamilton's family, which has long been a prominent one in the city's Negro community, and to some of the young Negro leaders who had organized the successful attempt to desegregate the university. Before I left Atlanta for Athens, where the university is situated, I decided to speak also to Mary Frances Early, who had entered Georgia in the summer session of 1961 as the university's first Negro graduate student. Miss Early, a music teacher in the Atlanta public schools and a 1957 graduate of Clark, one of the colleges in the Negro Atlanta University Center, had been studying for her Master's degree at the University of Michigan for three summers when she decided to transfer to Georgia. She finished her work there in two summer sessions and a spring quarter, and became the first Negro to receive a degree from the university—almost a year before Charlayne and Hamilton graduated. Miss Early used Charlayne's dormitory room in Center Myers Hall the first summer, and roomed there with Charlayne during the spring quarter and summer session of the following year. A direct young lady, and formerly the music columnist for the Atlanta *Inquirer*, a militant Negro weekly whose staff also included Charlayne, Miss Early admitted frankly that she had enrolled at Georgia for the Cause. "I sent for an application two days after the riot," she told me. "I thought that since the undergraduate school was open, somebody should go to the graduate school, and when I saw a picture of Charlayne the night of the riot, walking out of that dormitory in tears, I knew I had to go. I had a little trouble about transferring. The Registrar told me that the University of Georgia was under no obligation to accept credits from Michigan and that it would be silly for me to lose all that time. I told him that the time would not be lost anyway, and that I wanted to go to Georgia. I think, after Charlayne and Hamilton went in, we thought in Atlanta that once it was open, everything would be O.K. But that was far from the case. When I saw that room, I was shocked. It was completely isolated from everybody else."

Most of the ground floor of Center Myers is taken up by a vast, ugly lobby, but there are identical apartments at opposite ends of the floor. One of them is occupied by the housemother; the other was apparently intended for a counsellor. It has a bedroom, a living room, a kitchenette, and a private bathroom, and it seemed to the university officials a good place to put Charlayne when, in spite of their offer to waive a rule requiring all girls under twenty-three to live on campus, she decided to live in a dormitory. Some Women's Student Government Association leaders who had been living in this second isolated apartment were asked to move out and return to their sorority houses, and they did so without complaining. When Charlayne returned after the riot, she found that the university, sensitive about the way editorialists and legislators had been tossing around the word "suite" in connection with her quarters, had shut off the bedroom. It was reopened the following spring, when Miss Early joined Charlayne in the suite, and it was kept open in the fall of her senior year, when two Negro freshmen moved in with her. "That first summer, I didn't realize how lonely it was until one time when I wanted somebody to zip up my dress in the back, and there was nobody in a nearby room I could ask," Miss Early told me. "When I went back for the spring quarter, both Charlayne and I wanted single rooms that were private but not isolated. There are only freshmen in Center Myers during the regular term, and I requested a room in a dorm where there would be somebody near my own age. They said there were no other rooms available. Of course, the first week of that quarter, Charlayne and I had lunch with a graduate student, an older woman, who said she was changing dorms because of the vacancies in a new dorm that had opened. I kept wondering, Just how naïve do they think we are? Their excuses are so thin a child could see through them. I know Charlayne was upset that she couldn't get a room in another dorm, especially this year. A senior housed with freshmen, that's not right."

Even if she and Charlayne had had a lot in common with the younger girls, Miss Early went on, the atmosphere in the dormitory would have been cool. "If you went to the lobby to watch TV, there was usually no discourse, although sometimes a word or two was said," she told me. "It just wasn't the kind of atmosphere it should have been after almost two years. We never went into anybody else's room, since we were never invited. I didn't know until last summer how the upstairs looked. We had nine Negroes in the summer school then, so they had to put some in connecting suites upstairs. During the spring quarter, there were three girls who used to come down to the room. We had dinner with them one evening, and they explained that they wanted to be more friendly but that they were rushing sororities, and had been told by some of their big sisters that they were treading on dangerous ground. After that, they came much less often, though they did continue to come."

Before arriving at Georgia for her first summer, Miss Early said, she received a letter from James Popovich, a speech professor, who had also tried to be helpful to Charlayne and Hamilton. Except for occasional meetings with Popovich and one or two other faculty members, Miss Early was alone. "It was very lonely that first summer," she told me. "Since Hamp and Charlayne were gone, I was the only one there, and I was almost ostracized. I normally ate at the Student Center cafeteria. And that first summer I ate lunch with others only twice. Often, when I entered, the students would start these wailing noises—something like a cat. But nobody ever said anything. Oh, once a student turned back to me in the line and asked if I was a student. Of course, I answered in the affirmative. I'm not what they call a trouble-maker, and I never sat down at a table with other persons except when it was crowded and I had to, and then, most of the time, they would get up. Once, one boy stayed, but he finished very quickly. It's not that they were all prejudiced; they thought they'd suffer socially. There was only one incident. One day, somebody threw a lemon and hit me in the back. I was very angry that anybody would be so immature, and I didn't go back for several days. But Dr. Popovich said that was just what they wanted, so then I went back. Corky King, the Presbyterian minister, and his wife and one of their children ate with me the first day. I went to the Co-op, the snack bar, just once—one day when the whole vocal class went for coffee. Everybody just plunked down a dime at the register, and I did the same thing, but as I walked away, the boy at the register yelled, 'Hey, you, come here!' He was a very coarse-talking boy. I didn't turn around, and he yelled again. Everybody was staring, so I went back and said, 'Are you talking to me?' And he said, 'Yeah. Are you a student here?' I told him I was, and he said, 'Show me your I.D. card.' I did, and went on. But it put a damper on everything. I never went back there. When you ask where we could go—well, some of the places perhaps we could go but you don't know how you'll be received, so you don't go, for fear of being embarrassed. Everybody wants to be comfortable. But sometimes, when it's necessary, you have to go anyway."

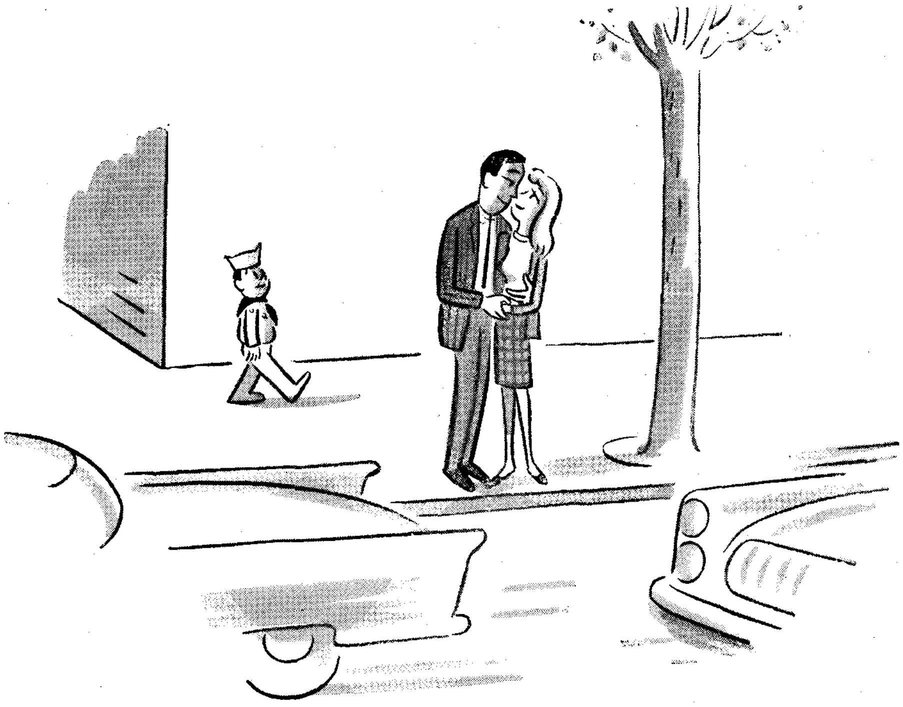
By joining the university chorus her first summer, Miss Early became the first Negro to participate in any extracurricular activity at Georgia. That summer, she said, she was "tolerated, but that's all" by the other members. In fact, she became the only girl in the chorus who had to have her own individual sheet music, because the girl she was supposed to look on with felt that handling the same music was more contact than she cared to have. "By the second summer," Miss Early said, "there were three of us in the chorus, and that made things easier. They seemed to get used to us and forget our color, and after a while it was fine. More students just have to be seen in more places. After a while, it becomes natural." As a member of the chorus, Miss Early ran into a problem that Charlayne had found particularly irritating the first year she was at Georgia. Two or three months after

Rowland B. Wilson

"Who left the sculpture on all night?"

she and Hamilton entered the university, Donald Hollowell, the Atlanta Negro lawyer who handled Charlayne's and Hamilton's suit for admission to Georgia, and the lawyers for the state asked Judge William Bootle, of the federal district court, to rule on just how thoroughly integrated Georgia was, according to his original order. To no one's surprise, Bootle ruled that Charlayne and Hamilton and the Negro students who followed them were entitled to attend all university events without being segregated and to use all the facilities of the university. Soon after the ruling was handed down, I saw Charlayne in Atlanta, and she seemed angrier at the university administration than she had ever been before. She had planned to return to Athens that Saturday night for a play, taking along a date from Atlanta. The adviser in the dean's office assigned to her, after learning that the date was a Negro, checked with her superiors and informed Charlayne that the university was completely integrated as far as she and Hamilton were concerned but that the order did not include other Negroes. By the following summer, when Miss Early wanted to bring her mother and some friends to a concert of the chorus, the university had found a more characteristic way of handling the problem. She was told to check with Joseph Williams, dean of students, before bringing other Negroes onto the campus, but she was unable to get an appointment with him until after the concert was over. When she finally did see him, he said it wouldn't have been a very good idea anyway, because the university was not ready for such a step.

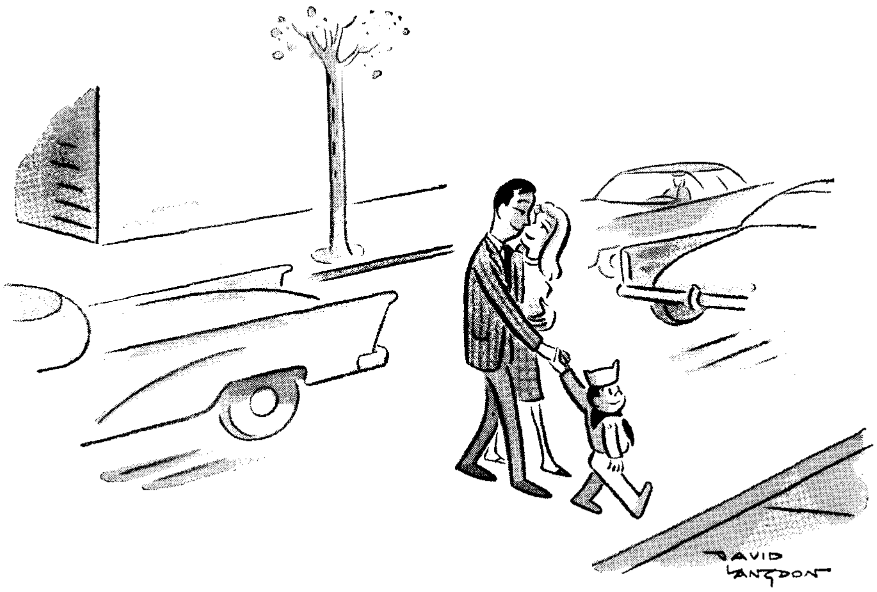
When I remarked on Charlayne's anger at the incident of the play, Miss Early said, "I think Charlayne often feels that it's a sign of weakness to complain, and tries to pretend everything is O.K. But she knows it isn't, and sometimes it comes out. I think the whole thing has affected her more than she cares to admit. She's been sick a lot, and it's no wonder. I knew her before, and she used to be so carefree and gay. Now she's only carefree and gay on the outside."



ALTHOUGH Charlayne did not seem quite carefree and gay the first time I saw her in Athens this spring, she did seem remarkably like a normal college girl. She was even wearing a University of Georgia pin on her sweater when I found her in the Journalism Building, chatting with Joan Zitselman, a graduate student of journalism, who was probably her closest friend at Georgia, and two or three other journalism students. Charlayne suggested that I have lunch with her at the Continuing Education Center, and we drove up a hill to a huge, modern red brick building across the street from Center Myers. The Continuing Education Center—or C.E., as it is usually called—serves as a hotel and convention center not only for university conferences but for dozens of non-academic meetings as well. It has a restaurant, and that is where Charlayne usually ate during her last two years, since she believed that the food in the student dining hall she had used during her first spring at Georgia had disagreed with her and may have contributed to attacks of stomach trouble that she suffered, off and on, during her stay. The C.E. restaurant caters mostly to faculty members and conference delegates, and the latter were frequently amazed to find Charlayne, in person, right in the same restaurant. "We get a lot of people like the county clerks meeting there," a liberal professor later told me cheerfully. "They're all dyed-in-the-wool conservative Baptists. They'd come to accept the fact that Charlayne and Hamilton were in school here, but seeing her eat there with a couple of white boys really shocked them." Charlayne was also a good customer of the C.E. coffee shop, and as we passed it, on the way to the restaurant, she called out a friendly hello to one of the waitresses and to the woman who operated the magazine stand.

I told Charlayne that the atmosphere at the Journalism Building had seemed surprisingly easy. "Oh, I feel pretty comfortable in the Journalism School now," she replied. "I'm never left alone in a corner without anybody to talk to, and now I don't feel any reluctance about walking up to a group of people. I know most of the students and professors."

Charlayne's general good will toward the Journalism School did not extend to the student newspaper, the *Red and Black*, however, or to its editor, Larry Jones, who had written a column that day on Hamilton Holmes. The column was based on a news report of a speech that Hamilton had made before the Savannah Council on Human Relations. On that occasion, Hamilton had said that he had made no friends at the university, and although the observation had been made in answer to a question, the news story made it appear to be the main line of a speech devoted principally to complaint. Jones had objected strenuously. "Holmes entered the University forcibly, as an alien," Jones wrote. "He attended as an alien. And when he graduates this June (with honors, I understand), he will still be an alien. The treatment he has received; the friendless atmosphere he has encountered: he could have expected no more and he has received no less. . . . On this 'friendless' campus with its 'less than cordial' atmosphere, Mr. Holmes has gone his own way. He has devoted much time to scholastic endeavors and little to anything else. (By this I mean extracurricular activities.) He had no choice. He made his choice when he entered Georgia two years ago. So perhaps my resentment of his complaints is wrong. After all, there's not much

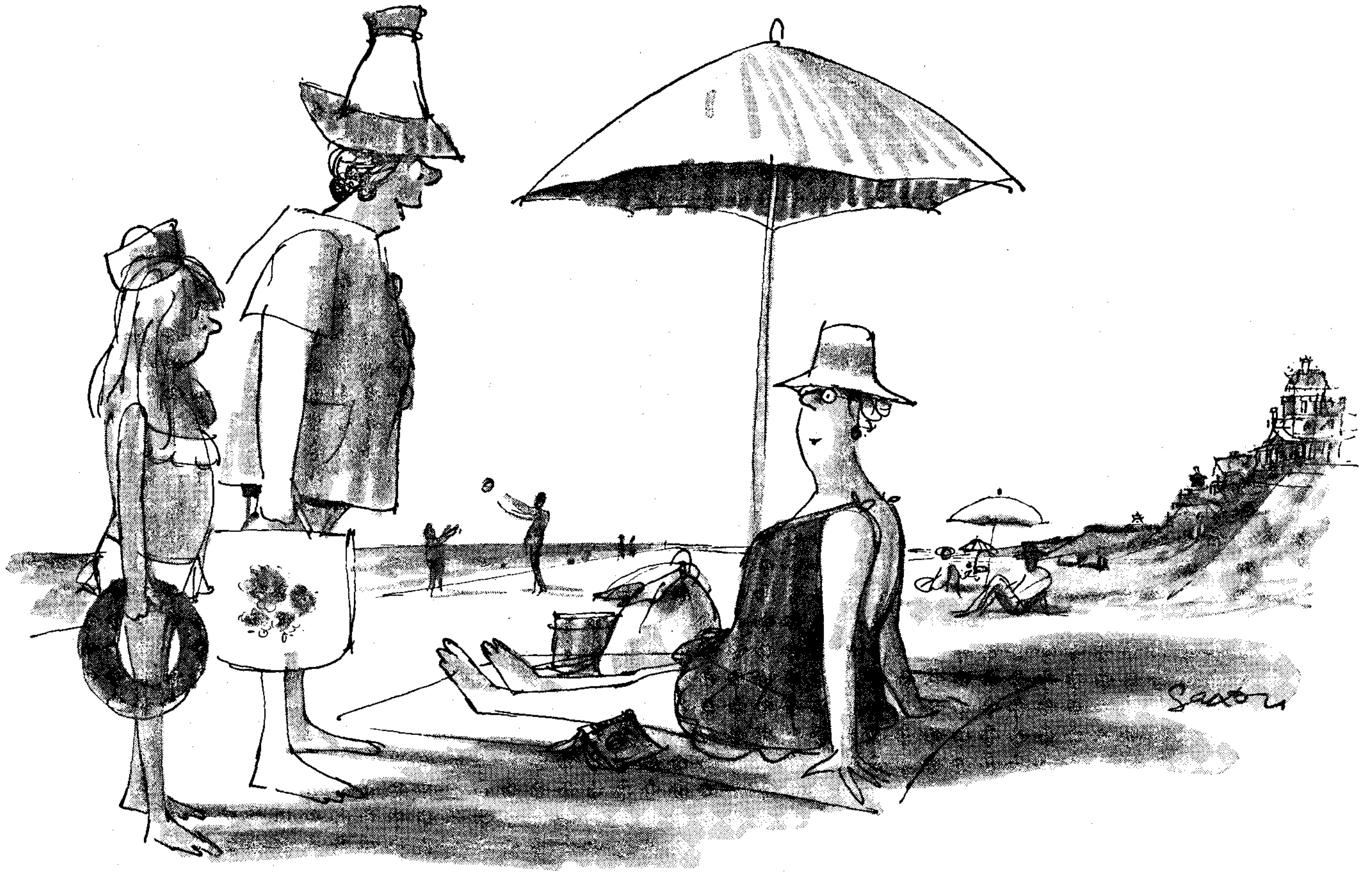


for him to do but study and make speeches."

Charlayne said that Hamilton was badly upset by the column. "It's hard to reassure him," she said. "He doesn't have much contact with the students. It wouldn't have bothered me as much, knowing what halfwits some of those people are. Can you imagine! All Hamp is is an honor student. Isn't that terrible! And the article wasn't even checked to find out if it was accurate. They're supposed to be journalists! I was thinking all during history class of what I'd write Jones. I couldn't even take any notes. But I decided I wouldn't get down to that level, and on any other level they wouldn't understand it."

STROLLING around the Georgia campus, as I did that same afternoon, I found it easy to understand how Hamilton might have reached his most dejected point exactly a year before. In the spring, the University of Georgia is no place for an alien. Georgia looks very much like the campus of that college that Hollywood movies used to call "State." One professor told me that on the day he arrived there from the Midwest he had expected to see "Jeanne Crain racing across the quad, her hair blowing in the wind." Almost every building is some combination or other of red brick and white columns, from the solid-looking, pillared brick library to the ornate white-columned ante-bellum fraternity and sorority houses on Milledge Avenue, some of them carefully marked not only with Greek letters but also with numbers assigned them by the Athens Historical Society when it devised its tour of the city. It was a warm day, with the dogwood out and the big oaks on the quadrangle of Main Campus starting to turn green. At the Chi Phi house, a block from the Journalism Building, the brothers, most of them in Bermuda shorts and T shirts, were making good use of their vast front lawn, practicing for the softball season, flying kites, and frolicking with their new mascot, a goat. Next door, at Kappa Alpha, the most noisily Southern of all the fraternities, more softball was being played, under a huge Confederate flag, which had been lowered to half-mast during the first three days Charlayne and Hamilton were on the campus, had been raised again when they were suspended, and then, after a word from the dean's office, had stayed where it was upon their return. I had seen the Kappa Alphas raise the flag in a wild midnight celebration of the mob's victory in driving Charlayne from the campus—a scene that seemed far removed from springtime softball.

Main Campus, the original site of the university, is a huge double quadrangle that starts at the edge of downtown Athens and extends southward for half a mile. It is entered through an arch that is often pictured in the university's literature. On the lawn nearby is a large sign saying, "The University of Georgia. Founded in 1785." The sign is accurate only in a broad and rather unscholarly way. The university was chartered in 1785, but it did not have such basic equipment as students or a campus until sixteen years later. The University of North Carolina, for one, was a going operation by that time, and, in fact, had been provided for in the state constitution before 1785. Only the State of Georgia, however, had a specific charter for a university at that date, and it often refers to itself accurately, if carefully, as "The Oldest Chartered State University in the Country." The University of Georgia did not award its first doctorate until the time of the Second World War—and the university library's list of Master's theses and doctoral dissertations written between 1868 and 1950 includes only six for doctorates, four of them in education—so, like many a Southern university that could not claim to be the oldest chartered state university in the country, it relied for years on graduates of Virginia and North Carolina to make up its faculty. Still, in many ways Georgia can claim a long tradition. The all-important charter was drawn up by Abraham Baldwin, a Yale man from Connecticut, who modelled it on Yale's. Baldwin became a United States Senator from Georgia and also served as first president of the university for sixteen years—a period that was marked by the acquisition of neither students nor buildings but did resolve the haggling over a site for the university. In 1801, when Josiah Meigs, another Yale man, took over, the site that became Athens had been chosen, and Meigs started to build Old College, whose design was almost identical with that of Connecticut Hall, one of Yale's earliest buildings. Old College is still standing. Planted in the middle of the lawn, it forms the common line of the two Main Campus quadrangles. Except for the absence of window shutters and the presence of two or three lovely dogwood trees nearby, it might be taken for Connecticut Hall. Since Old College went up, Georgia's relations with Mother Yale have been fitful. An attempt in the middle of the nineteenth century to bring the New England elm to Main Campus was an almost total failure. An annual Georgia-Yale football game, started in the twenties, lasted for a dozen years, and the dedication of the Georgia football stadium was marked by a Yale game in Athens, but Georgia football historians say it is mere coincidence that Yale and Georgia have the only two major college football teams called the Bulldogs. Many of the buildings on Main Campus do have a blocky, New England look, and a dozen of them are more than a century old. The Demosthenian Literary Society, which occupies one of the oldest buildings in the quadrangle, was founded in 1803—a long time ago, even by Yale standards—and Demosthenian's rival, Phi Kappa, which faces



"*Fanny Colworth! When I say 'Starlight Roof, Junior Prom, 1937,' does that ring a bell?*"

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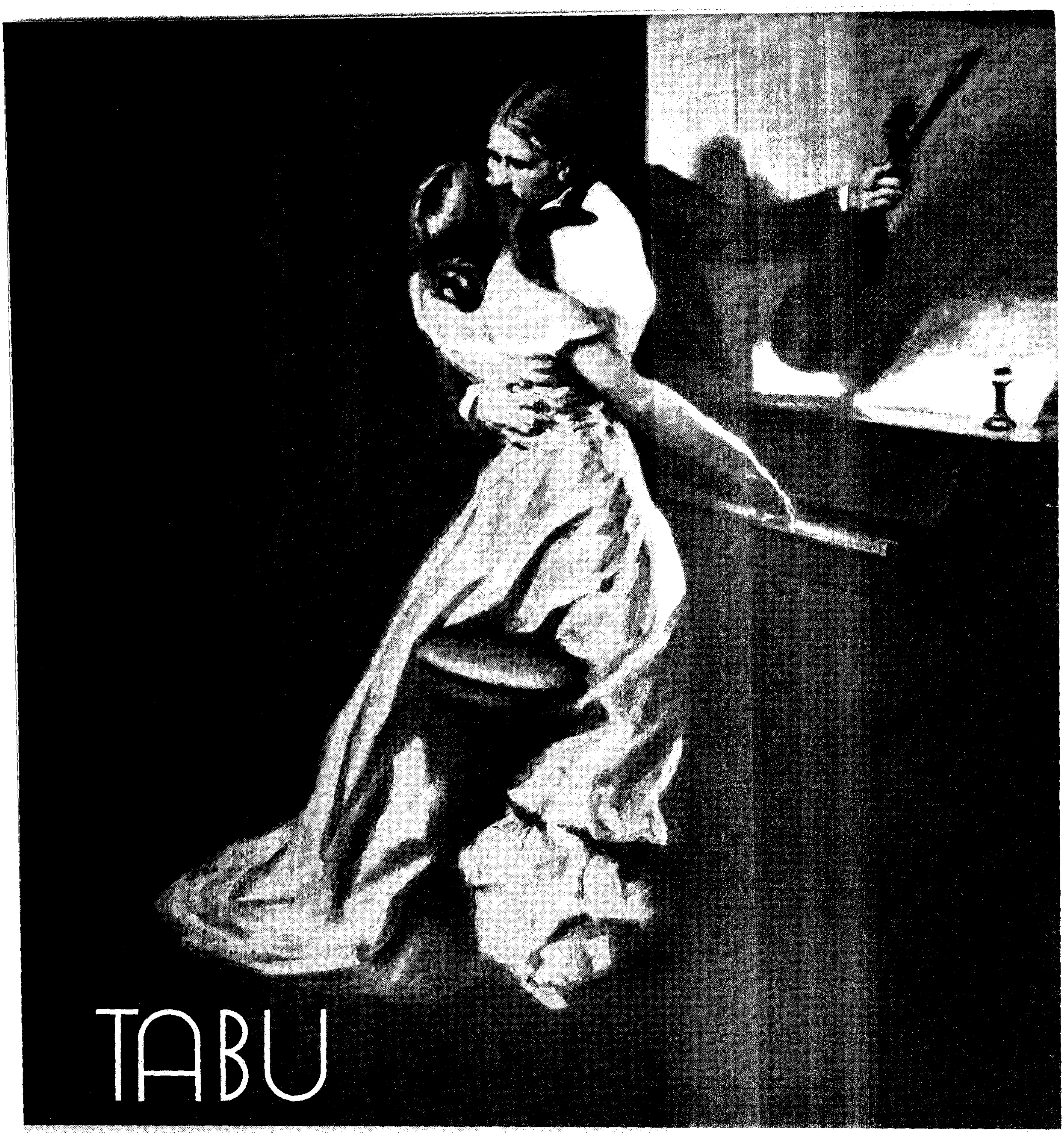
it across the quad, was founded only a few years later.

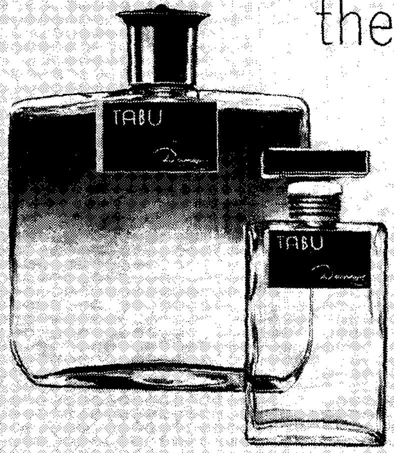
One traditional campus decoration that I had missed at Georgia during my first visit there was the assemblage of posters covering bulletin boards and store windows usually found around most college campuses. Advertisements for lectures, concerts, or plays were nowhere in sight. On my first day back, I walked over to see what the main bulletin board, next to the university chapel, had to offer, and found it almost empty. There were some advertisements for textbooks, car parts, a parachute, and various appliances; some rental offers for cabins on a lake near the campus; some requests for rides to Brunswick or Savannah; and a permanent announcement that "Demosthenian Literary Society invites all Male Students to their Wednesday night meeting"—an indication that Demosthenian was not literary in a finicky way. The biggest signs on the board were for a Spring Fever Dance (sponsored by the Student Center) and a Kappa Alpha Theta Kite Flying Contest.

"Actually, a large number of things go on, though you'd never know it from walking around the campus," Frank Gibson, a political-science professor, told me later. "We have a good concert series; the Philosophy Department has brought in some outstanding speakers. Perhaps because all these events are attended almost exclusively by faculty members, they don't bother to advertise. The faculty already knows about them." Gibson said that the university has lately made good progress in improving its faculty and facilities (according to the latest Report of the President, Georgia managed to increase the percentage of Ph.D.s on its faculty from 27.7 in 1952 to 47.1 in 1962, even though, the Report noted, "faculty salaries are still too low to permit competition with above average institutions") but that "the student interest is still in non-academic things." He went on to explain, "Demosthenian and Phi Kappa hold debates on Wednesdays, and all you have to do to become a member is attend a couple of debates. But they don't draw much of a crowd and they have no real influence. As the campus is organized now, most of the grouping is strictly social in nature."

This grouping, Gibson told me, had a good deal to do with how Charlayne and Hamilton were treated. "Being friendly to them is still not totally acceptable among social fraternities, and the whole social life of the university rests in fraternities and sororities," he said. "The university is simply not equipped to handle the independent student. The Student Center is very poor—a run-down old building with a poolroom and a ballroom—and the town offers limited facilities. I have a girl in one of my classes who is a transfer student and is not in a sorority. She's a psychology major, and most of her friends are in the Psychology Department, just as many of Charlayne's friends are in the Journalism School. I think there has been some progress toward acceptance of the Negroes on campus. It's partly a matter of personality. Hamilton—in outward appearance, at least—is semi-surly. His look more or less says, 'Don't approach me.' I notice that the Negro freshman boy who came this year is always with a group, while Hamilton is always alone. I see the Negro freshman girls coming and going on their way to classes, and they are almost always alone. On the other hand, I've never seen Charlayne alone. I think in some ways there's less of a barrier now between her and the rest of the students than there was at the beginning."

AS I walked around the campus with Charlayne that week, there often appeared to be no barrier at all, and her life at Georgia seemed unrelated to the stories I had heard from Mary Frances Early. Sometimes she gave the impression of being just another college girl—studying in the library with other





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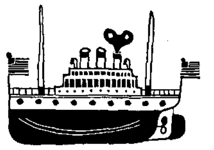
students, or asking a boy if she could borrow his notes for a history class she had missed, or chatting with a professor about the parking problem (quite a problem in a university with nine thousand students, who maintain forty-two hundred cars), or answering another girl's questions about a surprise quiz in philosophy, or standing with the other members of her honors seminar in the art, music, and drama of the twentieth century and nodding in sympathy as one of the girls said, "Y'all, that last play, 'The Seagull'—I just could not fathom that." But often I would look around to see students staring, and three times during the week a group of boys passing in a car shouted insults. Charlayne took no notice of either the stares or the shouts.



One morning, when Charlayne had a free hour between social-and-intellectual history and introduction to philosophy, we went for coffee to the Co-op, the snack bar near the Journalism School. On the walk over from the history building, two or three students and an instructor called out greetings, and one boy stopped Charlayne to say hello and ask how her classes were going. The Co-op, a cramped, low-ceilinged room done in knotty pine, looked like a product of the same set designer who had done Main Campus, the arch, the Varsity (a hamburger hangout across the street from the arch), and most of the other buildings at Georgia.

I asked Charlayne if many unpleasant remarks were made to her as she walked around the campus, and as we entered the Co-op she said, "Well, if you're going to hear any remarks, you'll probably hear them here. Whenever there's a big crowd, you can expect to hear something as I walk past the tables along the front wall." As it happened, we got nothing but stares as we walked in and took a knotty-pine booth near the serving line. When I asked Charlayne why she came to the Co-op, if it seemed likely that somebody would say something insulting, she said, "Well, it doesn't happen *every* day. And it's not that bad. It's not the whole group, and I don't sit with those boys. And sometimes I get hungry in the morning. Anyway, I usually come in earlier—sometimes with Joan or somebody from the Journalism School, and sometimes alone. When I'm alone, sometimes people sit down with me and sometimes they don't. Sometimes they talk and sometimes they don't. I usually don't want to talk to anybody in the morning anyway. It's hard to say how often I hear somebody make a remark. I guess I could calculate a way to avoid it for, say, a week. But I would have to stay away from certain areas—here, in front of the Kappa Alpha house, that tree that the law students gather around in front of the Journalism Building. But it's not so bad now. The K.A.s usually don't yell nasty things now; they just yell my name. I might even go a couple of weeks sometimes. Last summer, I went for a long time without anybody saying anything. At the Continuing Education Center, people stare a lot, but they never say anything. Oh, one time a man kept saying, 'There's that little nigger who caused all the trouble.' He kept saying it quite loud, and some women with him were trying to stop him. I usually don't pay any attention, but that time I got mad. I just stared back at him all through dinner. Or for a while. Then I just said, 'What the heck.' We'd always feel little tremors here during things like the Freedom Rides and Ole Miss. Then the catcalls would start again, but not bad. The first half year, they used to let the air out of my tires a lot, but after that nothing really out of the ordinary happened." Pointing out a boy standing near the cash register, Charlayne said, "There's the guy who asked Mary Frances for her I.D. card. He made me show mine once, too. Maybe he asked Mary Frances because he really didn't know she was a student." She paused, then added, "No, I guess he's kind of mean."

A few minutes later, another journalism student and an instructor from the Journalism School joined us, and then a husky student with a heavy Georgia accent leaned over the booth and said, "Hey, Charlayne, you have any extra pillows?"

"Why?" Charlayne asked.

"We're going to tar and feather Dr. Kopp," the boy said, referring to Dr. Charles B. Kopp, a journalism professor. "I thought that chocolate-covered ground glass I gave him for Christmas would end that kind of Public Opinion test."

Soon after that, another student approached the table, looked over the top of the booth quickly, and then, smirking and without having said a word, went back to a table near the front wall, where he had been sitting with a group of boys.

"That's one of the guys on the paper," Charlayne said. "Once, when he was running for some office, he sent around a form letter for support, and

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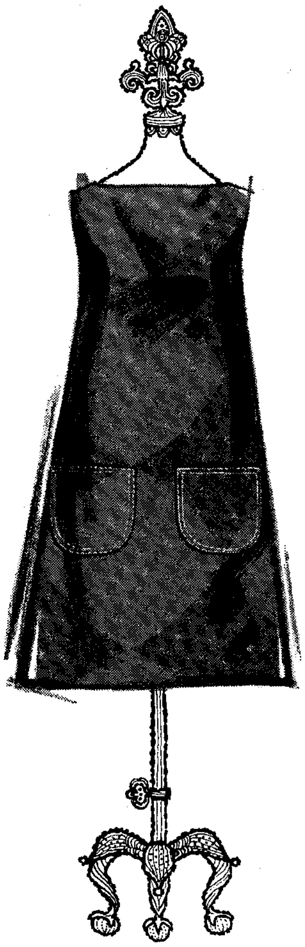

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the salutation on mine said, 'Dear Nig.' He probably wants to see who's with me." She smiled. "He likes to keep up with my progress and my activities."

Charlayne's own tenure on the *Red and Black* was short and unpleasant. She had had an unusual amount of experience for a journalism student, having written for the *Inquirer* throughout her stay at Georgia and worked for the Louisville *Times* in the summer of 1961, but her Journalism School faculty adviser suggested that she work at least one quarter on the student newspaper—a bi-weekly of high-school quality, put out mainly by journalism students. In the fall quarter of her senior year, she worked in the advertising section, making up dummies for ads and devising a filing system for advertisments. "I didn't want to barge into the editorial end," she told me. "I would have had to go out and talk to a lot of people I didn't want to talk to. I worked mainly with Tommy Johnson, the business manager, who's a pretty nice guy. We usually worked Tuesday nights, making up the ad dummy for the editorial people to fill the next night. But one Wednesday night, when we went to the weekly criticism, the editor asked everybody to stay, because they were short of people. Tommy had left, for some reason. I stayed, but I just sat there. They went around asking everybody if he could print. Nobody could, so I finally said I could print, just because I wanted something to do. I got through with the printing, and the editor kept asking people to do things, but he would never ask me. So finally I just left. I never went back."

THE man at the University of Georgia in whose lap problems of student behavior most often end up—and the only university official who seemed significantly interested in keeping order during the first week Charlayne and Hamilton were on the campus—is William Tate, who has been dean of men for seventeen years and, except for a few years as a prep-school English teacher, has been at the university since 1920, when he arrived as a freshman from Pickens County, in north Georgia. Early in my recent visit to Athens, I went to talk to Tate about how the students had acted during the first week of integration and how they had acted since. His philosophy that first week was merely "to keep some of the boys who feel strongly from making fools of themselves," but both Charlayne and Hamilton came to believe, soon after their arrival, that the Dean's extraordinary concern for his

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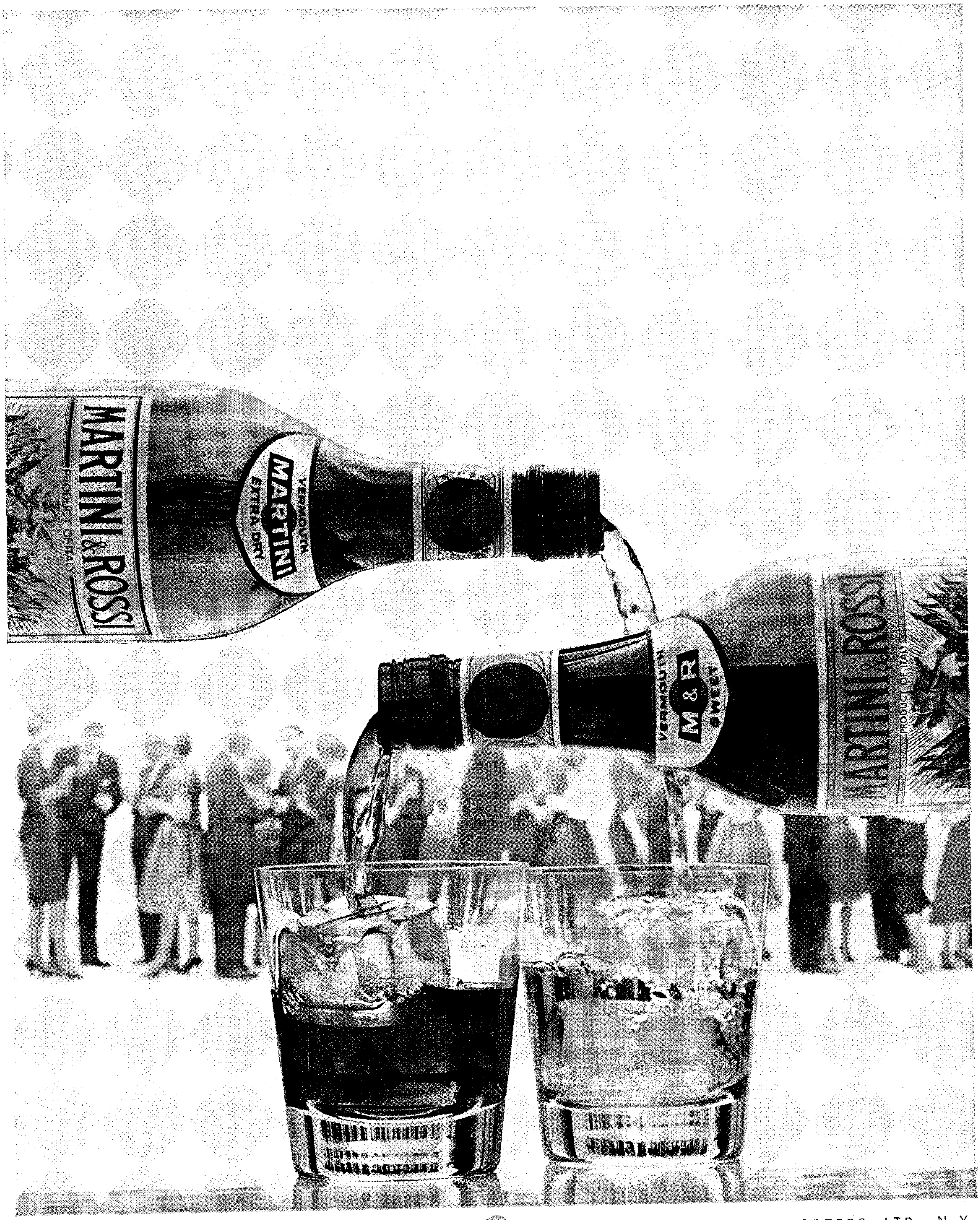
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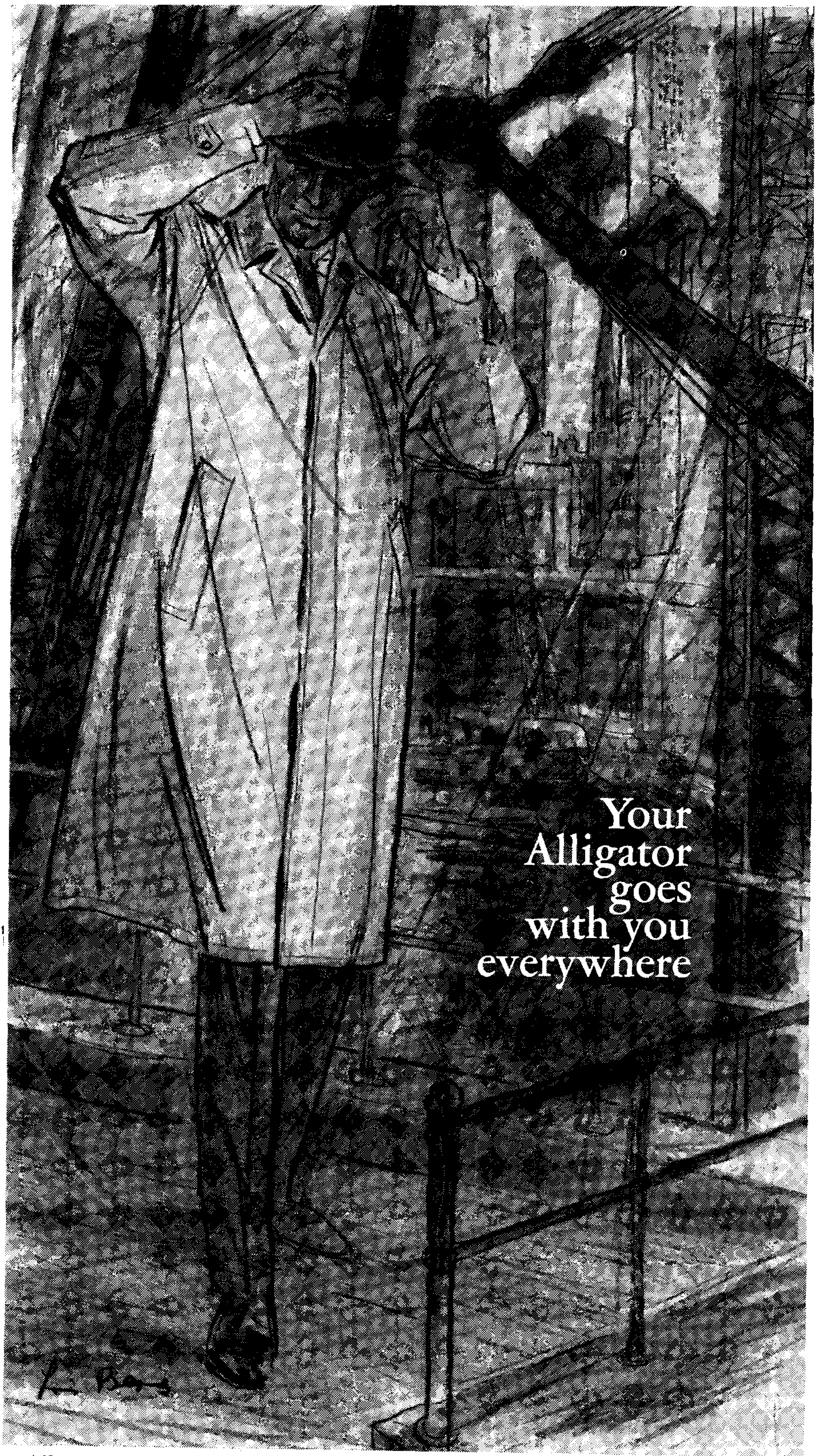
students and his university included a concern for them.

Tate's methods of keeping order vary greatly with the situation. One morning, during my first visit to Athens, while Hamilton, a Georgia student of just two days' standing, was being taken on an orientation tour of the library, I saw Dean Tate approach a crowd of boys who had gathered in front of the building. He looked them over for a moment, then began to talk to them about what the library was made of. The columns, he said, were of Indiana limestone and the steps of Georgia granite. The lobby, he went on, was made of marble from around Tate, Georgia, where his family had run the marble works for many years, and he assured his audience that someday, after years and years of wear, there would be nothing standing of the library but the lobby. The boys laughed and drifted away. When a crowd was more threatening, the back-home stories were replaced by the confiscation of a student's identification card in an astonishing operation that combined an iron grip, to prevent the prisoner from escaping; a swift movement toward the wallet, to help the boy find the card; and a kindly hold, to keep the terrified boy from falling. Dean Tate is a big man, who was once a Georgia cross-country runner; he has gained fifty or sixty pounds since those days, most of it settled in jowls and stomach, but he is still too agile to be eluded by many undergraduates. A prominent nose, a tiny mouth, eyes squinting out of gold-rimmed glasses, and hair cut short on the sides like an Army sergeant's give Tate the look of a gigantic, thoughtful owl—especially if he happens to be leaning back in his chair trying to recall the name of an ancestor or the position of a Georgia football player.

"First, I always say, 'Gimme your I.D. card,' " he said when I asked him about his preferred method for handling a crowd. "I don't talk with them or tell them anything. Their first instinct is to give it to me, and, more often than not, they do. I help them with it sometimes. You notice that out there I didn't let them get around me, or get me over here and them over there. I move among them. I get personal. I call the names of the ones I know. I say, 'Henry, what you doing over here?' That's a big psychological thing—a technique, you might call it." In Tate's view, however, his success in dealing with the crowds during desegregation lay in a more effective weapon than technique; namely, his background. "One thing that was never forgot-



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ten in all of that hullabaloo is that I wasn't a Yankee," he said. "That big segregationist who was out there offering to put up bond for anyone arrested called me Bill all evening. After all, I was here. My brothers were here. I married a girl whose grandfather was chancellor. I have four grandparents and six great-grandparents buried in Georgia. You can't have but eight great-grandparents, you know. There was no question I wasn't a Yankee. There was the knowledge that this guy who's taken up for the nigger, he's sort of one of us. Things might have been different if it had been a man from the University of Pennsylvania or Harvard. I'm essentially provincial, you know. I used to say I consider South Carolina the Deep North, Alabama the Far West, and Florida the tropics." He added that, of the University of Georgia alumni who sent him letters concerning his role as the protector of the Negroes, ninety per cent praised his actions.

"I think the main thing that has changed among the students since that first week is that we no longer have the boys who felt they could keep them out," Tate continued. "That group has disappeared—either graduated or flunked out." The leaders of that group, I recalled, had been law students, who seemed to be interested in practical politics rather than in political theory, and who apparently thought that resisting desegregation was the way to the legislature, and when I remarked on this to Tate, he said, "Well, old Dean [John] Hosch, over at the Law School, is very sensitive about that. I'll tell you, in every state law school you have in the lower section of your class some of the great future leaders of the state. Whenever you have a law school in the state, some people who think they're going to be governor are going to be there—in the lower section. Naturally, the Supreme Court decision is something a law school ought to be interested in, and these people are. There were just three Law School boys leading that group, and all of them flunked out. Well, two of them flunked out and the other didn't pass the bar exam down here at Milledgeville, and he's an insurance adjuster or something. I think we're getting along pretty well now. Oh, we had to call in one or two boys. A boy in the cafeteria used to throw down the change on Charlayne's plate; sometimes a nickel would land in the squash, or a dollar in the iced tea. I called him in here and I said, 'I'm just going to tell you one thing and I'm not going to say any more, and then I want you to come back and talk to me in a day or two.' I told him, 'I'm hired by the university, and when you work in the line in the cafeteria, so are you. I don't care how you feel about things. You're being paid by an institution whose policies are otherwise.' A day or two later, he came in and said he'd decided I was right."

The current attitude of most students toward the whole affair, Dean Tate thought, amounted to a sheer lack of interest, and it did seem logical that students in the mainstream of Georgia social life should have no more interest in Negro undergraduates than they had in anybody else who was not a member of their own group—especially if any show of unfavorable interest was likely to get them involved with Dean Tate. "Both Charlayne and Hamilton have gotten along O.K.," Tate said. "I think the students have been friendlier to Charlayne. Hamilton's got a very intelligent view of the whole thing, but he's not exactly an extrovert."

THROUGHOUT the two and a half years since Hamilton and Charlayne returned to a chilly peace on the campus after the riot, Hamilton's life at Georgia had followed the same pattern—or, as Hamilton, always literal and exact, put it the first time I saw him in Athens this spring, "I haven't been able to detect any difference, if there is any." Hamilton still roomed with an Athens family named Killian and took all of his meals at Killian's Four Seasons, a small restaurant that the family operates next to their house. As Hamilton began his final ten-week quarter at Georgia, he had never eaten in a university dining hall, studied in the library, used the gymnasium, or entered the snack bar. He had no white friends outside the classroom. No white student had ever visited him, and he had never visited one of them. He had, as his father told me, "lived for Friday," and had driven the seventy miles to Atlanta every weekend since his enrollment. He could sum up his social life at the university in a very few sentences: "I've gone to almost all the plays—three or four a year. I usually go alone on Thursday night. I've been to the football games. I haven't gone to any basketball games, because they're on Saturday night. There's better basketball in Atlanta—plus I'd have to stay here

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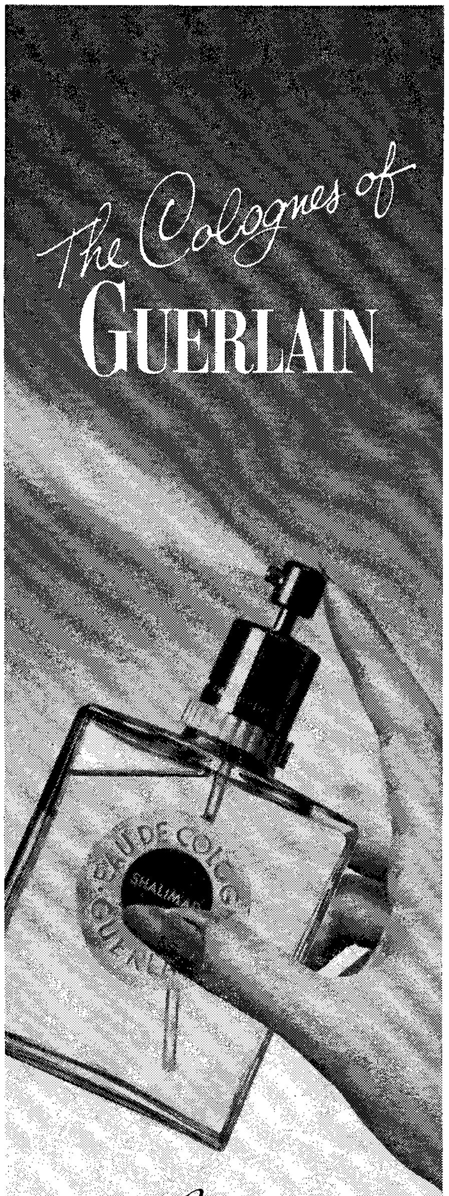

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Hamilton's approach to the situation he found himself in at Georgia could be defined as simple combat—combat that he had already won to the extent of being elected to Phi Kappa Phi, a scholastic honorary society. (He was later to be elected to Phi Beta Kappa.) "One thing stuck in the back of my mind the whole time," he said. "Danner [Walter Danner, the university Registrar and Director of Admissions] got up on the stand at that trial and said if they had to take somebody, O.K., they might take Char someday but I wasn't qualified. That made me mad. But, look, that guy said I wasn't qualified and here I end up with one of the highest averages in the school. You know, when I went to Morehouse, I just fell in love with the place; I had made a frat, and I was playing football, and I didn't want to push it. But shoot, I figured we had gotten into this thing and we couldn't back out. Then, after that interview and the way they brought it up in court, I was raring to come down here and show them. That's why I got such a kick out of Danner coming up after my election to Phi Kappa Phi and congratulating me. He's in Phi Kappa Phi, too. It used to be he wouldn't talk to me on the campus. Now he almost crosses the street to see me."

Nobody else crossed the street to see Hamilton; practically nobody else even acknowledged his existence. There were some stares, and occasionally, while he was walking across the campus, he heard a remark flung from a passing car. However, unlike Charlayne, Hamilton, husky, athletic-looking, and usually wearing a scowl, had never been jeered at by a student passing him on foot. "There's one little boy that every time he sees me in his car he has something to say, but when I pass by him on the campus he doesn't say a word," Hamilton told me. "I guess they're never quite sure of what I might do. With the girls, they don't have to worry." Although Hamilton's address and phone number were listed in the student directory, the Killians had experienced no harassment after the first week or so. "I haven't had any trouble, except a few months ago I had somebody to flatten all the tires on my car, and they tore the chrome off once," Hamilton said, and added, "That's about all, except the incident at the frat house." The incident at the frat house, as Hamilton had revealed in a television interview a year after it happened, occurred when he parked his car near the

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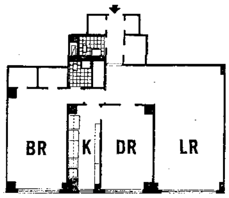

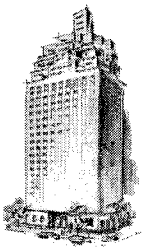

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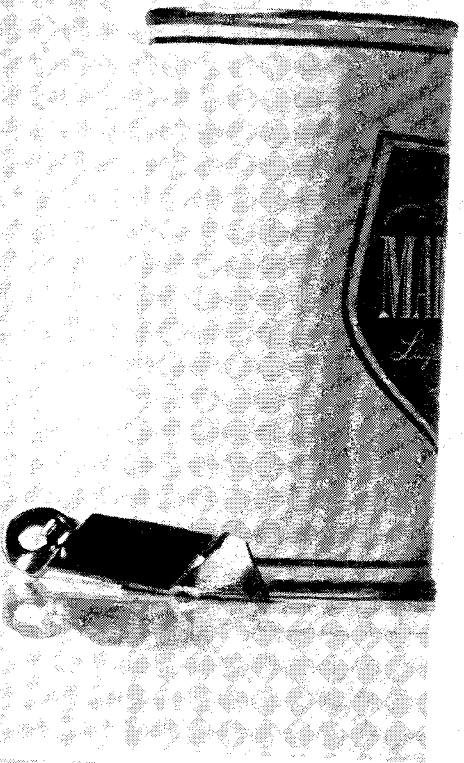

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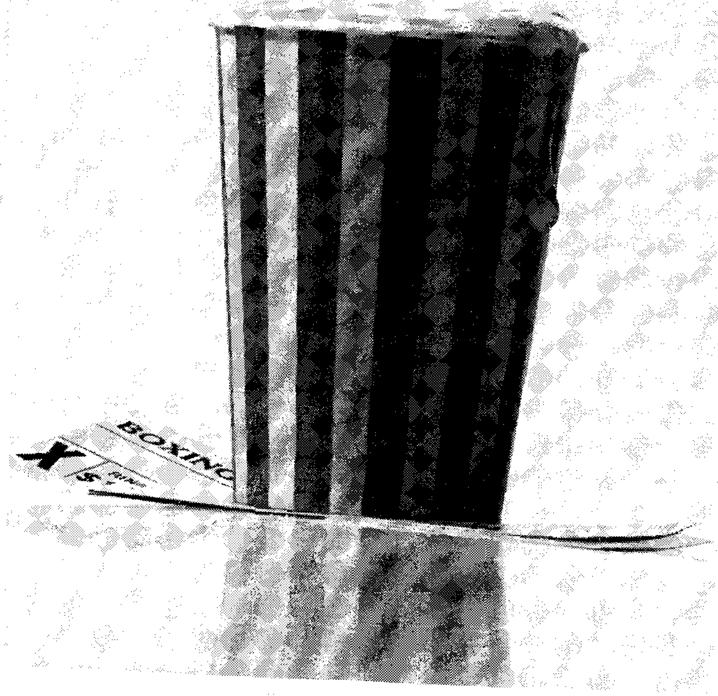

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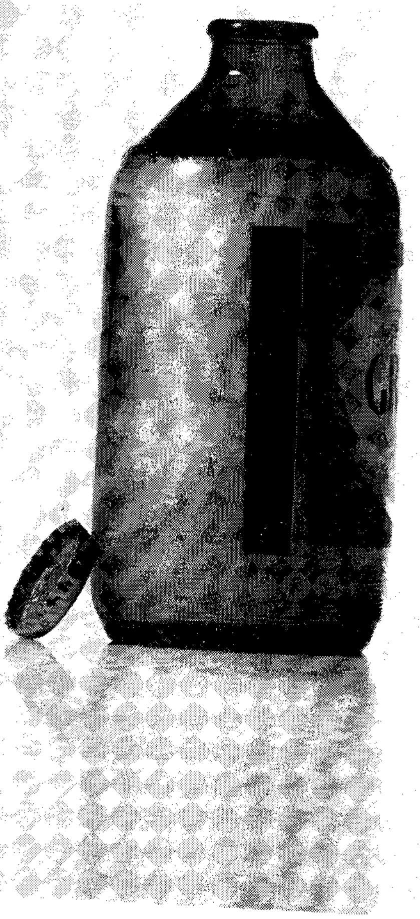

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Kappa Alpha house and went into the infirmary down the street to visit Charlayne. He came out to find his car blocked by another car and a crowd of boys in a belligerent mood waiting to see what he would do about it. Hamilton eventually reached into his car for a flashlight, and, holding it in his pocket and pretending it was a gun, he persuaded the boys to move their car on. After the incident at the frat house, Hamilton was bothered even less.

One cause of Hamilton's isolation was, of course, mere physical distance. Killian's, to which I drove one night during my stay in Athens to have dinner with him, is a mile from the campus, and Hamilton invariably covered the distance alone in a car. Moreover, his courses did not give him any reasonably small base of operations, where people could get to know him. "I haven't actually cultivated any close friendships. Char sees those people in Journalism all the time," Hamilton explained. "In pre-med, about the time I get to know somebody, we're separated and I don't see him again." But another cause of Hamilton's isolation, as Dean Tate had told me, was his own personality. Unlike Charlayne, or most of the rest of his own family, Hamilton does not have an easy flow of words. He answers questions directly but is not troubled by silence—an attitude that may stem from a serious childhood speech impediment, which has left only an occasional, almost imperceptible block in his speech. Hamilton's manner in the Athens Negro community, where he was well known and well liked, was about that of any amiable, successful athlete—a quick, friendly nod to one of the "street boys," a tap on somebody's shoulder as he walked into Killian's. I remembered a lunch at Killian's during the tense second week of integration, when Hamilton, who had to face the crowd once more for an afternoon class, was pacing up and down the restaurant, obviously nervous. Charlayne, who was through with classes for the day, had looked up in mock concern and said, "Hamp, would you like for me to walk you to class?"

When I arrived at the Killian house, Hamilton was changing out of his basketball clothes for dinner. He played basketball at the Negro Y.M.C.A. almost every afternoon, he told me—partly to keep his eye in shape for the basketball he played on Saturdays in Atlanta, and partly just for something to do. His schedule had changed only insofar as the times of his classes and labs had changed from quarter to quarter—classes in the morning, back to Killian's for lunch, classes and basket-

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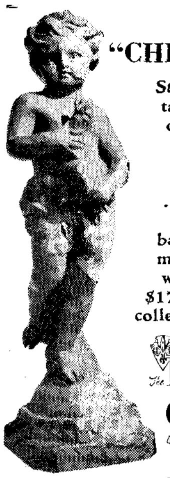

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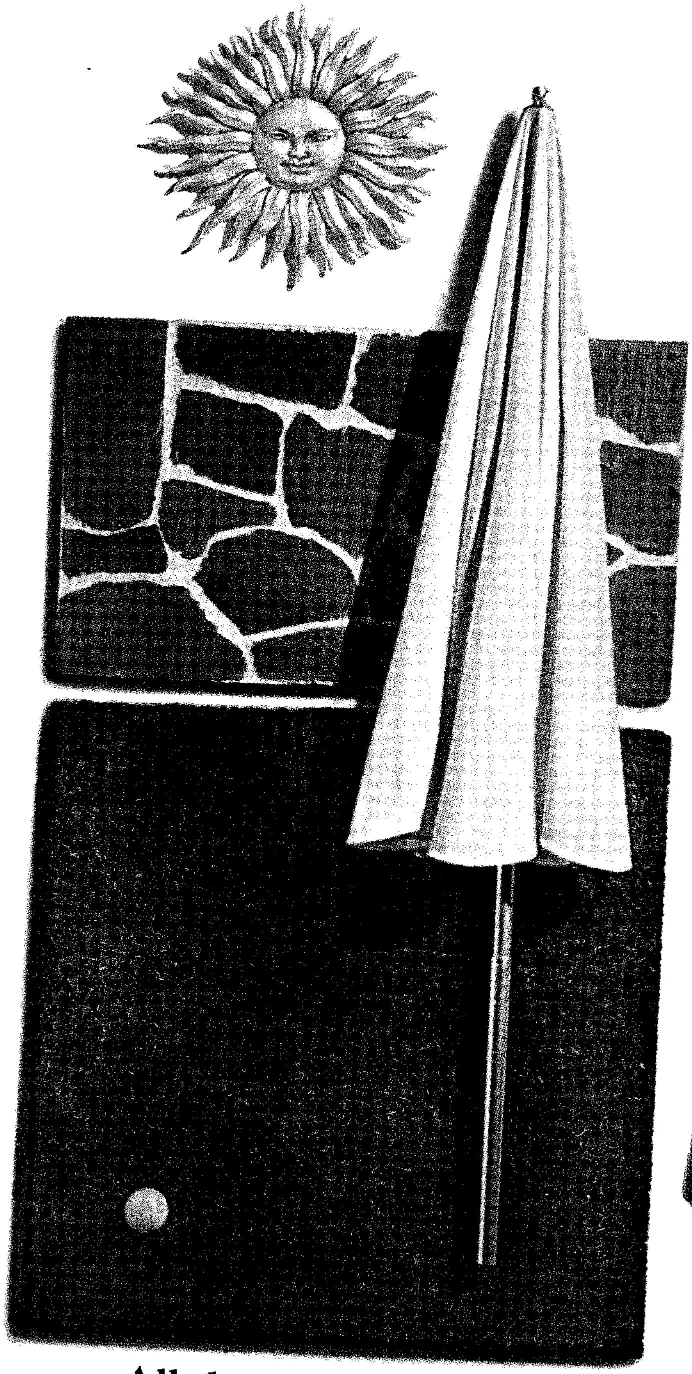
ball in the afternoon, Killian's for dinner, studying. His Atlanta schedule had also remained the same. "With me, nothing has changed," Hamilton said. "When I go to Atlanta, I play basketball with the same boys I played with before. I have the same girl friend. I still work as a lifeguard in the summer. It's all the same." Before we left for dinner, Hamilton got a phone call from Alice Henderson and Kerry Rushin, the two Negro freshmen from Atlanta, who were then sharing Charlayne's suite in Center Myers. They asked him to pick them up, so they could eat dinner at Killian's and study there, and Hamilton agreed right away. As we drove in to get them, he explained to me that he and Charlayne and Mattie Jo Arnold, a graduate student in music who roomed off campus, did a lot of chauffeuring for the girls, who, because neither of them had a car, would otherwise have been isolated. Hamilton, the girls (everybody lumped Kerry and Alice together as "the girls," perhaps because they both are tiny and were nearly always together), Mattie Jo Arnold, and Mary Blackwell, a freshman music student from Athens who lived at home, formed a small society, seeing each other from time to time at Killian's during the week, transporting each other around Athens, and sometimes meeting at the home of a large Athens family to gossip and play bid whist. Of the two other Negroes at the university, Harold Black, a freshman living in one of the men's dormitories, was rarely a member of the group, and Charlayne never.

When we had got back to Killian's with the girls, I asked Hamilton about the Canterbury Club, the Episcopal student's organization, which at the start of integration had seemed to offer some possibilities as a home base. "I used to go to Canterbury every Wednesday, but I stopped going in the fall of last year," he said. "We used to go for services from five to five-thirty, and then we'd eat, and there would be a program from seven to eight, and after that we'd play cards and that kind of thing. Everything was fine. We all talked and joked, and everything. But the next day I'd see the same people on the campus and they'd turn their heads to keep from seeing me. It got so I couldn't take it. I almost blew up. I'd walk into that place and everybody would be smiling. It was disgusting. Finally, I just couldn't take it any more and I left. I didn't say anything; I just never went back. After a month or so, the minister came up to check on me—because I had gone every Wednesday until then—and he asked me what was wrong and I told him. He said, 'Why don't you come back? Things will change.' I said, 'I don't want you to go back and tell the folks "treat him nice." ' He thought it was his Christian duty to check up on me, but he wasn't too enthusiastic. I guess he figured he had done his duty to the Lord."

Hamilton's only other contact with campus organizations had been his initiation into Phi Kappa Phi, which was friendly; two or three visits to Westminster House, the campus Presbyterian organization, for forums discussing integration; and a strange experience with a medical honorary society. "It's kind of unusual," he explained. "They don't tap you; you have to make an application. The only qualification is an eighty-three average, which is only a B average, and being a junior and in pre-medicine. They initiate at the beginning of every quarter. They asked me a few times if I was going to apply, so finally, last fall, I decided to fill out a card. I was expecting to hear from them, and then a couple of weeks later I saw that they had had their initiation. I asked one of the boys about it and couldn't get any answer. But I was busy and I didn't push it. You know, they haven't had any initiations since then—none last quarter, none this quarter so far. I put an end to that. Those people are so stupid—all that trouble just to keep me out. I wouldn't have pushed it; I wasn't going to bother with it. But here they quit initiating anybody just to keep me out. Those folks sure are stupid."

Hamilton said that on his own chosen field of combat, the classroom, everybody had played by the rules, and he had no complaints about the instructors. "If anything, they may have given me the benefit of the doubt," he said. "One quarter last year, I had a couple of instructors I wasn't so sure about at first. They weren't too cordial. I'd see them on the street and they'd kind of frown up. You know, in my position you get sensitive about such things. But I found out they just weren't cordial types. I got an A-plus out of one and an A out of the other, so I don't guess they were holding me back. The students respect me in the classroom, but outside the classroom it's a different thing altogether. I guess they think that outside the classroom I'm just another nigger. It used to bother me. But all I can see now is June first. It was partly my fault, too. I'll admit I didn't try too



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hard. About this time last year, I sort of gave up. I just figured I'd make it on my own. And, just so I can get home on the weekends, I will make it."

Hamilton had often stressed the fact that the atmosphere at Georgia would improve only if white students got used to seeing more Negroes around the campus, yet, he told me now, he had decided against trying to make himself a familiar sight. "Char wanted me to eat on campus, but it just didn't interest me," he said. "That just isn't in my personality. I would have been going out of my way, and I don't believe in that. At home, I run with a few friends and my girl. It just wouldn't have been me to go down there to be noticed. I've concentrated on getting some good grades; I was so determined to show them that what they said about me wasn't true. I haven't gone out of my way at all to make friends. And I don't expect them to go out of their way—just go along in the normal way. I'm used to speaking to almost everybody I see. That's how I was brought up. At home, when I walk down the street I speak to almost everybody who passes. It's been like that all my life. All week, I look up at people, wanting to speak, and people turn their heads. I guess that bothers me more than anything else."

I told Hamilton I had been having a hard time finding Harold Black, who never seemed to be in his room or at Westminster House, where Charlayne had told me he did his studying, and after dinner Hamilton suggested that we drive over to Reed Hall, the dormitory where Harold lived. "Harold's an idealist," Hamilton said on the way. "I guess he had read about college life, and he thought he'd come here and have friends and do things. I told him, 'Slow down, boy.' They tried to get me to talk him out of staying in the dorm—Dean Tate did—and I did think it would be better to wait until there were two boys to room together. But he's stubborn. That boy's stubborn. He thought it would be an ideal situation—playing cards with the boys all the time and all that. It's just not like that here now. Maybe a few years from now, but not now."

When we arrived at Reed Hall, Hamilton walked casually through the lobby to Harold's room on the first floor. He knocked, but Harold was still not home. The rest of the doors in the hall had slatted panels in them, but Harold's panel had been replaced by a solid piece of wood. On it was scratched "Nigger Nest." Hamilton looked at it and smiled. "That's just been put there since

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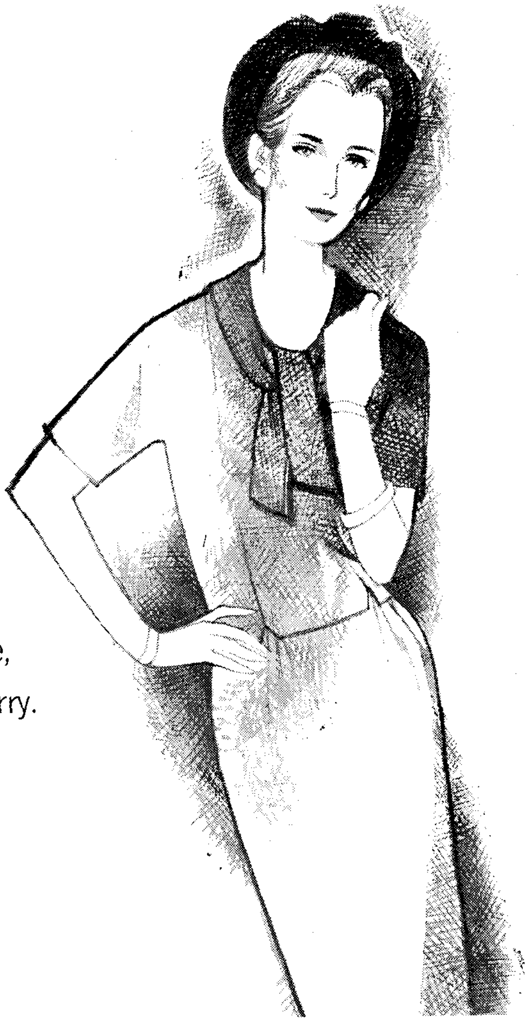

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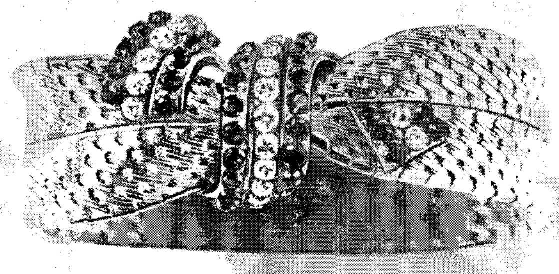

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last quarter," he said. "I hadn't seen it before. They had to take the slats out and put this panel in because people were dropping firecrackers through the slats. But Harold doesn't complain. He won't even admit that anybody's bothering him. That's one thing about that boy. Maybe it's because he wants to show me that he was right about living in a dorm, but he doesn't complain."

Hamilton and I drove back to Killian's. As I left his car, I noticed that on the front bumper was a red-and-black sign reading, "Georgia Bulldogs." I had also seen Georgia decals or bumper stickers on the cars driven by Charlayne and Mary Frances Early, and I asked Hamilton why it was that the Negro students went in for such things. "Well, we do go to school here," he said. "It's school—spirit? No, not spirit. I'm trying to think of another word. I'll let you know."

I WAS curious to learn how Harold Black had got into the dormitory and how he was getting along there, so I asked Dean Tate about it on one of my visits to his office. He told me that he had offered to waive the rule that all freshman men must live on campus, since he felt, as Hamilton did, that a single Negro boy might still find it hard going in a freshman dormitory. When Harold declined the offer, he was given a room with no more fuss. "We do most things for this new boy," Tate said, "and I expect if pinch came to shove we would have done most things for Hamilton, too." He suggested that I talk to Dan Biggers, the head counsellor for freshmen and the man directly in charge of the freshmen dormitories, to find out how Harold was faring.

Biggers, a husky, straightforward Georgian in his mid-thirties, has his office in Reed Hall, and when I visited him there, he told me he was "mighty pleased and relieved" to see how well Harold had made out. "In many ways, I think the boys believe it's a dead issue," Biggers said. "They just don't talk about it. There have been some incidents. There was some trouble with firecrackers, but that seems to have calmed down. And even at the time nobody went around saying, 'Did you see what they did to him?' There's a bathroom near his room that could have been considered his own, but other people use it. It's no use pretending that a boy on the third floor could be as openly friendly with Harold as he could with anybody else and not get into some social complications. But Harold has friends. He isn't left to eat alone. We're not at the point of social acceptance, but we're going through a stage we have to go through to get there. Way back in the very beginning, the boys who were being especially friendly toward him were getting some pressure. I tried to caution them about being discreet, and I think it's worked out very well. Charlayne worried about him a lot at first; she used to call up here like a mother hen. Harold's done a lot of things that the others haven't. He's gone to pep rallies, for instance, and those are pretty lively events. He takes physical education. He's been to the campus movies. He even goes to a white church in town. Harold's extremely levelheaded; he sees the big picture, and he's intelligent about it. There was a pep rally, by chance, the night after the bad trouble in Mississippi, and I thought it might not be a good idea for him to go to that one. I tried to call him to suggest that he skip it, and Charlayne called, worried that he would go. I finally reached him the next morning, and it turned out he had felt the same way and hadn't gone."

The attitude of Tate and Biggers seemed to the Negro students to be based on an honest interest in making the transition with as little disturbance as possible, which it was their job to do. When Tate made a request—like asking Hamilton, in the first weeks of integration, to postpone wearing a University of Georgia windbreaker until tempers had cooled a bit—it was usually acceded to without question. But in dealing with some university officials, Hamilton and Charlayne must often have felt as if they were right back in the Athens federal court. What might in some hands have been a prudent means to an end became a stall that was meant to be an end in itself. University officials were sometimes so devious, so unwilling to discuss the problems presented by the Negro students, that it seemed as if they were afraid that Donald Hollowell would leap from the plaintiff's table in triumphant accusation if they mentioned the word "segregation." For example, Harold Black was apparently the only Negro student who was treated honestly in the matter of dormitory space. Mary Frances Early had applied for a single room after her first summer and had been told that the space problem was precisely acute enough to necessitate placing one graduate student in a freshman dormitory. Hamilton had thought briefly about moving onto the campus and had applied for a room in a dormi-

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tory that was mainly for law and graduate students but that also has some room for senior honors students. "I went over the first day you could apply and they said they were all full," he told me. "Shoot, all full on the first day—I knew that was a lot of baloney. But I wasn't that anxious to move anyway, so I didn't push it."

Charlayne, trying to escape from an isolated room in a freshman dormitory, did push it, and, after the most serious of her disagreements with the administration, was still in Center Myers, the only senior there. The dean of women's office, she said, had given several reasons for refusing her another room: that Candler Hall, the dormitory she had requested, did not contain any single rooms; that it did contain single rooms but none was available; that there was no way of knowing how the housemother in that dormitory felt about having her there. At one point, Charlayne became angry enough about the runaround to ask Hollowell to go back to court, but he decided against it. Thinking it might be interesting to see what the runaround was like, I decided to look into it, starting with the office of the dean of women.

Edith Stallings, the dean of women, turned out to be a short, chubby lady who looked more like a housemother than a dean and had a bubbling, cheerful style of conversation to match her appearance. Dean Stallings told me that Charlayne was a fine girl and had "gotten along just wonderfully." She seemed grieved at my bringing up the unpleasant subject of room segregation, but the subject sounded much less unpleasant when she started talking about it.

"It's not a matter of segregation," she explained. "It's really more a matter of consideration. It's a kindness more than anything else not to put them into a dormitory where there's a gang bath and shower. I know a lot of parents would complain, and why hurt a girl that way? We don't like to put any student in a position where she's not wanted. It's not race. We have a problem with some of our own girls. We feel that if there's a conflict we can avoid, we must try to avoid it. We wouldn't put a white student in such a situation. Why, we had a case where a little white girl was obnoxious and the parents of another girl insisted they didn't want their daughter living with her, so we moved the little girl to another dormitory."

I reminded Dean Stallings that Charlayne was not obnoxious.

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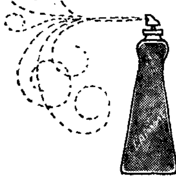

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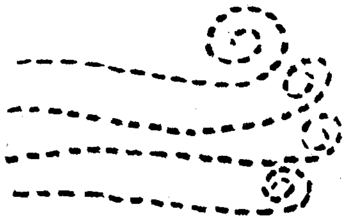

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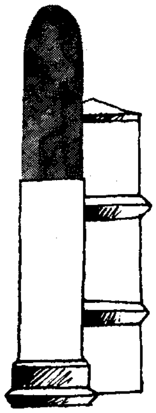

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"Oh, no," she said, appearing shocked that I should even suggest such a thing. "Charlayne is a fine girl. She's gotten along just wonderfully."

Dean Stallings appeared to be a lady capable of finding a pleasant interpretation for the most heinous turn of events, and it seemed obvious that she was defending a decision somebody else had made. When I inquired about this, she said merely, "The decision didn't come from this office, but I think it's a good idea, and considerate."

The next step in the hierarchy was the dean of students, so I went to see Joseph Williams, with whom I had spent an uncomfortable hour or two in front of Center Myers Hall the night of the riot. Since my last visit, Williams had been promoted to Dean of the College of Education; in fact, he was often mentioned as a possibility for the university presidency after the retirement of O. C. Aderhold, an agricultural-education specialist, who had been Dean of the College of Education himself. Williams had still been dean of students at the time Charlayne made her room application, and he was quite certain that "when she applied at Candler Hall, it had been sold out—there were no rooms available." I told him that Dean Stallings had not mentioned a lack of space, and had said that the original decision did not come from her office, which would certainly have had the authority to refuse an application if there was no room. "When I left the dean of students' office in July, it was a matter of space," said Williams. "After I left, I haven't inquired." Williams also explained that Mary Frances Early had not actually been denied permission to bring her family to a concert. "No official exception was made," he said. "There was nothing official about it. If she had insisted, she would not have been denied permission. She was never told point-blank that she couldn't bring anybody." Williams told me that Negro students were no longer discouraged from bringing guests onto the campus, and that Miss Early, in fact, had invited an unusually large number of guests to her graduation ceremony.

Williams' behavior during the riot had been a subject of fascination to reporters covering the desegregation of the university, and now I took advantage of the opportunity to ask him how he had happened to make the decision to suspend Charlayne and Hamilton—a decision he had insisted was entirely his own. He talked about the danger of the mob, and the danger to other stu-

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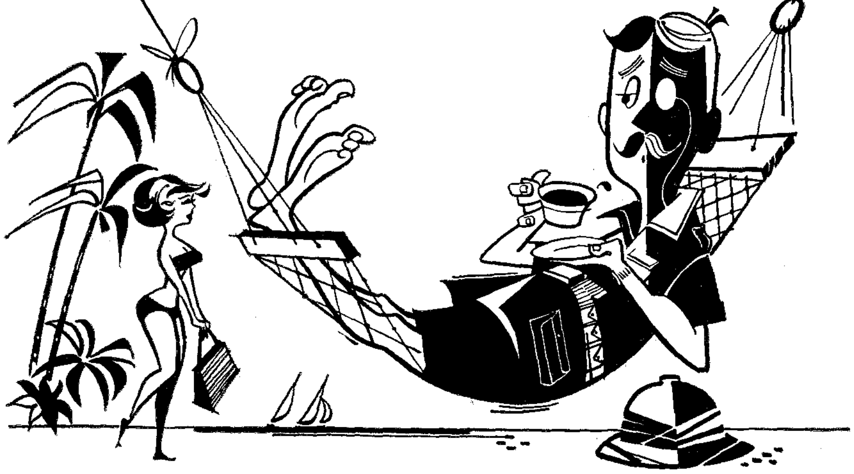

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dents. Then he smiled and said, "I knew they would be ordered right back in anyway."

A few days later, I asked Williams' successor as dean of students, Daniel Sorrells, whether Charlayne's room request had been denied for humanitarian reasons or because there was no room in Candler Hall. "Well," he said, "it was really a combination of the two." I thought of asking why a combination was needed if there was no space, but that line of questioning would probably have just taken me right back to Dean Stallings.

"WE could go back to court on the rooms," Donald Hollowell acknowledged when we met for lunch a few days later on Hunter Street, in Atlanta's newer Negro business district. "But in the case of the freshmen, university authorities would probably say that they were put in Charlayne's suite not for purposes of segregation but so Charlayne could help them learn their way around. It's obvious that she's being segregated in the dorm, but it would be very difficult to prove. You would have to balance any attempt against the added notoriety, the added trouble and expense. We could probably prove it. The question is: Is it worth it?"

Unlike most Southern cities, Atlanta does not have an obvious scarcity of Negro lawyers. There are about two dozen, as opposed to four in the entire state of Mississippi. But some of them are not interested in civil-rights cases, some of them ask as high a fee as the white lawyers on the other side, some of them are incompetent—and most of the civil-rights cases end up in Hollowell's office. Hollowell had handled the case to desegregate Atlanta's recreational facilities, had been associate counsel on the Atlanta public-school case, had handled the bus-segregation cases in Atlanta, Macon, and Augusta, and was associated in the suits to desegregate Georgia State and the Savannah public schools. For a year or so, he had appeared continually in Atlanta city court for sit-in demonstrators. While I was in Atlanta, he was busy trying to obtain a new trial for Preston Cobb, Jr., a Jasper County Negro who became temporarily famous when he was sentenced to be executed for murder at the age of fifteen. Hollowell was also trying to maintain his own practice, and while he was going from court to court for Preston Cobb, in a successful attempt to stay the execution, he simply did not have time to desegregate Charlayne's dormitory. "I was writing a lawyer today about how much time is consumed by cases of

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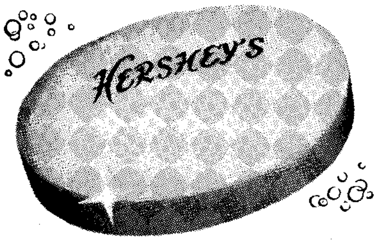

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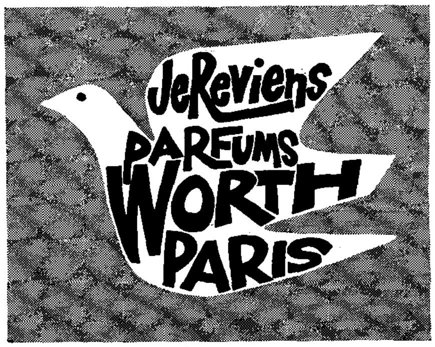

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this kind," Hollowell said. "Just collateral time talking to the press, for instance." He had to end our lunch early. Some demonstrators I had seen in front of the Henry Grady Hotel on my first day back in Atlanta had been arrested when they refused to leave the lobby, and he had to be in court to defend them.

I HAD a chance to hear Hamilton speak the following Saturday, at the Forty-third Annual Dinner of the Phyllis Wheatley Branch of the Y.W.C.A., a building on Hunter Street across from Morris Brown, one of the six colleges in the Atlanta University Center. Both Hamilton and Mary Frances Early spoke as members of a panel made up of Negro students who had entered previously all-white schools. The panel, whose topic was "The Challenge of New Frontiers in Education," also included Willi-Jean Black, a senior at Northside High School; Ford Greene, one of six Negro undergraduates at Georgia Tech; and Columbus Scott, who had been admitted to Smith-Hughes Vocational School three months before to study tool- and diemaking. After dinner, the program started with a prayer and responsive reading, led by Mrs. James Washington, an aunt of Hamilton's. Then, after a series of reports and introductions, the chairman presented the leader of the panel, a young psychiatrist from Boston named Robert Coles, who had just about completed a two-year study of Negro and white students in newly integrated schools, concentrating on the high-school students in Atlanta, where he had been living, and on the little girls who integrated the elementary schools of New Orleans. Dr. Coles did not have to do much prompting. After he had made some brief introductory remarks, the panel members passed the microphone around and spoke freely of their experiences. There was a great similarity in these experiences. Most of the speakers mentioned a gradual acceptance inside the classroom and a lingering coolness outside it. One or two said that the nastiest students they had encountered were from the North—people whom Dr. Coles described later as having "a high capacity for adjustment." Most of the panelists also mentioned the superiority of the facilities in their new schools, and—what struck them as even more important—a great difference in the attitude toward education from what they had known in Negro schools, whose atmosphere is often dominated by the realization on the part of both students and faculty that their ambitions are severely

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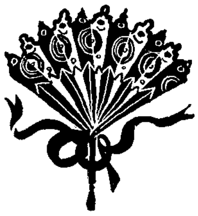
limited by the position of their race. As Ford Greene put it, "There is a distinct difference in students and teachers. The teachers are there to teach and the students are there to student."

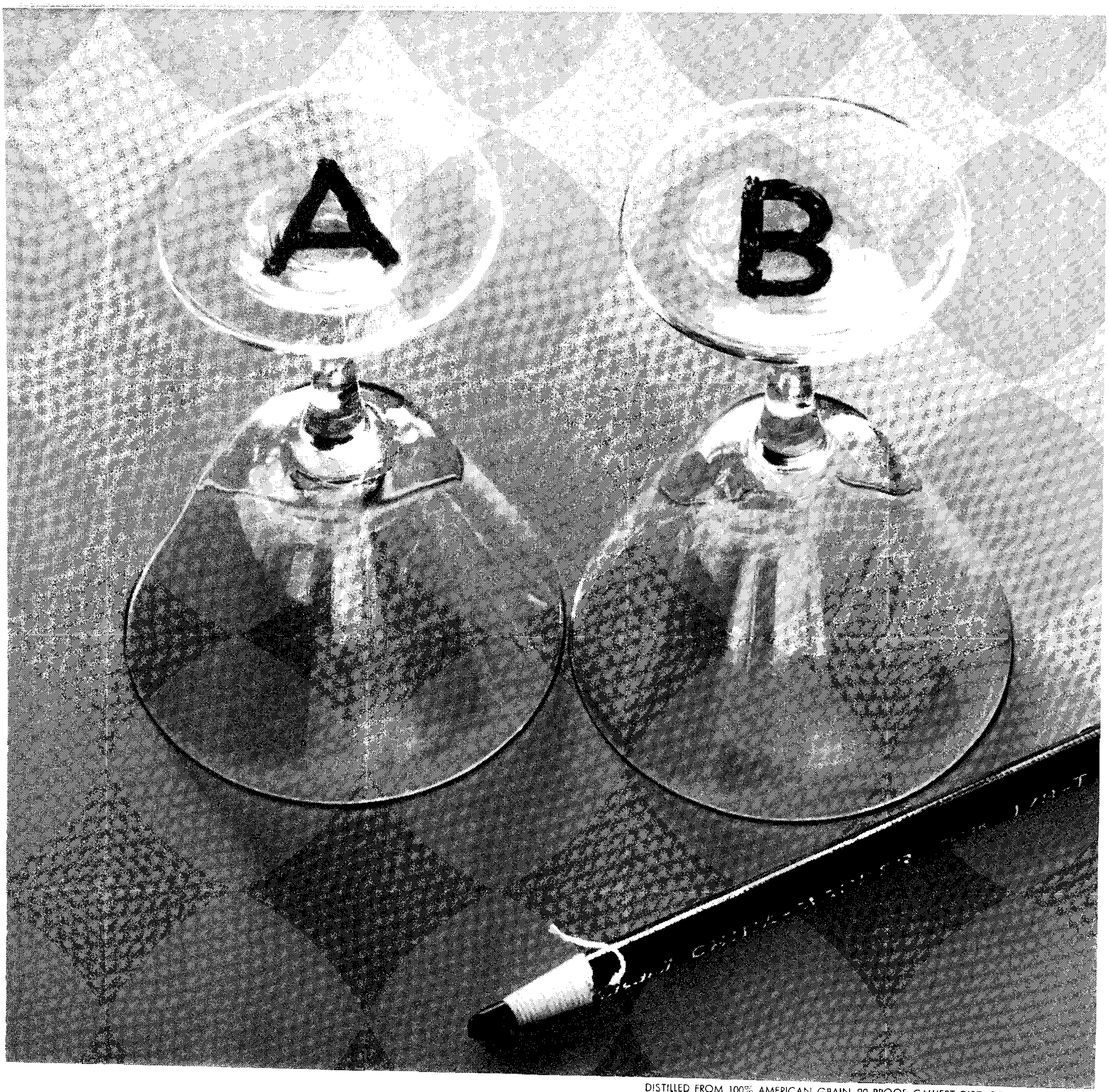
Hamilton's speech was to the point, as usual, but it was angrier than anything I had ever heard him say in public before. "Basically, the things enumerated so far apply also to me," he began. "There are perhaps a few original contributions I can make to this discussion, so I'll go on out to that area and not bother with repeating. I want to get one point clear first. There's a tendency now with almost everybody I know in Atlanta not closely connected with me or the situation there to think that because Georgia isn't in the news, everything is fine down there, and that I have buddies all over the campus, and we get no resistance. I'd like to clear that up right now. That is far from the case. Although there's not much said now, the atmosphere is just about the same as in January, 1961. The only difference is that there is no overt resistance. The atmosphere is definitely an atmosphere of uncordiality. This is from a lack of responsibility on the part of both groups—white and Negro. It's partly our fault as a race. There should be ten or fifteen, or even twenty, times more Negro students at Georgia. Take into consideration the two and a half years we've been there. The second year, there weren't any applications. This year, we had six or seven people to be accepted, and they'd had to be just about drafted to apply. This is a big problem. It has bothered me, and I don't know how it can be overcome. I'm dumfounded. But it *is* partly our fault and our responsibility that the atmosphere at Georgia is now what it is."



Hamilton went on to discuss the superior laboratory facilities at the new Georgia science center, concluding that, all in all, the whole miserable experience had probably been worthwhile because "I'm in sciences and I've been able to do experiments I would have never been able to do at Morehouse—also, probably, if I had stayed at Morehouse, I wouldn't have had a chance to go to Emory Medical School." The speech was not altogether what the audience had come to the Phyllis Wheatley dinner to hear, but Hamilton got a good round of applause when he had finished.

One of the observations made during the panel discussion that interested me most was contributed by Columbus Scott, a stolid, heavyset young man who was obviously most at home talking about tools and dies, and made no effort to simplify his language for an audience that was largely middle-aged ladies. "At first, I got the silent treatment, more or less," he said when it was his turn at the microphone. "Nobody spoke. Then, in the first class in my tool- and diemaking course, my first task was to cut an acme thread on a lathe. On the first operation, I cut it to one ten-thousandth of an inch, which is very rare, especially on the first try. After that, I had more friends than I knew what to do with in the classroom."

What struck me about Scott's experience was that it corresponded so closely with the experiences of Hamilton and Charlayne. Hamilton had said that the students in his classes were always friendlier when he had made the highest mark on an exam or an experiment, and Charlayne had found the same magic in Juvenal, the Latin satirist, that Scott had found in details of acme thread. "This classics class in summer school was real cold," she had told me the week before, in Athens. "Nobody would ever talk to me. And then I did this beautiful paper. It was pretty, if I do say so myself. And the teacher just ate it up. We had to do the paper on one person, and I was supposed to do it on Juvenal. I thought that instead of just giving name, rank, and serial number, I'd compare him with some people criticizing society today. There were a lot of similarities to some poems by Ferlinghetti, and I also brought in Motley's 'Knock on Any Door' and Steinbeck's 'Grapes of Wrath.' I showed we're the same as the degenerate Roman society." She laughed at the thought, and went on, "When I read it, everybody was real quiet. And right after that they started coming around and asking if they could read it, and from then on it was just amazing. Before, during the breaks I used to sit out on the stoop by myself and drink a Coke. But from then on somebody always came over to talk. It just happened all of a sudden. I'd seen it warm up, but nothing like that. I wrote my mother about it; I just had to write it down. She read the letter to Carl [Carl Holman, a friend who had edited the Atlanta *Inquirer*], and he said the same thing had happened to him once at the Yale Drama School. Later, I started talking in class discussions, and this boy and I had a big argument about whether or not Dido should have thrown herself on a sword after Aeneas left Carth-



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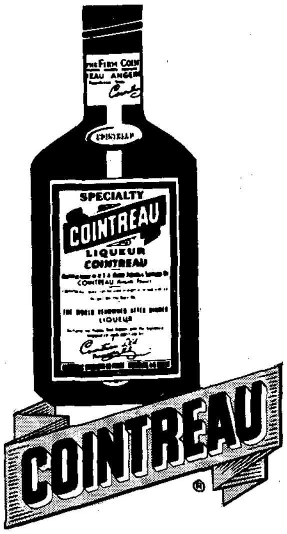

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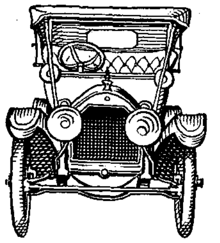
age. He said she had a responsibility to stay with her people instead, and I said she couldn't do her people any good because she didn't care about anything anymore, so she might as well kill herself. Half the class sided with him and half with me. It was normal." I suggested the possibility that a dazzling classroom performance might knock down the last myth propping up the prejudice of some white students—that of the innate mental inferiority of Negroes. "Well, the other time they warm up is when everybody flunks an exam and you flunk it, too," Charlayne said. "Then they warm up even more."

Hamilton's speech at Phyllis Wheatley reflected a bitter realization, shared by Charlayne, that Atlanta Negroes were quick enough to get together and hand out plaques—Hamilton got one that night, for his "contribution to Phyllis Wheatley"—but were often hard to corral when it came to formulating an organized program and establishing a scholarship fund to get more Negro students to go to the University of Georgia. Charlayne and Hamilton, who had assumed that there would be an influx of Negro students after their first half year of loneliness, were disappointed when not one applied for the following fall. Even last spring, when it was too late for their own lives at the university to be affected, both of them constantly stressed the importance of getting more Negroes to attend Georgia. Because a great number of Negro students did not immediately join Charlayne and Hamilton, the problem had become cyclical. The fewer Negro students there were at the university, the more unpleasant it was for those who were there, not only because they lacked company but because there was less opportunity to accustom white students to the presence of Negroes on the campus. And the more unpleasant it was for Negroes at the university, the fewer Negroes there were who wanted to go there. The cycle could be broken only by the arrival of a significant number of Negro students, and Jesse Hill, Jr., the Atlanta Negro leader who first encouraged Charlayne and Hamilton, and who is still more or less in charge of the search, thinks that this is unlikely. "I feel that it will be years before there are a lot of Negro undergraduates there," he told me when I spoke to him in Atlanta. "Until the other cities start sending them, it will be mostly graduate students in the summer."

Even though the admission standards at the university are not high, most graduates of Negro high schools outside Atlanta cannot meet them, and no



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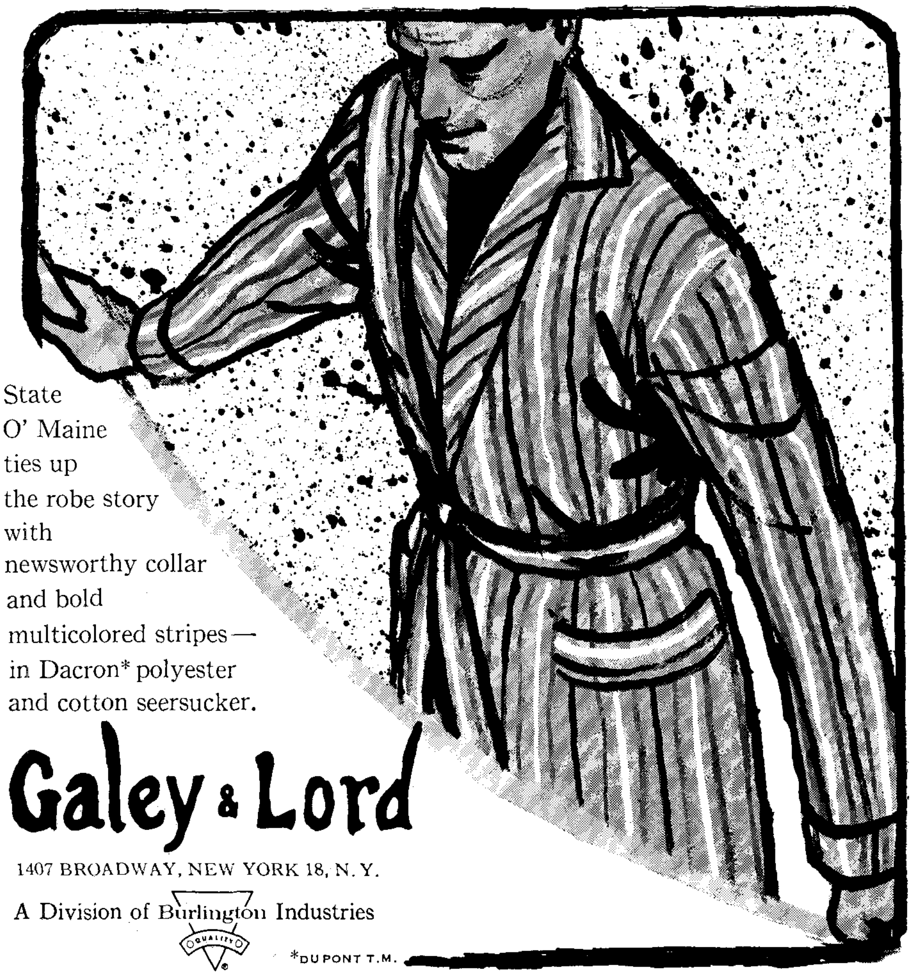
organizations have been formed to encourage the ones who can. In Atlanta, Hill restricts his search to A and B students, since he is convinced that only a student whom the university cannot turn down without risking another court case is likely to be accepted. Hill thinks that this is particularly true of male applicants, one of whom had been rejected the preceding fall despite what seemed to be reasonable marks on the college-board examinations and a good record at Turner. In going after outstanding students, Hill runs into severe competition. Atlanta Negroes have other practical alternatives to the university besides the three state Negro colleges; those who are able to manage the tuition can attend one of the private colleges of the Atlanta University Center, and live right at home. "An outstanding student can almost always get a full or partial scholarship to a Negro school," Hill said. "Tech has something special to offer, of course, but why should a person want to go down to Athens?" If Georgia offers more academically than even most of the private Negro colleges, it offers considerably less socially. "I don't blame them for not going," Hamilton's mother told me. "It takes something out of a kid. I've seen the wear and tear on Hamp." As compensation for the wear and tear, a Negro who goes to Georgia now cannot expect even the plaques and adulation that Charlayne and Hamilton eventually found so hypocritical.

Hill is known in the Atlanta Negro community as a catalyst rather than an administrator, and nobody has come forward to organize the tedious and undramatic business of sifting through records to find qualified students, battling the red tape in the admissions office, and raising money for those students who need scholarships. In the early days of integration, a group of whites and Negroes who were interested in the problem held meetings in Atlanta and got as far as sending Negro high schools in the state a pamphlet listing the courses offered at the University of Georgia and outlining the procedure for application. The pamphlet had no visible effect, however, and the group eventually broke up. While I was in Atlanta this spring, plans were being made to take advantage of an approaching meeting of the Georgia Teachers Association, the state organization for Negro teachers, to talk to teachers and counsellors about encouraging students to consider the University of Georgia, or at least to take the college-board examinations required for admission. According to Hill, less than one per cent of the Negro high-school seniors in Atlanta take the col-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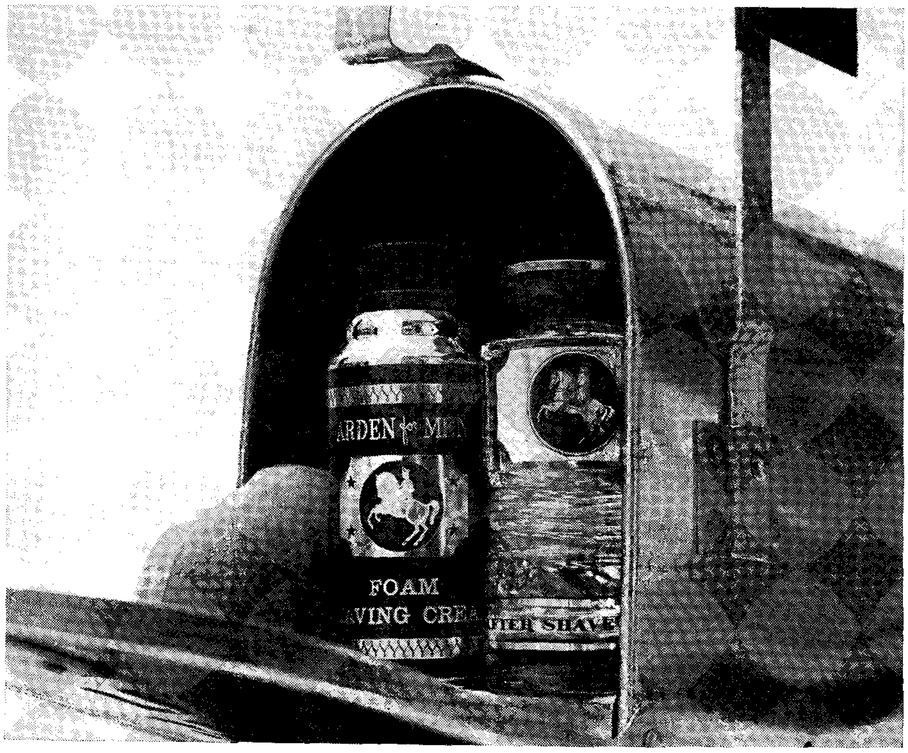

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lege boards. Hill was also planning a campaign in the *Inquirer*, of which he is now publisher, on the advantages of going to Georgia and Georgia Tech.

Most of the time, all such activity seemed halfhearted. At one point, Hill did hold a meeting of the various Negro fraternal organizations in Atlanta, asking them to divert some of their funds into scholarships for students who were attending newly integrated colleges. The only group that agreed to do so was the Jack & Jills, a mothers' organization—and one whose president might have had an extra measure of sympathy with the project, since she was Mrs. Washington, Hamilton's aunt. The Jack & Jills began to support one of the freshman girls at Georgia. "In general," Hill told me, "we simply were not able to generate the kind of funds we expected." Because of this, the informal organization encouraging Negroes to go to Georgia has occasionally been in the position of implying that the community would take care of a scholarship for a prospective student, and then not being able to produce it when the time came. Mary Frances Early had needed some help, particularly for the spring quarter, when she took a leave of absence from her teaching job to attend Georgia, but when she was about ready to leave, the promised funds were still nowhere in sight. At the last minute, the Negro teachers in the Atlanta schools were asked to give two dollars apiece for a scholarship—an arrangement that was satisfactory neither to Miss Early nor to the teachers, some of whom grumbled that they were having enough trouble putting away a dollar here and a dollar there for the education of their own children. The obvious solution to the problem would have been a scholarship fund, providing some steady source of aid and eliminating the need for a personal appeal on behalf of each student. Most people who have been concerned with the matter believe that the chance for a fund was lost as soon as the drama of the riot had faded from the front pages. "The difficulty with financing results from the fact that no one person or organization took the responsibility then and there," Hollowell told me. "A good fund could have been raised with the proper organization. I'm not thinking so much of Charlayne and Hamilton as of the people who came after them." And even with Charlayne and Hamilton, the Student Heroes, money was always a problem. It had been assumed that the Negro community would provide an informal scholarship for the pioneers, whether they were in desperate need or not, and, particularly in Charlayne's case, some help was necessary. The plans, however, did not provide any method of maintaining financial support, and Charlayne's education was financed by a series of last-minute scramblings for cash. It was raised, Hill told me, "from quarter to quarter." Charlayne, who had assumed that whatever help she received would come from some sort of fund, resented having to make personal appeals. Sooner or later, she looked to Hollowell and Carl Holman, who—often the day before a new quarter began—scratched around Atlanta until they had got the money together.

FRESH CLAMS

While I was in Atlanta, I talked with one of the few people who had responded to Holman's last-minute appeals—Mrs. P. Q. Yancey, the wife of a doctor. The Yanceys live near Collier Heights, a Negro residential district that is always one of the first stops in any Chamber of Commerce tour of the city. (William B. Hartsfield, the retired mayor of Atlanta, liked to tell of Northern journalists who refused to believe that Negroes lived in its forty-thousand-dollar houses until the Mayor went to the door to prove who lived there—and even then, Hartsfield said, the journalists weren't convinced, because they concluded that the Negro who answered the door was probably the butler.) Mrs. Yancey's large house is set back from the street, in grounds that include a private tennis court. One of her sons was at Villanova, she told me, and another at a prep school in Massachusetts. Her third son was the first Negro to attend Marist, a Catholic military school in Atlanta, where one of Charlayne's brothers had just been accepted. Because many of the Atlanta Negroes interested in Charlayne and Hamilton live, if not quite as grandly as Mrs. Yancey, at least in middle-class comfort, it is not always easy for people to remember the simple fact that underlies the need for fund-raising—that very few Negroes can afford to send their children to college. Mrs. Yancey, who seemed to have no trouble remembering this, had some unkind words for her neighbors. "This is a selfish community," she told me. "Oh, they'll give to the United Negro College Fund or the N.A.A.C.P.—their consciences make them do that—but they've been too busy

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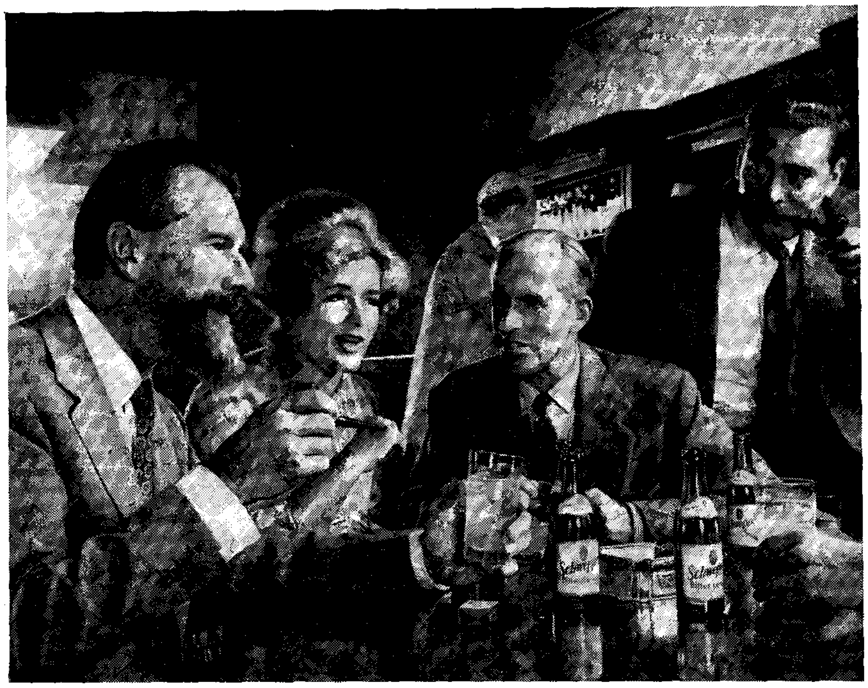

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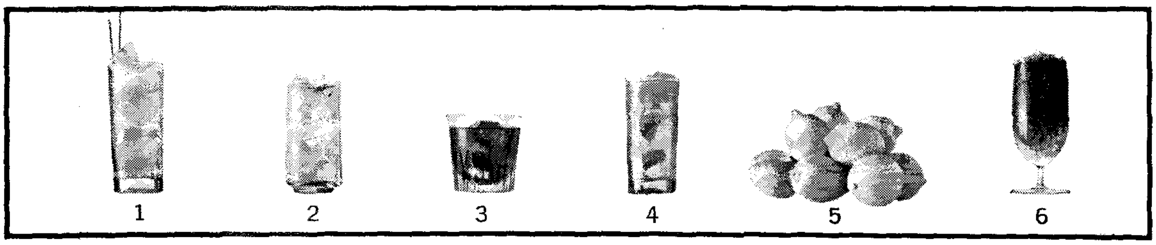

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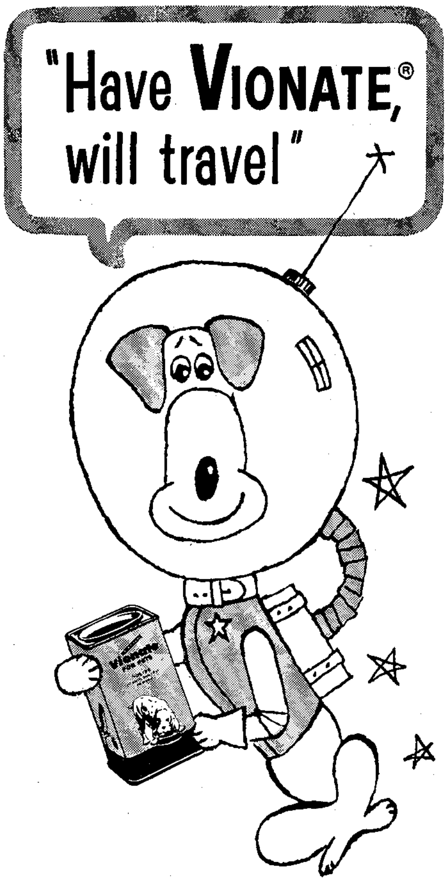

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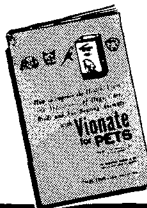

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too long trying to get things for their own families to worry about other people. Carl Holman called me one day and said, 'That girl can't go back to school unless we get some money.' A friend of mine here knew a man in Memphis who is in charge of the Negro Elks Education Fund, and she called him, and within two or three days we had some help. It wasn't all we wanted, but we had something. We also managed to get something from a women's club that had some money sent down from an organization to be used for the student sit-ins or a similar project. Since we were already raising money for the sit-ins, I managed to get the money for Charlayne, although it wasn't as easy as I thought it would be. Then I asked my husband one day—he belongs to two clubs, exclusive clubs, of businessmen and professionals—'What are you doing, all you rich men?' Of course, they're not *really* rich. He managed to raise money at both of the clubs. But we missed the psychological time. Right at the start, when everybody in the country was interested, we should have organized something, the way we did for the sit-ins right when the demonstrations were going on. I hope Charlayne isn't bitter, but I think she is, a little. She felt that it should have come easier, and she was right."

Charlayne received a check for eighty-three dollars from the Elks at the beginning of each quarter, the total of two hundred and forty-nine dollars for the academic year constituting her only steady income. Minimum expenses for a year at Georgia, according to Charlayne's estimates, amounted to between thirteen hundred and fifteen hundred dollars, and much of the difference was made up through such gifts as a United Packinghouse Workers scholarship for five hundred dollars; room and tuition payments for one quarter by Delta Sigma Theta, the sorority she had joined during the year and a half she had spent at Wayne University, in Detroit, before entering Georgia; a check from an organization of postal workers in Atlanta; and the honorariums that she and Hamilton ordinarily received for their speeches.

The irony of the Student Heroes' being unable to get scholarships was heightened by the belief among University of Georgia undergraduates that Charlayne and Hamilton were being paid generously by the N.A.A.C.P. Fifty thousand dollars was usually the figure mentioned, though some people believed that it was fifty dollars a day. As a matter of fact, the N.A.A.C.P. is one organization that has a policy

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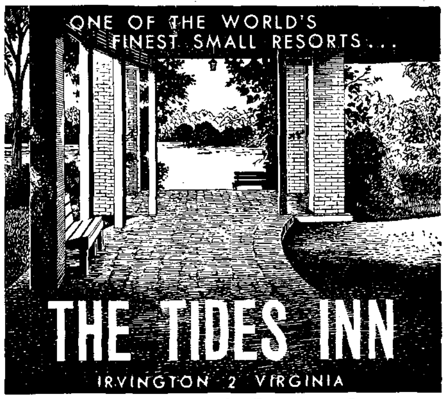

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of not giving even an occasional honorarium. "There's a plaque in our den from the N.A.A.C.P.," Charlayne told me one day. "That's what I got from them, exactly." Even so, neither Charlayne nor Hamilton did much to discourage the N.A.A.C.P. story. Charlayne said that after a football scandal broke at Georgia as the result of an overheard telephone conversation, "this boy came up to me in class and said, 'It's the funniest thing—a lady in my home town called my mother last week and said that she was on the phone and heard you talking to the N.A.A.C.P. in Jacksonville, asking for more money. Isn't that funny?' " She added, "I told him, 'Yeah, buddy, that's pretty funny.' I guess he expected me to deny it."

Charlayne's car is often pointed to by undergraduates as an example of her heavy financing by the N.A.A.C.P. Some of them felt that their case was proved when Mary Frances Early showed up with a compact car of the same model, and even the same color, indicating the possibility of purchase in wholesale lots. "They wondered why Hamp's was different," says Miss Early, "and we told them they have a different color for boys." Moreover, the cars were used by Negroes in Atlanta as an excuse for not supporting the students financially. Many of them, said Charlayne, had heard the N.A.A.C.P. story so often that they had come to believe it themselves; others thought anybody who could afford a car at college had no need of a scholarship. Hamilton's car was a gift from his grandfather. Charlayne's mother had borrowed the money to buy Charlayne's car, believing that on an unfriendly two-hundred-and-sixty-acre campus it might well be a necessity, rather than a luxury.

EVEN if the University of Georgia gave no thought whatever to the question of race and made a conscious effort to treat all citizens alike—sending its admissions representatives to Negro high schools as well as to white ones, for example—there would be few Negro students on the campus, although real or suspected prejudice might influence the number of Negroes who think they have a chance of being accepted if they try. Some Georgia faculty members, who were dismayed by the way university officials lent themselves in court to The Ritual that had developed of combatting integration even when the combat was obviously futile, are afraid that the prejudice might be real enough. When I told one of them that I was going to ask Walter Danner, the Registrar,

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about the admission of Negroes, he said, "In a way, the key to the administration's behavior is whether they're playing it straight now." Danner told me that he formallly admitted all students but that his role in admitting graduate students was more or less nominal, since it consisted of giving official approval to their application on the recommendation of the admissions committee and dean of the graduate school. Freshmen, he said, were admitted according to a standard mathematical formula, which combined the applicant's high-school record and his college-board aptitude scores to predict the grade average he would have at Georgia. Everybody above a certain predicted average was taken, and the borderline cases were turned over to the admissions committee. The minimum for males living in the state, the committee's chairman told me later, was that year a predicted average of sixty-eight, or D, slightly higher minimums being required for female applicants and for applicants who did not live in Georgia. Using this system, Danner had sent admission notices to 2,495 freshmen the previous fall and had rejected 285. For that class, four Negroes were accepted and five rejected. All, he said, were rejected strictly on grades and college-board results. No case had to be settled by the admissions committee, and no one had been turned down on the basis of a pre-admission interview, as Hamilton had been. After the court ordered Hamilton into the university, the admissions specialists seemed to have lost interest in interviews. When I told Danner that some people in Atlanta suspected him of bias, he assured me that Negroes "are considered right with the other students." Any other answer was, of course, unlikely. In two different cases during the years Georgia was bragging about its segregation, Danner had sworn that his office had not discriminated against Negroes.

The professor whom I had spoken to earlier agreed that the disparity in the percentage of white and Negro applicants accepted could as easily be the result of a difference in qualifications as the result of prejudice. And he had an admissions story of his own. A Negro graduate student, a young woman, had applied for the summer session in his department, he said. Her application was brought up in a faculty meeting with the other applications, discussed routinely, approved, and sent to Danner for action. Her race was clear only through the name of her undergraduate college. The professor said he was amazed at how simple the whole problem suddenly seemed—a graduate student's being accepted on the basis of her record. Then he added, "I guess that's what this is all about."

ON the surface, it might seem that the ten thousand Negroes who live in Athens had benefited most from the University of Georgia's integration, since it afforded their young people an opportunity to get a reasonably good education without leaving home—a bargain of the sort that has been responsible for the educations of thousands of Americans who happened to live in college towns. Yet there was only one Negro student from Athens at Georgia—Mary Blackwell, a small, shy Music Department freshman, who was the oldest of ten children of an Athens taxi-driver. In many ways, her life seemed less different from what it would have been if she were white than that of any other Negro student at Georgia. The contrast between Hamilton's life as a football hero at Morehouse and as an alien at Georgia was obvious, but Mary Blackwell's routine did not seem to vary greatly from that of any poor, shy college-town girl who was managing to get an education she would have otherwise missed. When I spoke to her one evening in the library of the Music Department, she said she sang in the chorus and played flute in an orchestra made up of students, faculty, and musically inclined Athenians. Although she found the general atmosphere on the campus hostile, and preferred to drive with Mattie Jo Arnold to a self-service hamburger stand for lunch rather than try a university dining hall, her life in the Music Department was not unpleasant. As a music-education major specializing in piano, she spent most of her time there, and, she said, "They seem to be used to seeing me." Mary particularly liked the other piano students, who gathered once a week at their professor's studio, and she had found the faculty uniformly fair and thoughtful. She laughed as she recalled the only disturbing incident that had taken place in the Music Department. "Our practice rooms are downstairs, and that was before we had Venetian blinds, so you could see right into them from the street through big windows," she said. "I used to practice from five to seven-thirty, and there's usually nobody here then, or maybe one or two people upstairs. One night—it was a practical joke, I guess—this boy barged through the door with a scarf over his face and a toy pistol in his hand, and screamed 'Bang, bang!' It was just a joke, but it scared the life out of me. He almost knocked over another girl as he was running out. After that, the head of the Music Department decided I shouldn't be here alone, and he arranged for me to practice in the mornings between classes."

One reason there were not more Negro students from Athens at Georgia was money. Mary's education was being financed mainly by a local Veterans of Foreign Wars post, but the opportunities for outside financing in Athens are limited, and the number of Negroes who can afford even the low in-state tuition is small. More important, practically none of the Negroes who were both willing and financially able to go to the university could get in. Charlayne and Hamilton had wanted to go to court about one boy from Atlanta who had been rejected, since they were convinced that he was qualified (because the boy himself was not enthusiastic about a court case, and Hollowell was busy defending Preston Cobb, the boy ended up at Morehouse), but nobody in Athens complained about prejudice in the rejection of three Athens Negroes who had applied for admission to the same class, because nobody in Athens pretends that the town's Negro high school, Athens High & Industrial, could conceivably produce more than one or two students able to meet the relatively undemanding minimum requirements for admission to the University of Georgia. I had heard that Athens High & Industrial started offering geometry only two or three years before, and when I called on the Clarke County school superintendent, Sam Wood, at the old Victorian house that the Clarke County school board uses as its headquarters, this was one of the first things I asked him about. After a quick phone call to Professor H. T. Edwards, the principal of Athens High & Industrial, Wood told me that the recent addition was advanced algebra, rather than geometry. A survey of Athens education by the League of Women Voters the previous fall had, I knew, listed twenty-six courses that were still offered only at Athens High, the white high school, among them American government, physical science, trigonometry, Latin, Spanish, German, and art. The main difference between the two schools—and the reason that most Athens High seniors score between three hundred and fifty and five hundred on the college boards, while any Athens High & Industrial student who takes the exams usually scores less than three hundred—does not lie in the curriculum, however. Since Athens has no significant Negro

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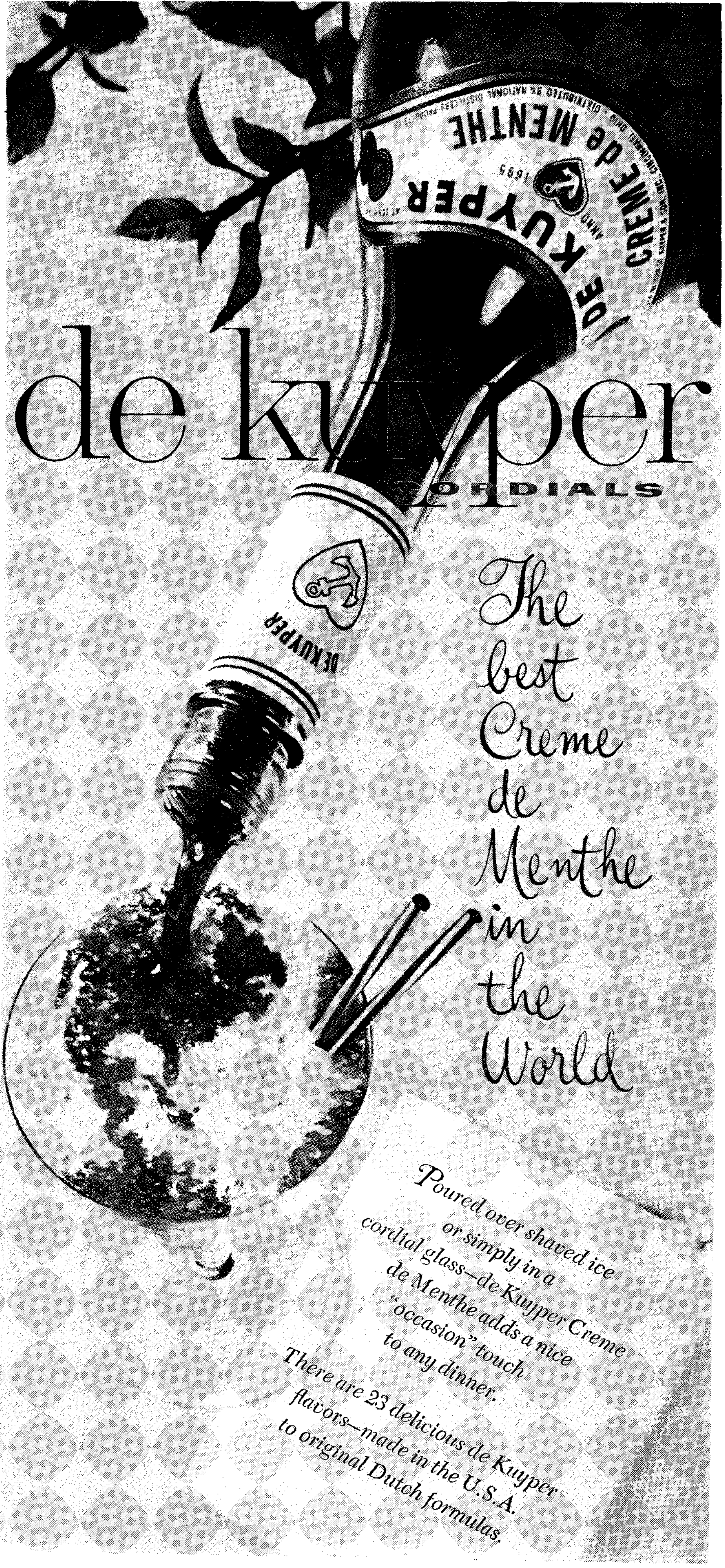

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middle class, most Negro students start out at a cultural disadvantage relative to the white students, many of whom are the children of college professors. The Negroes may also have a psychological disadvantage, in a society that offers them few job opportunities, no matter what their education, and calls their principal "Professor," one of the titles that were originally used in the South as a way of recognizing a position without going so far as to call a Negro "Mister." But mostly, according to Wood, the difference lies in the teaching. Athens High & Industrial, he said, had a teaching staff that was qualified "only on paper," and despite some in-service training programs, it was still woefully behind. Although Athens had shown more interest than most Georgia towns in improving Negro education, its Negro children remained caught in the cycle of half-educated teachers teaching students who, in turn, became half-educated teachers—an educational cycle that could only be broken by integration, whatever the social and political ramifications of that might be.

As I was leaving Wood's office, he told me of a conversation he had recently had with Professor Edwards. "I told Professor Edwards I wasn't taking up for segregation, or anything," he said, "but, just forgetting for a minute the sociologists and the Supreme Court and politics, and all that, didn't he think his people were better off right now—maybe not later but right now—in their own schools? I said, 'Remember last year when I came out to your school to induct ten of your seniors into the National Honor Society? Now, just how many of those seniors do you think would have made the National Honor Society at Athens High—with that competition?' And he said, 'Not the first one.' " If the goal of education is a wider distribution of National Honor Society places, Wood had a good point, but it was probably lost on the Negro seniors who made the National Honor Society and found themselves with so little education that they could not be given a predicted average of sixty-eight at the University of Georgia.

"If they figure the Negro kids in Atlanta are about two years behind by the time they're seniors," Carl Holman once remarked to me, "you can imagine how far behind the ones in the rest of the state are." And even the situation in Atlanta is not likely to change soon. The Atlanta desegregation program is based on integrating one grade a year, starting with high-school seniors and moving down, and with the Negro transfer students accepted on the basis

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of an elaborate pupil-placement plan that requires certain standards of intelligence, psychological fitness, and educational background. The pupil-placement plan, which nowhere mentions race, is "not on its face unconstitutional," according to court rulings so far, and it is generally used to hold down the number of Negroes entering white schools. Some Negro leaders have no objection to gradual integration plans, provided they represent a sincere effort to break the cycle without pulling down what education there is. The Atlanta plan, however, has nothing to do with education. Instead of beginning in the first grade, where white and Negro students can make an almost equal start, and phasing in the Negro students from the bottom up, it begins in the twelfth grade—where the disparity, having been fostered by twelve years of inferior education, is strongest—and goes backward, each class finding the transition from inferior education slightly less agonizing, until, after a dozen years, the program ends up where it should have started in the first place. The advantage of such a plan, in the eyes of some politicians, is that fewer Negroes are likely to be involved in the first year or two of integration, since few seniors can meet the pupil-placement requirements. They are unqualified precisely because of the inequality that the 1954 decision was meant to correct. According to its present desegregation plan, Atlanta, which was widely praised in 1961 for its peaceful compliance with the 1954 decision, will not start a Negro student on an equal footing with whites until 1971.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

•

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[*From "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*]

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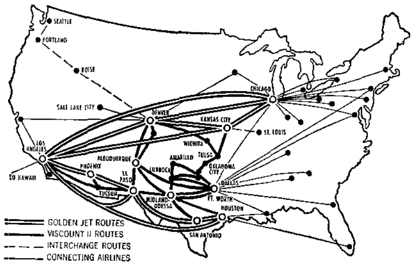

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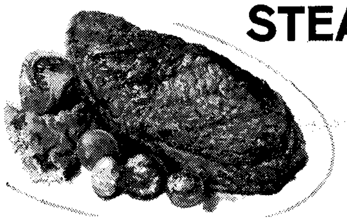

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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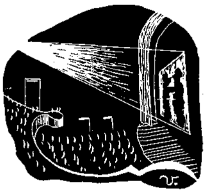

Machin, whose career we follow misstep by misstep, is a former coal miner and a roughneck, but an essentially decent roughneck, and he is in love with the woman in whose house he lodges. She is the widow of a factory worker who committed suicide on the job, after a bad marriage, and her feelings are so bruised and painful that she cannot bear to have them touched. He is determined to bring her back to life and make her happy, but she denies having any feeling for him whatever, although she is willing, even eager, to sleep with him, which makes it all the worse. Each time that she seems to respond to his transitory tenderness or kindness, he spoils it all with swagger or impatience or clumsiness. Subtly and beautifully acted by Rachel Roberts, she is a mysterious, shut-in woman, and it is doubtful whether any man could have done much with her. She is also, we learn, deathly ill.

The picture opens at a game in which Machin's front teeth are broken, and much of the story is told in flashbacks as he sits in the dentist's chair, under anesthesia. There is a scene in a dance hall, where, still a miner, he sullenly and enviously watches the patrons greet the members of the team. There are scenes at home with the widow and her two children, and one light interlude with them out in the country, where everybody has a good time. There are graphic scenes of a night poker game on the team bus; of the men frolicking around in the showers after a game; of Frank signing autographs for a group of kids, and showing off to newspapermen at a pub, and weaving home along wet railroad tracks after a Christmas Eve party, and, near the end, huddled in misery on a bed in an incredibly sordid, decaying rooming house. At one point, the rich wife of one of the businessmen who run the Rugby team tries unsuccessfully to seduce him, and it is to her that he speaks his key line: "You see something and you go out and you get it. It's as simple as that." As things turn out, it is not as simple as that.

There are hints of homosexuality and perverse cruelty throughout, if this bold picture can be said to hint at anything, and when it is over, one feels as pummelled and shaken by the noise and vehemence as by the tragedy of poor Machin, which is probably exactly what David Storey, who adapted the good script from his own novel, and Mr. Anderson had in mind. The performances are fine, especially those by William Hartnell, as an old man who gets Frank his first tryout with the team; by Alan Badel and Arthur Lowe, as a couple of rather sinister, exploiting businessmen; by Katherine Parr, as a neighbor of the widow; and by Colin Blakely, as a friendly teammate of the hero. As for Mr. Harris's performance—slightly reminiscent of Brando but without the cutting edge or quite the fascination of Brando's best work—it won a critics' award at the Cannes Festival, and for once that bunch at Cannes chose right.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

The American housewife opens about 55 million cans and jars of food a day, according to the National Canners Association.—*Colorado Springs Free Press.*

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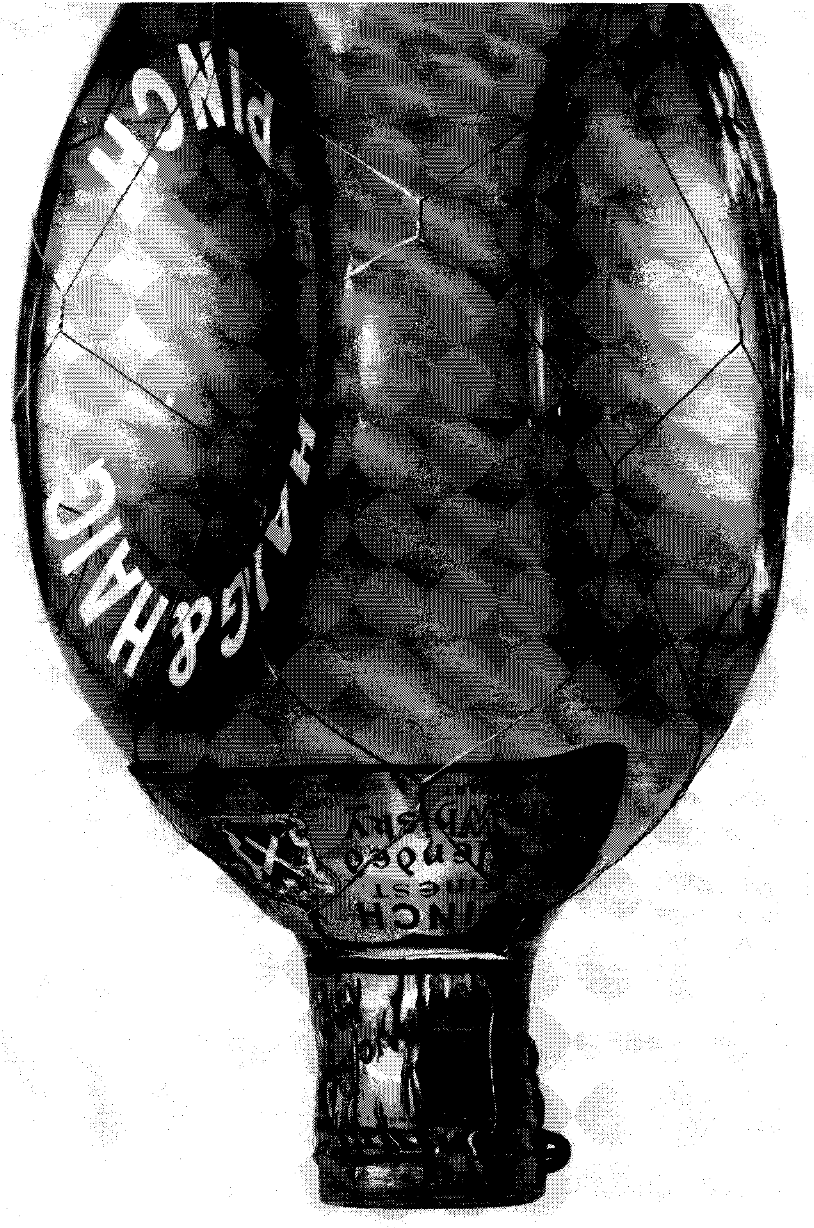

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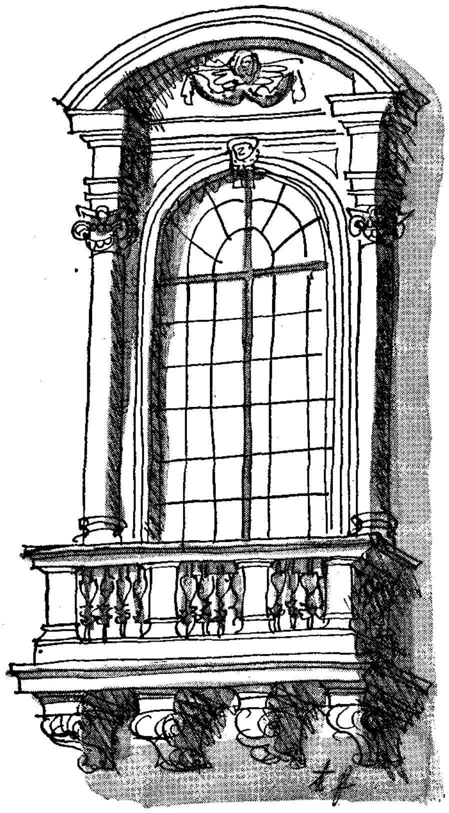
LETTER FROM VATICAN CITY

JULY 3

THE news that the Roman Catholic Church—and the world—had a new Pope broke unexpectedly on the morning of Friday, June 21st, at precisely eleven-eighteen. It was a beautiful morning here. The Square of St. Peter's was already dotted with visitors, since many Romans, playing their hunches, had decided to take a stroll in the direction of the Vatican before heading home for lunch and a siesta. From eleven o'clock on, heads kept turning toward the tall, thin makeshift chimney attached to the stove inside the Sistine Chapel, which had recorded two "black" ballot burnings the day before. Now, when a first few wisps of pale smoke spiralled forth, there was the usual vocal excitement among the uninitiated, but their outcries were shrugged off by seasoned observers—the so-called *veterani di fumate*, or smoke veterans—who knew that the smoke always started out white before turning black. Suddenly another puff of grayish smoke floated in the air, soon followed by a full column of white, which stood out unmistakably against the blue Italian sky. Almost instantaneously, the Square began to fill with thousands of Romans, who seemed to spring up out of the ground. Schoolchildren and their nuns catapulted out of classrooms into the streets, and bus and trolley riders and their drivers deserted their vehicles, as the word spread: "*È bianco!*" ("It's white!") Paralysis overtook the city's ordinarily tangled traffic. Skirting abandoned buses and trolleys and private cars, the crowds quickly converged on the Square in front of St. Peter's: priests, monsignori of all grades, secretaries, laborers, pilgrims, children, waiters, nuns, businessmen, housewives, soldiers, sailors—everybody who could move. "*È bianco!*" they all screamed gleefully. But *who* could it be? "It must be Montini," some were saying. "*Impossibile!*" said others, and still others asked, "*Dev'essere uno straniero?*" ("A foreigner for Pope?") This wild speculation suddenly gave way to a hushed silence as a platoon of Palatine Guards, followed by a band, filed onto the ramp directly in front of the porch of the great basilica. When, finally, the tall glass doors behind the balcony above the porch were opened and the red-bordered white papal tapestry (still bearing the Roncalli arms of a tower topped by the lion of St. Mark) was draped over the balustrade, the crowd roared, in anticipation of a great moment. As the



procession of ecclesiastics filed onto the balcony and the stocky figure of Alfredo Ottaviani, the dean of the cardinal deacons, was ushered to the microphone, silence possessed the multitude of more than two hundred thousand people. In a clear and slightly tremulous voice, the nearly blind Cardinal chanted, "I announce to you a great joy! We have a Pope! *Eminentissimum ac reverendissimum dominum* [pause]—*dominum Joannem Baptistam* . . . MONTINI!" Only the rising burst of the "MON" was heard, but it was sufficient. The crowd exploded. Ottaviani waited patiently, his poor unseeing eyes looking up into the heavens. ". . . Who has taken the name . . . PAULUM SEXTUM!" There was another vocal explosion from below. Surrounded by the red- and purple-clad retinue, the Cardinal then withdrew inside, leaving the glass doors ajar. The crowd seemed thunderstruck. It really *was* Montini! He would be Paul VI! It took some time for even the most facile-minded to digest these astonishing facts. Many had not allowed themselves to imagine that Montini could be considered, since he was so obviously the heir apparent of Pope John. Most had expected a compromise candidate—some determined middle-of-the-roader. To the majority of Catholics and of Christians, and to most people everywhere, the news was simply wonderful.

All over the Square, rapid-fire speculations had broken out among the experts as to whether the fifth or sixth ballot had been decisive. (There were four daily votings—two in the morning and two in the afternoon—though only two burnings of ballots each day.) But all talk was cut short by the appearance of the man who had just become Pope Paul VI. He had the look of someone in borrowed clothes, for the hastily fitted white papal cassock—one of three sizes held in readiness—and the large colored stole somehow seemed to have the wrong proportions for a man of his height (five feet ten) and weight (a hundred and fifty-four pounds). He advanced firmly to the front of the balcony. With just the slightest indication of a smile—or perhaps a tremor—on his lips, he accepted the tremendous acclamation of the crowd. He was flanked by two old, practiced masters of ceremonies—Monsignor Salvatore Capoferri and Archbishop Enrico Dante—who had enacted this unusual ritual three or four times in the last forty years, the dark-skinned, gentle, and cavernous-eyed Capoferri going back to the election of Pius XI, in 1922. At a signal from Dante, the new Holy Father began the formula of his blessing to the city of Rome and to the world. "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" The words rang out in the new Pope's clear, melodious voice. Listeners noticed that it had not the sonorous ring of Pope John's but was still strong and unhesitating. "Now and forever and ever!" came the response. "Our help is from the Lord," chanted Pope Paul. "Who has made heaven and earth," answered the crowd. Then, as the Pope turned slowly and majestically in a three-quarter circle to cover the whole earth before him with three stately signs of the Cross, he sang out, clearly and precisely, "May the blessing of Almighty God, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, descend upon you and remain with you forever."

DESPITE the strictest observance of the oath of secrecy taken by all the conclavists, several "inside" stories regarding the details of the election circulated at once. Secrets in Rome are not like secrets anywhere else. The Vatican is, among other things, a court, and many of the courtiers (near the conclave but not in it, and therefore not under the oath of secrecy) had their own means of piecing together and deducing—and, of course, sometimes misinterpreting—

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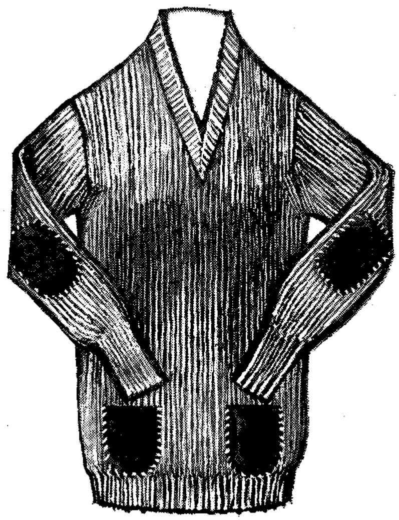

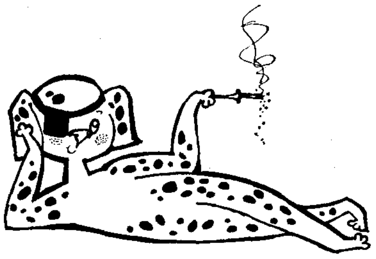

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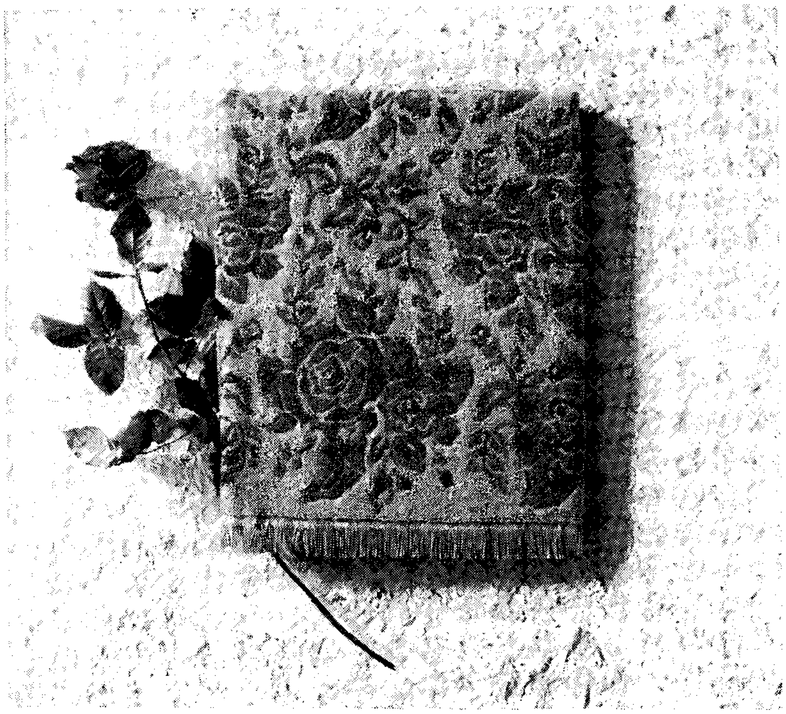
what had happened inside the Sistine Chapel and the adjoining apartments. One story said that Cardinal Montini showed more strength on the very first ballot than anyone had expected, even though the French, West German, Belgian, and Dutch cardinals voted at the beginning for Cardinal Suenens, of Malines-Brussels, or Cardinal Koenig, of Vienna, more in order to assert the important principle that a non-Italian cardinal is eligible for election than in the expectation that a non-Italian Pope would emerge. It was also said that the American voters, led by Cardinals Cushing and Spellman, had come out unanimously for Montini on the first ballot, having "taken the train for Geneva" (which stops at Montini's Archdiocese of Milan), according to an expression that gained popularity just before the conclave began. Another story maintained that Cardinal Siri, Archbishop of Genoa, and Cardinal Antoniutti, of the Curia, had started out as the favored candidates of the "integralists," or arch-conservatives, in the Curia, but that when Cardinal Ottaviani, Secretary of the Holy Office, sensed the mounting pro-Montini enthusiasm, he switched in desperation to Cardinal Lercaro, the Archbishop of Bologna, telling his aides that while Lercaro was identified with "the opening to the left" in both Church and secular politics, even he would be preferable to Montini. As soon as the members of the North European bloc became aware of this tactic, the story went on, they determined to elect a Pope who they knew would continue and encourage the ecumenical momentum generated by the first session of the Vatican Council, and voted en masse for Montini. As a result, by the fourth ballot (the final one on the first day) Cardinal Montini's lead had risen to fifty votes—only four short of election. It was a foregone conclusion that on the first ballot of the second day he would have more than enough votes. Apparently, there was a good deal of activity, and thinking, in the eighty "cells" of the conclave that evening, for the story continued that before the voters gathered the next morning, several of the cardinals who had been opposed to Montini—including Cardinal Ottaviani—spoke out eloquently on his behalf. Thus, on the next ballot, the fifth, he was elected with a nearly unanimous vote. Whatever the degree of accuracy of this "inside" account, the Cardinal of Milan went into the conclave openly pledged to carry on the program of John XXIII. He emerged as Pope Paul VI, and gave every indication of remaining true to the legacy of his predecessor. With his great knowledge and experience of Vatican administration, he will be able to extend the Johannine program of renewal and reform of the Church, and strengthen the spiritual values and the sense of unity that Pope John aroused among men of good will everywhere.

In his first audience with newspapermen and correspondents, Pope Paul referred ironically to some of the stories about the conclave as being "unusual," echoing Pope John's comment on the accounts of *his* election ("I could not find a word of truth in them"). Pope Paul was apparently referring to an article in the Italian picture magazine *Epoca*, which claimed that he actually received a majority vote on the first day of the conclave but that, "very pale, almost speechless, [he] begged the cardinals to meditate—and to let him meditate—on their decision overnight." In order to accede to this Hamlet-like request, the cardinals would have had to fake a "black" burning on Thursday afternoon—and that, said the *Epoca* story, was what happened: "The crowd was manifestly deceived." Not only is this account patently absurd—implying an invalid election, and failing to reckon with the formidable presence of the ranking member of the conclave, Eugène Cardinal Tisserant, Dean of the Sacred College, who would brook no such nonsense—but it is also significant as a reiteration of a charge of indecisiveness from which Cardinal Montini has suffered throughout the latter part of his career. As if to dispel at the very outset of his reign this false interpretation of his character, Paul VI began at once a series of actions that astonished everyone and showed him to be a vigorous man of decision who knows his own mind. After the public blessing from the balcony, it was time for lunch, but instead of eating alone, as formal papal etiquette requires, he ate with the cardinals at the big table set up for conclave meals in the Borgia apartments, and he sat not at the head place but in his old seat. At the end of lunch, he indicated that he was reappointing mild-mannered Amleto Giovanni Cardinal Cicognani, Pope John's appointee, as his Secretary of State. Then, instead of waiting the customary few days before moving into the sealed-off private apartments vacated by his predecessor, he insisted on moving in right away, on Friday. That night, Romans noticed lights behind the third-floor windows that had been dark for eighteen days. Though the formal ceremonies of the conclave are traditionally concluded by a second and third "obedience" of the cardinals, the new Pope, after receiving all the conclavists in the Hall of Vestments, said simply, "We will do the rest tomorrow." He seemed anxious to begin receiving his aides and making decisions, and soon was at his desk writing out, in his own hand, a draft of the speech that he would deliver on Saturday over television—a speech containing a reassurance that an expectant worldwide audience was waiting to hear: He would continue the Ecumenical Council. (Not long afterward, he set the date of the reopening of the Council for Sunday, September 29th—much sooner than had been expected by even the most optimistic, since all preparations had been brought to a standstill during the three-week interregnum. Also, the first meeting of the Council's all-important Coördinating Commission since Pope John's death is being held today, showing clearly that Pope Paul VI means business.)

In his speech, Pope Paul also affirmed that he had no desire to interfere in the internal affairs of governments, and his subsequent replies to congratulatory telegrams from Premier Khrushchev and from President Zawadzki, of Poland, indicated his intention of continuing the discussions that were started by Pope John with some of the Iron Curtain countries. These were not the only politic straws in the wind. On Saturday afternoon, he left the Vatican—itself a significant gesture on the first day after his election. He was on an errand of mercy, but this particular errand had overtones. Before the conclave met, it had been reported that the government of Spain was unhappy with Cardinal Montini. Last year, urged on by the students of Milan, the Cardinal had cabled Generalissimo Franco begging him to remit the death sentence of a young Spaniard, and Franco had coldly replied that the sentence was imprisonment, not death. (The Montini cable was called a "blunder" by some, though it is difficult to see how a plea for mercy, even when it is mistaken in detail, can be so regarded.) Thus, it was interesting that the first visit of the new Pope's reign took him to the Spanish College, near the Piazza Navona, to call on the ill and aged Enrique Cardinal Pla y Deniel, Archbishop of Toledo. As Pope Paul arrived to see the Cardinal, he was



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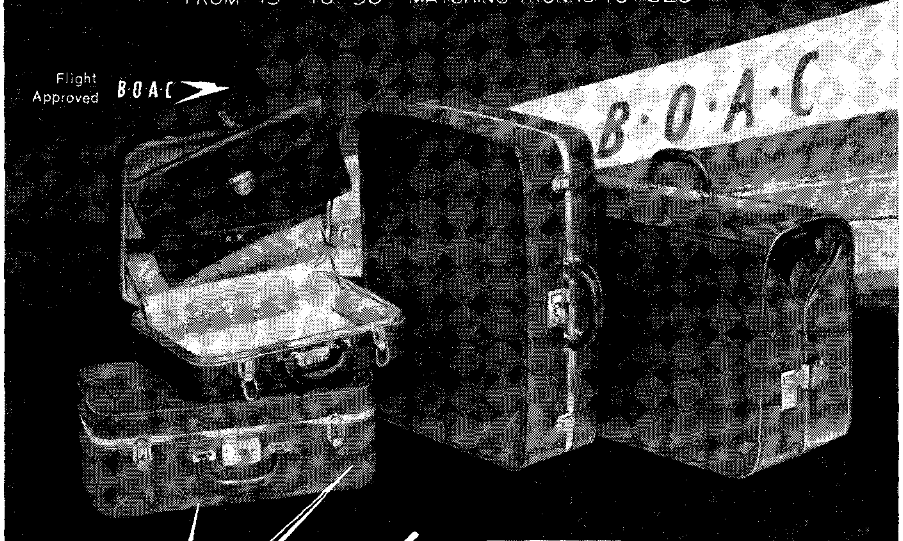

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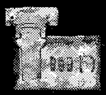

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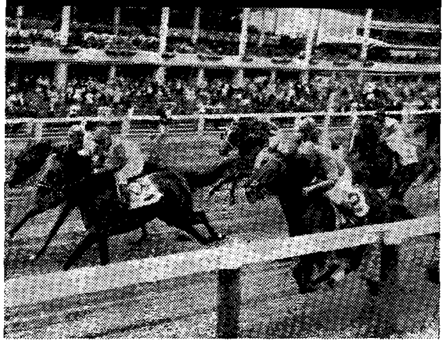

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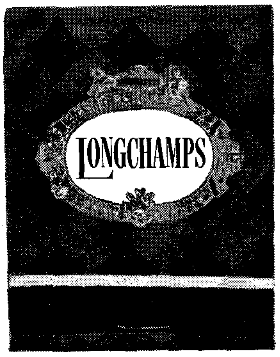

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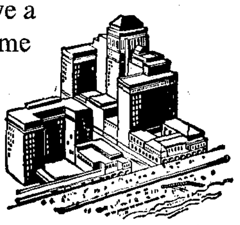

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warmly greeted by the Spanish students, seminarians, faculty, and other personnel, who had gathered in the courtyard to pay him homage and to acknowledge that Spain, even as the rest of the world, had a new Pope. Then, on Sunday, Pope Paul appeared at the window of his papal library to introduce to the cheering crowd in St. Peter's Square Cardinal Suenens, who, at Pope John's behest, had carried a copy of the Johannine encyclical "Pacem in Terris" to Secretary-General U Thant, of the United Nations. And three days later, in reply to two Protestant ministers who had sent him wishes for the success of his pontificate, Pope Paul wrote, by hand, of his desire to continue friendly relations with non-Catholics. On June 29th, he again left the Vatican, this time for the Roman church of St. Charles Borromeo to celebrate Mass according to the Ambrosian rite for a delegation of pilgrims from his own city of Milan, led by the mayor. They presented him with the new triple tiara that was used to crown him at the coronation ceremony; it is a tall, rather tapered, and Gothic-looking crown, fashioned according to a design that the new Pope had approved himself. Finally, he announced the resumption of the custom of daily audiences *di tabella* ("by schedule") with heads of the various Congregations and Offices of the Curia—a most important step if the machinery of Church bureaucracy is to move into high gear.

THE election of Cardinal Montini was extremely welcome to the members of the press here, if only because he was the man about whom they had the most information. It did not take the public long to learn that the new Pope was sixty-five; that he was born in Concesio, a suburb of Brescia, in northern Italy, of a family belonging to the professional class (his father had edited the local daily, *Il Cittadino*, for twenty-five years, and had served three terms in the Italian Parliament before the era of Fascism); that he had first undertaken his studies for the priesthood privately (as Pius XII had), and then in the Brescian seminary; and that he had been ordained a priest on May 29, 1920. During that summer, young Don Giambattista Montini served as a parish curate, and in the fall he went to Rome for graduate work at the Gregorian University. (He also studied literature at this time at the University of Rome.) Recommended to Pope Pius XI by Cardinal (then Monsignor) Pizzardo, who also sponsored his entrance into the papal foreign-service school for diplomatic training, Don

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Montini was sent to Warsaw as a minor official in the Holy See's nunciature. His health failed after several months there, however, and he was brought back to Rome, where he was given duties in the Secretariat of State. In 1930, when Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli became Pius XI's Secretary of State, he singled out Monsignor Montini for special training. From the start, Montini had interested himself in Catholic youth organizations, particularly on the university level; as a keen follower of the political theories of the anti-Fascist priest Luigi Sturzo, whose principal protégé was Alcide de Gasperi, Italy's great postwar Premier and founder of the Christian Democratic Party, he had fostered political-training programs for Catholic students. This had brought him into contact with such early anti-Fascists as Dr. Luigi Gedda and Vittorino Veronese, future presidents of Italy's Catholic Action movement, and also into conflict with the Fascist organizers, who singled him out as a "dangerous" cleric. While serving in the Secretariat of State, Monsignor Montini made many American friends; two of the closest were the late Monsignor Walter Carroll, of Pittsburgh, who served as a *minutante*, or minor aide, in the American section, and the slow-speaking but efficient Monsignor Joseph McGeough, of New York, with whom, in 1951, Montini made the first of his two visits to the United States. He was also associated in these early years with Monsignor Francis J. Spellman, of Boston. All these American contacts proved extremely helpful to Montini during the Second World War, when the Vatican was called upon to set up, in coöperation with the International Red Cross, a vast organization for the exchange of prisoner-of-war information.

During the war years, Monsignor Montini became a key figure in the Secretariat of State, and in 1944, when the Secretary, Cardinal Maglione, died, it was assumed that either he or Monsignor Domenico Tardini would succeed to the post. However, Pope Pius XII decided to function as his own Secretary of State, and named Montini and Tardini Deputy Secretaries of State. Monsignor Tardini, who was somewhat the senior, was put in charge of Extraordinary Affairs, dealing principally with concordats; Monsignor Montini was put in charge of Ordinary Affairs, or practically everything else. The outlooks of the two men were almost antithetical, and a conflict was inevitable. Generally speaking, Montini's policy in the postwar era favored indirect political action rather than direct interference by the

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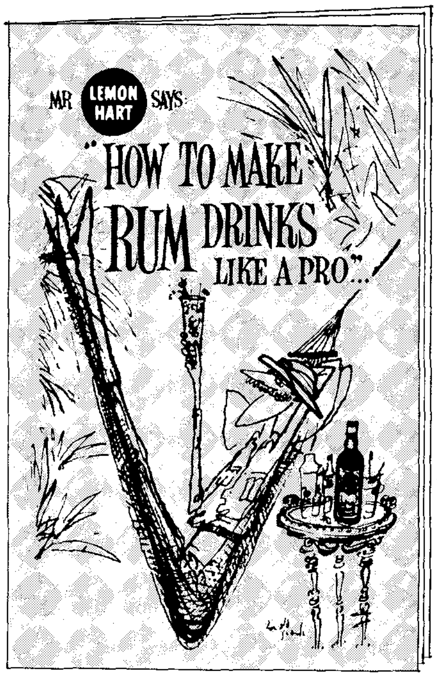
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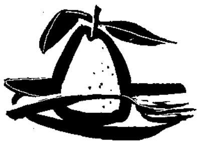
Church. Tardini, who enjoyed the support of such powerful and ultra-conservative Curial figures as Cardinals Canali and Pizzardo, and Monsignor Ottaviani, took the other tack. Montini had supported the worker-priest movement in France, considering it more spiritually than (as it turned out to be) politically oriented. He had also encouraged the leaders of the Italian Catholic Action to find an indirect means of influencing the leftist parties, particularly by approaching such groups as the Nenni Socialists. In addition, he had supported the Holy See's relations with UNESCO, in which he was joined by Archbishop Angelo Roncalli, then Apostolic Nuncio to France. A final source of disagreement with Tardini lay in Montini's insistence that representatives of the Holy See, and Catholics generally, should coöperate with organizations throughout the world that were working for international peace. In July, 1953, writing to the 40ème Semaine Sociale de France, he deplored the fact that so many Catholics still failed to heed the warnings of the Holy See in this grave period of international relations, just as they had been slow to follow papal encyclicals on the equally important question of social justice; he was saddened, he said, by the narrow nationalism and strange inertia of some Catholics, in view of the repeated appeals of the Holy Father for relations with non-Catholic agencies working on the social aspects of international affairs.



In 1953, Pope Pius XII convened what was to be the final consistory of his reign, and on this occasion two things of historic importance occurred—he made Angelo Roncalli a cardinal, and he revealed that both Monsignor Montini and Monsignor Tardini had declined to accept this supreme papal honor. Pope Pius attributed these refusals to the high virtue and humility of both men, and this was true enough, but Vatican observers felt there was more to it than that. As Robert Neville pointed out in his book "The World of the Vatican":

> There was talk around the Vatican that Pope Pius XII was grooming Montini to be his successor, just as Pacelli himself had been groomed to succeed Pius XI. Certainly Montini had built a reputation as a liberal, forward-looking, thoroughly wise prelate who would make the kind of pope the Vatican needed for the quickly changing world.
>
> But [this view] reckoned without Tardini's opposition. When [Pius XII] began thinking of creating new cardinals, he announced his intention of raising both Montini and Tardini to the purple. Tardini, however, declined the honor, thus making it difficult for [Pius XII] to give either of his vice-secretaries the red hat. Vatican insiders concluded that Tardini had reasoned that with the red hat Montini would be named Secretary of State, and thus would become the leading candidate in the next conclave. Tardini knew that with his own generally conservative outlook he had little chance of the Tiara.

A pasquinade at once became current: "When Tardini would not, Montini could not." The internal crisis within the Secretariat soon came to a head. In 1954, at a time when Pius XII was ill, a section of the Catholic Action group found itself in the position of having helped beat the Christian Democrats in a series of local elections, and it was at this point that the Tardini faction succeeded in convincing the Pope that Montini must go. On August 31st of that year, the day after the death of Ildefonso Cardinal Schuster, Archbishop of Milan, Montini was chosen as his successor. He was given the news of his new post by Pius XII himself, in an hour-long telephone call, although official announcement of the appointment was not made until November 3rd.

At this time, the city of Milan had become a strong Communist center, used by the Party as a model for the other great population centers of Italy. Montini's appointment was therefore a challenge to him, particularly since the final years of Cardinal Schuster's twenty-five-year reign had not kept pace with the social problems resulting from Milan's phenomenal postwar industrial and commercial expansion. It was not difficult for the Tardini faction to convince Pius XII that in removing Montini from the Curia he was giving him a task worthy of his great talents. When Montini left Rome for Milan, it was noted that ninety cases of books were shipped after him. In Milan, however, he acted not as a bookish intellectual but as "the workers' archbishop," and he became a familiar sight in the city, approaching workers with a sad smile and an outstretched hand, despite their hoots and jeers; in the end, they usually shook his hand. He visited the Communist districts of the city, went down into mines, and toured factories, always carrying a portable kit for saying Mass, which he set up and used wherever he went. He preached a message of love to "the unhappy ones who gather behind Marx," and told them that "Jesus still loves you strongly, immensely, divinely," and that the Church works to satisfy "the profound need for a new and worthwhile life that is

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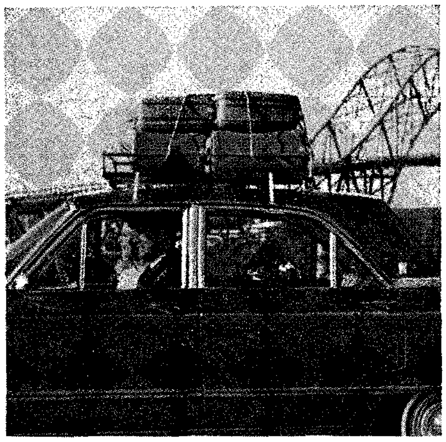

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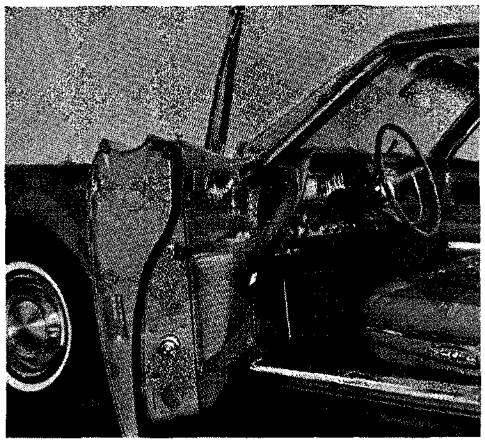

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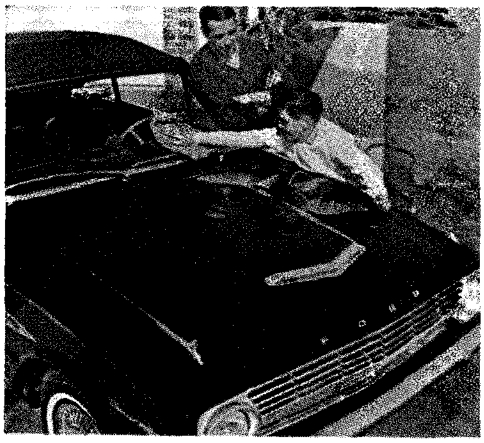

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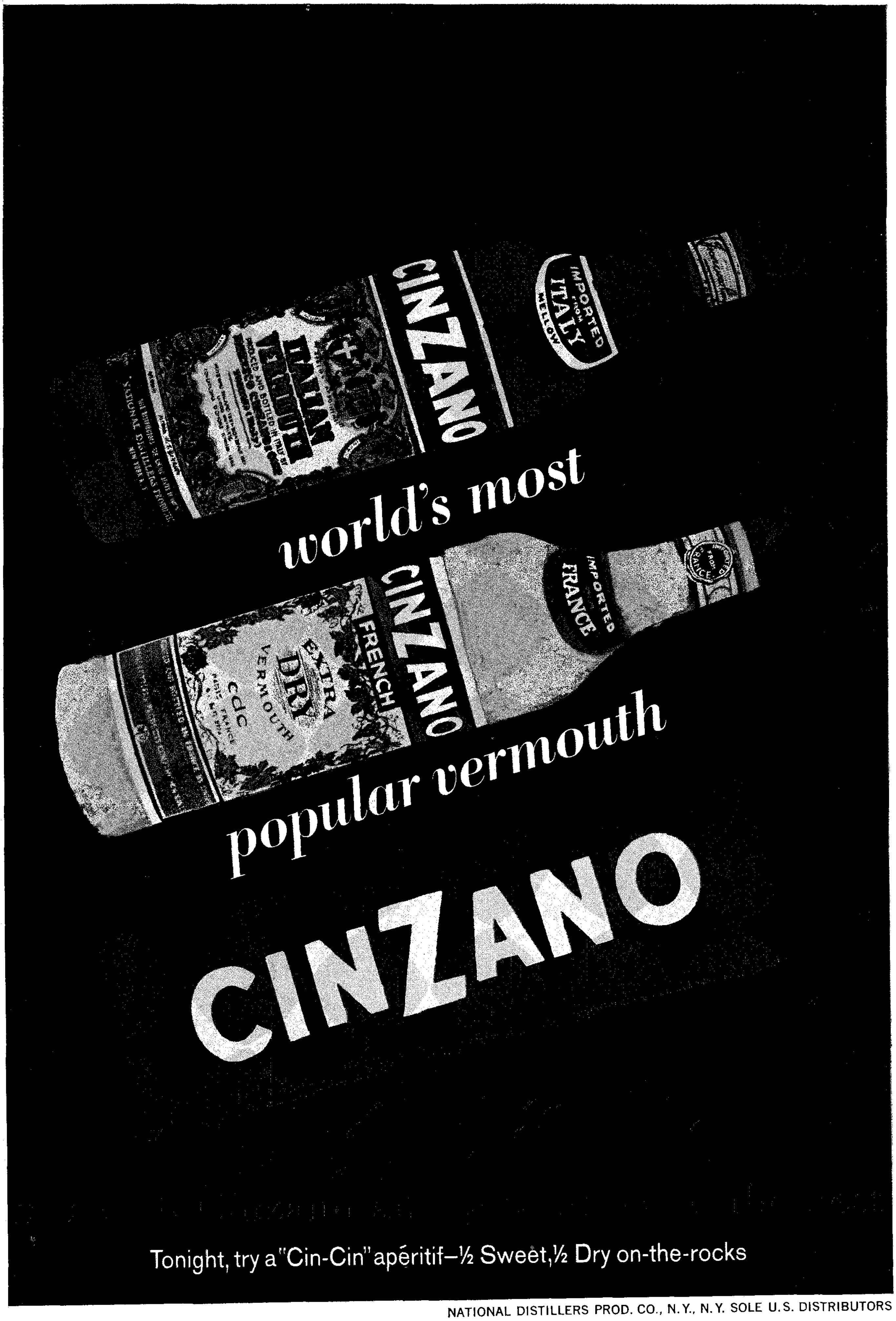
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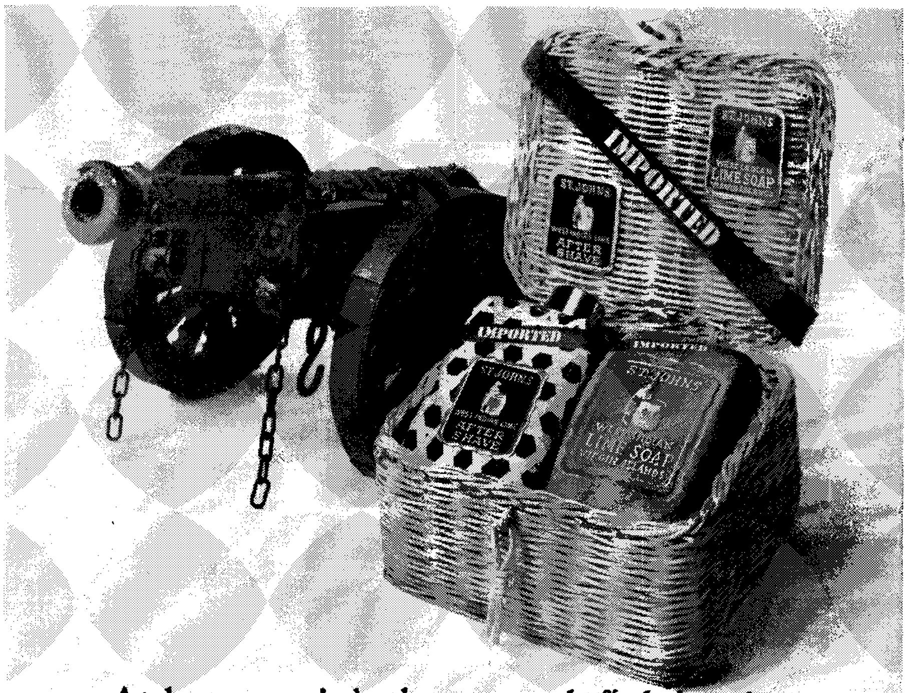
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PROD. CO., N.Y., N.Y. SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS hidden in your souls." When Pius died, late in 1958, it was said that at the ensuing conclave several voters crossed out the word "Cardinal" printed on the ballots and wrote Montini's name in the blank space that followed. Pope John XXIII called his first consistory immediately after his election, in order to bolster up the depleted College of Cardinals. Not only was the Archbishop of Milan the first prelate he raised to the purple but Pope John thereafter went out of his way to show the new cardinal special consideration. In 1960, he sent Montini to the United States, where he received an honorary degree from Notre Dame, along with President Eisenhower and the late Dr. Tom Dooley. He afterward went on a mission to South America, and last year he made a visit to Africa, to report to Pope John on the problems that the Church faces on that continent. Although *L'Osservatore Romano* published excerpts from the late Pope's diary, it was concealed from everyone until well after the conclave that the diary expressed Pope John's hope that Cardinal Montini would be his successor.

Tardini, whom Pope John also made a cardinal in 1958, became Secretary of State in that year. On January 20, 1959, when Pope John was alone with Tardini, the inspired words "A Council!" burst from the Pope's lips. Tardini's response, according to Pope John's first recorded report of the occasion, was "immediate and exultant;" according to a later account by the Pope, it was "restrained but nevertheless positive." As a matter of record, however, Tardini told persons in the Curia that he thought John XXIII temporarily mad and hoped he would forget all about the Council. The opposition's obstructionism started at that moment, and did not stop with Tardini's death, in 1961, but Pope John went serenely on his way, convening the Council in 1962 instead of 1963, as originally planned. When the Council met last October, Montini was the only cardinal from outside Rome whom Pope John invited to use Vatican apartments during the eight weeks of the first session, and Montini is said to have had a hand in composing the remarkable opening speech that Pope John addressed to the Council. At the Council itself, Montini spoke only twice—in the debates on the liturgy and the Church—but with extraordinary effectiveness on the latter occasion, urging the Fathers of the Council to define the collegial nature of the episcopate and give a truly ecumenical outlook to the Church. The less



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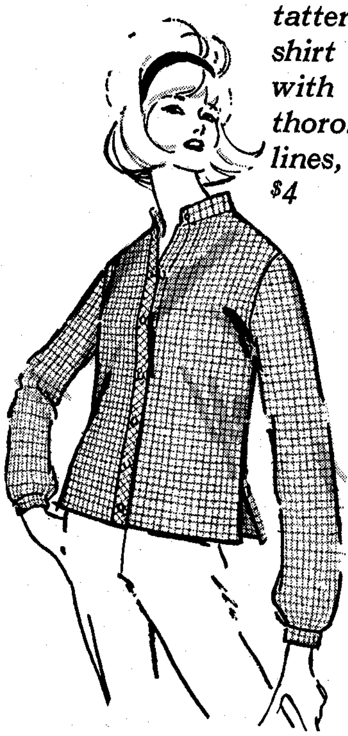

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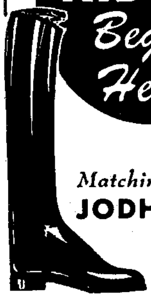

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the Fathers insisted on the rights of the Church, Cardinal Montini said, the more chance they had of being heard, especially in those parts of the world that were suspicious of the Church as a colonial-minded institution. Then, in a letter to the people of the Archdiocese of Milan, he laid the blame for the Council's failure to make greater progress on the Curial members of the preparatory commissions who had prevented coöperation among the various commissions that laid the groundwork for the Council. It is clear from all this that the second session of the Vatican Council is going to proceed with less obstructionism than the first session. Amid the splendor and panoply of the open-air coronation ceremonies in St. Peter's Square on June 30th (and Paul VI has indicated that all pontifical ceremonies are scheduled for simplification), the new Pope, in the light of his whole career, could well have intoned with special feeling the Introit, or opening words, of the Coronation Mass for that day, the Feast of St. Paul: "Lord, you have known me in my going down, and in my coming up."

Pope Paul, turning his attention to the world around him, will have to cope with a number of pressing problems—how to alleviate the lot of persecuted Catholics in Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, the Baltic states, and the mainland of China without seeming to favor the Communist regimes in power; how to win back to the Church the intellectual and laboring classes in Italy and France; how to avoid a direct clash with Islam in Africa and avert an anti-Christian reaction on the part of the new nations emerging there. The gigantic problems faced by Latin-American Catholicism, owing to the shortage of priests and the great gap between the impoverished and illiterate masses and the privileged few—to which must be added an inherited anticlericalism—have given rise to speculation that a special section of the Secretariat of State, or perhaps even a special Congregation, will be created. Finally, Pope Paul must fire the enthusiasm of the fifty million Catholics of the United States and Canada, whose relatively superior education and zeal can be a decisive factor in the new Pope's ecumenical mission. A reminder of Pope Paul's ecumenical hopes was contained in the special blessing he imparted to non-Catholics during an audience he granted a group of pilgrims from Philadelphia on June 25th: "We wish our thoughts also to go to those of our brethren who are not Catholics. On them and on their

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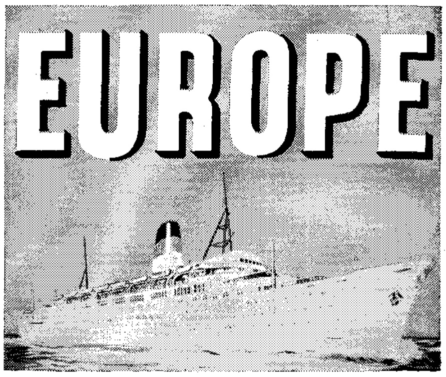

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dear ones we invoke the abundance of heavenly grace." The most widely quoted incident of President Kennedy's visit to Pope Paul today was the latter's reference to the fight against racial segregation in the United States, but many who quoted it failed to make a connection between Pope Paul's words and the gift that Pope John XXIII had earmarked for the President when he thought that he would live to greet him in person. The gift was an autographed copy of the encyclical "Pacem in Terris," and the President was visibly moved when Cardinal Cushing presented it to him. Pope Paul made the connection very clear, however, in the statement he read to President Kennedy in English:

> We find a spontaneous harmony with that which our venerable predecessor, Pope John XXIII, said in his last encyclical letter, "Pacem in Terris," when he presented anew to the world the Church's constant teaching of dignity of the individual human person, a dignity which the Almighty Creator bestowed in creating man to His own image and likeness. We are ever mindful in our prayers of the efforts to insure to all your citizens the equal benefits of citizenship, which have as their foundation the equality of all men because of their dignity as persons and children of God.

In evaluating the first twelve days of Pope Paul's pontificate, one can see that his most striking single act was his choosing of a name. St. Paul, by following literally the injunction of Christ to "go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature," earned the title of Apostle of the Gentiles—that is, of all mankind, and not only a chosen few. In the middle of the twentieth century, this new Paul has started his reign by dedicating himself to the same worldwide ecumenical mission. In Paul VI, the whole world can truly say, we have a Pope. —XAVIER RYNNE

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Saranac Lake* (N.Y.) *Adirondack Daily Enterprise*]

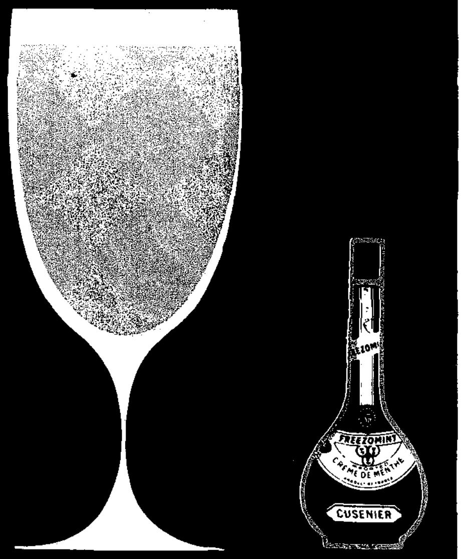
ART STUDENT

CORAL GABLES, FLA. (AP)—A young man was observed at the opening of an art gallery, gazing around intently as he walked from room to room.

•

Sanford is an honorary member of the Rochester Club and Elks Club, as well as a member of the Locust Hill Country Club. His penchant for reading may come in part from the fact that Louisa May Alcott was his wife's second cousin.—*Rochester* (*N.Y.*) *Democrat & Chronicle.*

Well, there!



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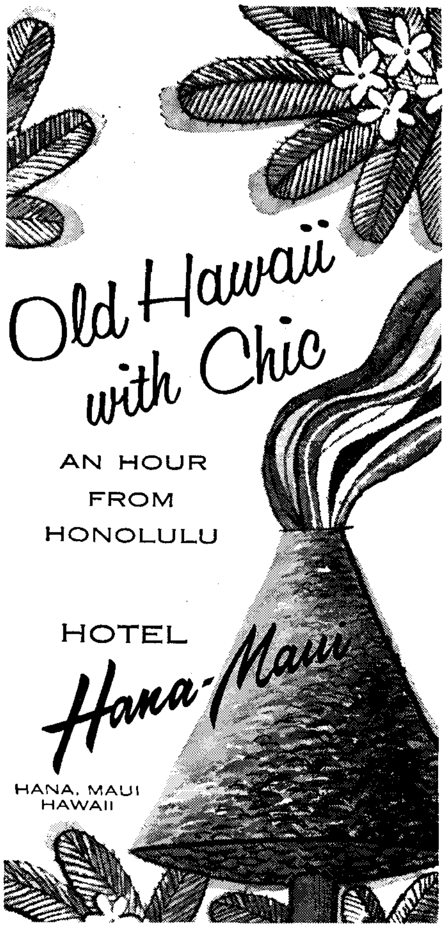

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THE RACE TRACK

Upsy-Daisy

FAVORITES went merrily up the spout in three of the principal races last weekend. Chateaugay finished third to Outing Class and Tenacle in the Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct, Mongo was beaten by Decidedly in the Monmouth Handicap at Monmouth Park, and Crimson Satan ran last in the Hollywood Gold Cup at Hollywood Park. In compensation, you might say (though it could hardly have helped the off-course parlay players), Candy Spots took the American Derby at Arlington Park, incidentally turning the tables on B. Major, who had beaten him in the Chicagoan last month, and Spicy Living romped off with the Delaware Oaks at Delaware Park.

There's a popular saying around the race track that weight is a great leveller, and no doubt it was in the Dwyer, for Chateaugay, who carried 129 pounds, gave seven pounds to Outing Class, whose form has improved astonishingly in the last few weeks; gave twenty-one pounds to Tenacle, who'll probably never be heard of again in such company; and gave from four to twenty-four pounds to the seven other three-year-olds. The race was another case of best-laid plans. Match Wits, a nimble, lightly weighted stablemate of Chateaugay, had been given the task of taking the lead at the start and doing his best to tire out Crewman and anybody else who wanted to run freely in front, and thus pave the way for Chateaugay to come from behind in the last quarter. Match Wits set the pace for the first three quarters, all right, with Crewman closest behind, but the pace wasn't fast enough to have the desired effect, because Outing Class, who had begun slowly, buckled down, as he did in the Saranac Handicap ten days before, and, moving up lickety-split, took the lead from Crewman in the stretch and won by a length from Tenacle. Although Chateaugay made a game try, he barely got third place by a nod from Crewman. I'm surprised he did as well as that, for he was bothered at the first turn and was checked again at the turn into the stretch as he was making his final challenge. Even so, if the distance had been a furlong more, he'd have won. Chateaugay's next start will be in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga next month. On the record, this was Greentree's third victory in the Dwyer, but, as it happens, Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, who is now co-owner of the stable, also won it with Rose Cross when she raced the Manhasset Stable thirty years ago.

MONGO, who was top banana in Maryland, Jersey, and Delaware this spring, was no match for Decidedly, fresh from his victory in the Dominion Day Handicap at Woodbine, when they hooked up through the stretch in the Monmouth Handicap. A bigger surprise was the utter fadeout of Crimson Satan in the Hollywood Gold Cup. Maybe he has done too much travelling, like Admiral's Voyage. As for Candy Spots, he certainly figured to win the American Derby; he's never lost a race at Arlington Park. And Spicy Living was a sound odds-on choice for the Delaware Oaks, having beaten all the serious contenders in the race at least once.

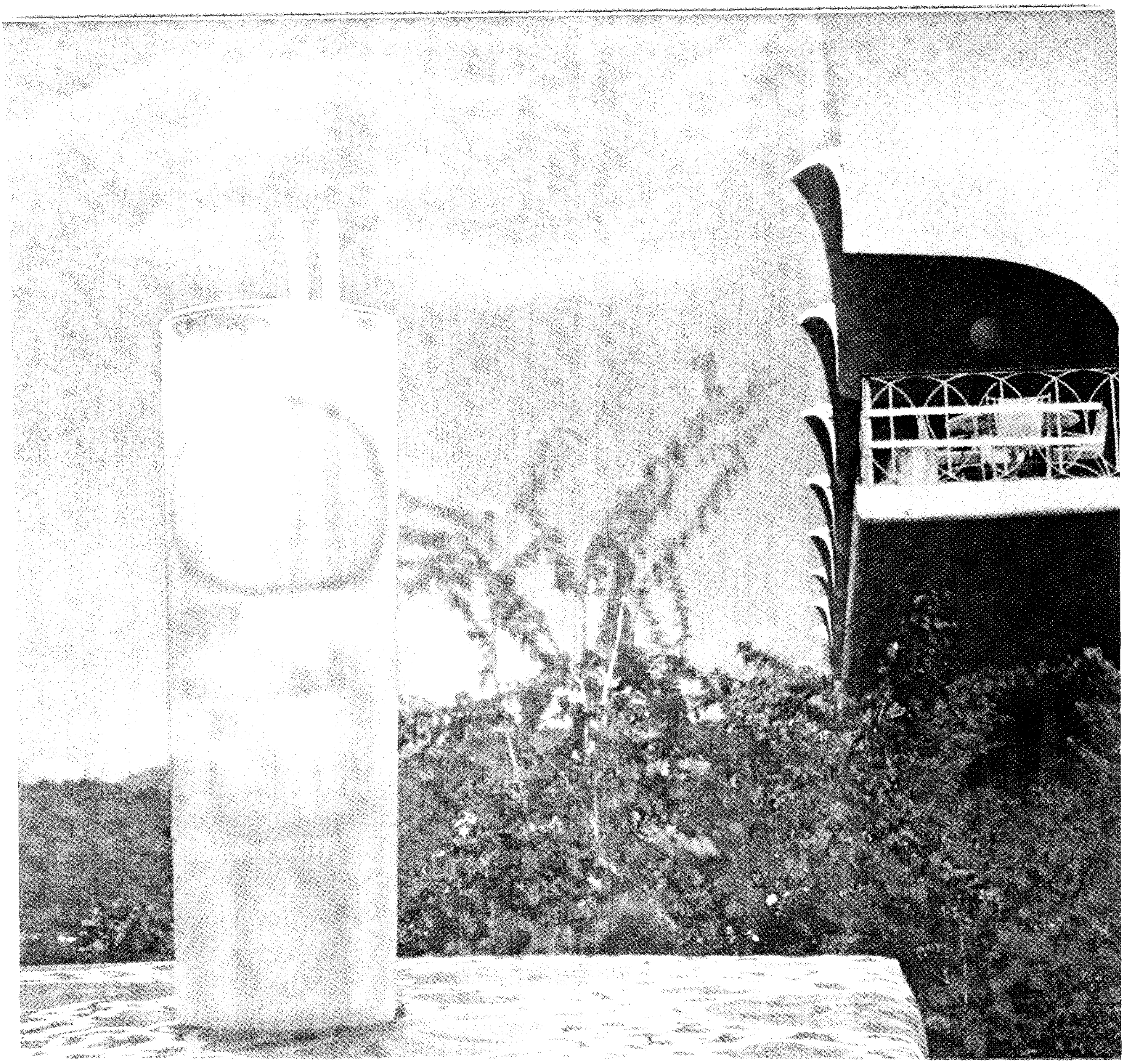
FOR a long time, I've been waiting to say a word about the two-year-old racing, which has been skimpier than usual this year. It touched a new low at Aqueduct the other afternoon when only three colts ran for the twenty-five-thousand-dollar Tremont Stakes. The horseplayers were very much annoyed. I haven't heard such booing from the grandstand since the last time Arcaro was beaten on a 3–5 favorite. (I suppose the howlers were voicing their disapproval because there was no show betting.) Since the season opened, at least eight hundred and fifty two-year-olds have been stabled at Belmont Park and Aqueduct, but less than half of them have faced the starter. The main reason is the severe epidemic of coughing that broke out at the Florida tracks and spread from coast to coast, attacking horses of all ages. Some veterinarians say it was a virus similar to that which gave people Asian flu. At any rate, it takes its victims a long time to recover. Oh, yes—the Tremont was won easily by Chieftain, who paid $2.30.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Family and friends helped Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Yost celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary last week. The Yosts, 13325 Promenade, are both native Detroiters. They have three daughters, Mrs. Ruth Carpus, Mrs. Ward Stoddard, Mrs. Betty Waldenmeyer; one son, Robert Frank Yost; and 100 grandchildren.—*Detroit News.*

Christmas morning should be fun.



A cool Daiquiri Collins in the garden of the Intercontinental Hotel, Ponce, Puerto Rico. John Stewart photograph.

How to make the new Daiquiri Collins at home with dry, light Puerto Rican rum

—a tip from the Daiquiri experts at the Ponce Intercontinental Hotel in Puerto Rico.

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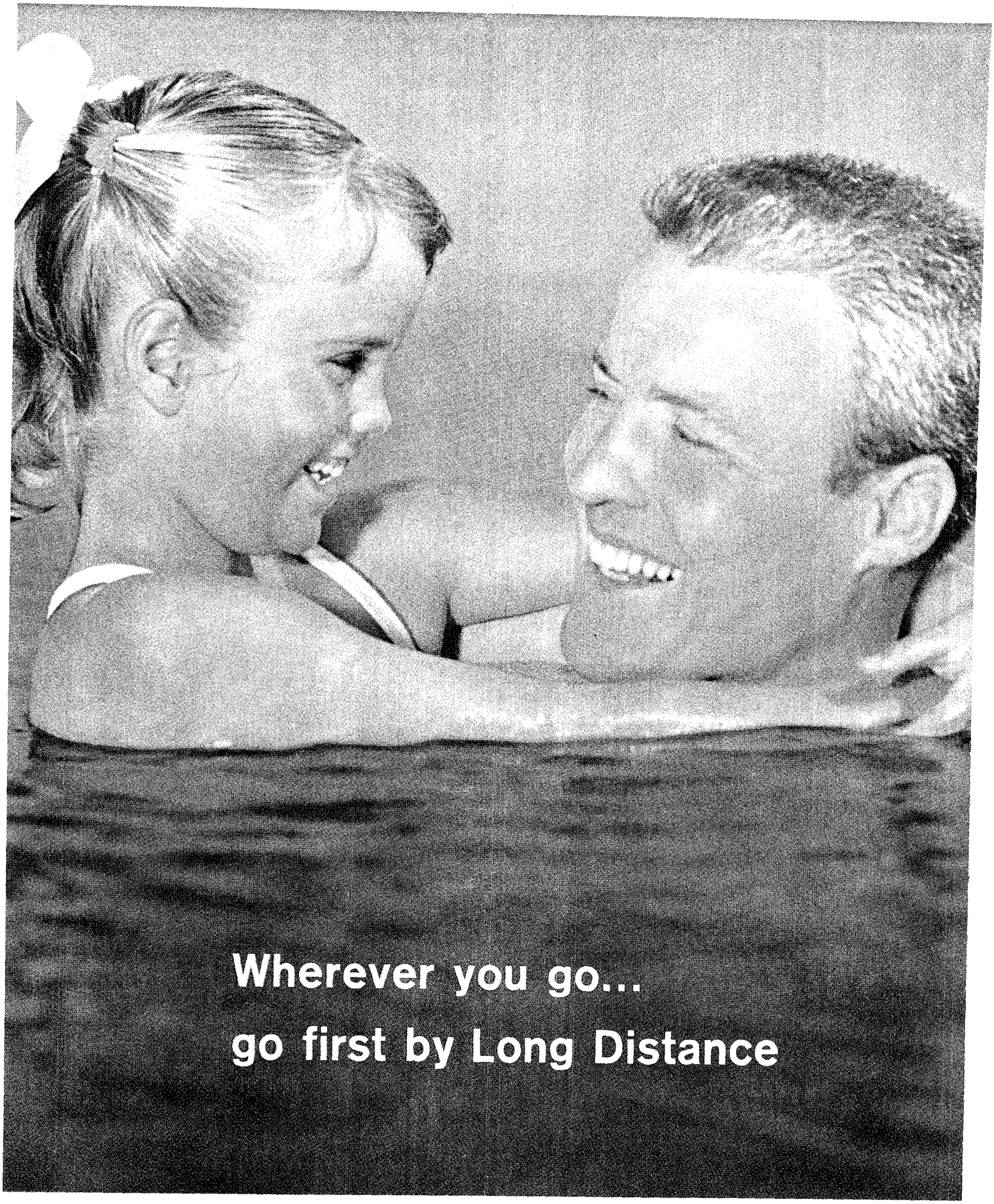
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz

THE best place to hear jazz is a matter of accident. Sometimes it is outdoors, beneath trees or in the sun (jazz has a bucolic streak). Sometimes it is under a circus tent during a thunderstorm. Sometimes it is in a classroom (Thelonious Monk, with Louis Bellson on drums and Jimmy Hamilton on clarinet, demonstrating how "Tea for Two" sounds as written and in Monk fashion), and sometimes it is in an abandoned Elks' hall or a living room (Pee Wee Russell, sitting in a curved-back Pennsylvania Dutch rocker—his profile to his listeners—and playing the blues, with George Wein on the piano). Once in a great while it is in a concert hall, which tends to separate the musicians and the audience and which inflicts echoing amounts of space on the musicians. It is never in a recording studio, whose clinical confines and now-or-never pressures cage the musician, who passes on his nervousness to the listener (the a. & r. man often included), who is tricked into hearing the mediocre as marvellous and the marvellous as mediocre. And sometimes it is in the night club, which, for better or worse, has nurtured the music for many years.

Since the disappearance of those ideal, longhouse-shaped clubs on West Fifty-second Street, the downtown New York jazz clubs have sprouted in cavernous basements (some of them like swimming pools and some of them like old-fashioned hotel lobbies), in reconverted stores, in old dance halls, in bars, and in cafeterias. One of the most satisfactory of these was the Five Spot, a plain Third Avenue bar, at the foot of Cooper Square, that took on jazz in the mid-fifties simply by adding a piano and a small bandstand. It was small and unpretentious and you could see and hear from anywhere in the room. As a result, it was intricately awash with music and reaction, reaction and music. Then the building it occupied was torn down and it vanished. But in March a new Five Spot opened, three blocks north, on Third Avenue and Eighth Street, in a reconverted cafeteria.

The new one comes in three sections. Behind its glass front is a kind of arcade filled with small tables. This is separated from the main room by a wall punctuated with four archways, and the main room, which is about thirty by fifty and has a long bar down one side, is partly divided by a row of mirror-encased pillars. The bandstand is at right angles to the bar. The tables are cafeteria tables, the walls are a heavy red, and the ceiling is literally carpeted in matching red. It is a spacious room, with good sound and little atmosphere. Thelonious Monk, fresh from a tour of Japan, was at the new Five Spot with his quartet (Charlie Rouse on tenor saxophone, Butch Warren on bass, and Frankie Dunlop on drums) when I stopped in a while back. During the past three or four years, Monk has gone through a curious transformation: he has retreated physically from the world while his music has grown increasingly aggressive and explicit. He now generally performs in a disguise that consists of a hat (the other night, he was wearing a narrow-brimmed Tyrolian model, its crown pushed out in a sawed-off stovepipe effect), dark glasses, two blunderbuss-sized rings, one on each hand, and his beard, which is slowly increasing in length. He never speaks to his audiences, nor does he face them when, at least once in every number, he gets up from the piano and—his arms outspread and groping, his torso erect, his feet flapping fish—he performs a unique soft-shoe. Thus, even though he is unmistakably there, it is difficult to *see* him. At the same time, his playing, once an equal mixture of sound and silence, has become extraordinarily busy. Savory dissonant chords dwindle abruptly into stiff, purposely crooked arpeggios. Repeated single-note figures end in crossed-hands chords or in upper-register splats effected with his right elbow. Oompah, stride-piano basses appear and disappear. And his backing-up, which includes his dancing and is both a fun-house mirror of and a prod for the soloist, is just as busy. All this was apparent when I heard him, particularly in a slow solo version of "Don't Blame Me" (Monk, noted for his tardiness, was on time for his first set, which was delayed by a late Charlie Rouse); "Crisscross;" a fine, lingering "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," in which he played, almost

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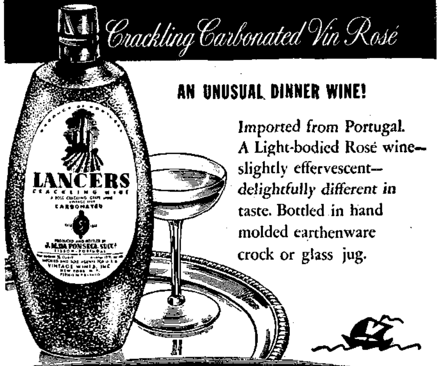

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note for note, Tommy Dorsey's celebrated solo, and then—after a quick, tantalizing pause—parodied it; "Well, You Needn't;" "Epistrophy;" and "Blue Monk," in which he stayed close to the melody, while repeatedly reorganizing its rhythmic structure. (Monk's sets are at least an hour long, and usually contain half a dozen numbers.) His quartet is satisfactory. Rouse is an intense, often affecting saxophonist, whose hard-bop outlines have gradually softened, and Butch Warren is another of the gifted bassists who have appeared in the wake of Charlie Mingus. Dunlop is a measured, careful soloist and a measured, careful accompanist (Monk, though, loves a drummer who will occasionally war with him). But his accompanists matter little; his music is a well, and at its bottom—alone and furiously digging—is Monk himself. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

TODAY'S
FILM REVUE
LONG DAY'S JOURNEY
INTO NIGHT

This film concerns a family tragedy. The principal characters are the parents and their two sons. A maid makes a brief appearance. The drama centers on these four for just a single day at their seaside New England summer home. It reveals the love-hate relationship that binds them together and yet tears them apart.

The father, James Tyrone, (Ralph Richardson), a former matinee idol is a miser and this causes various family tragedies. Because of this, his wife, Mary (Katherine Hepburn) becomes a dope addict when a disreputable doctor was called to attend the birth of her first son Jamie (Jason Robards, Jr.).

The next son Edmund (Dean Stockwell) goes to sea at an early age and returns ill with consumption. The oldest, Jamie, is an alcoholic and later turns to drugs. Even with all this tragedy the father does not mend his miserly ways.
—*Fort Smith* (*Ark.*) *Fort Smithian.*

You just can't change some people.

•

ECHOES WE DOUBT EVER GOT HEARD IN THE LOBBY OF THE CITY HALL OF KANSAS CITY

[*Charles Hammer in the Kansas City* (*Mo.*) *Star*]

He is a small ghost, as ghosts go. (Perhaps angel would be a better word for him).

But shout his name—Walter Matscheck—in the dimness of the city hall lobby, and in the echo you will hear forgotten voices chanting the dry, unmelodious litanies of good local government: "City-manager form, nonpartisan system, employment on merit."

Shout it again, and you may even wring from the silent stone echoes rich with the meaning of those dry phrases: "Honesty, integrity, decency."

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CONCUBINE, by Norah Lofts (Doubleday). The story of Anne Boleyn, who was courted by Henry VIII for nine years and executed by his order after three years of unhappy marriage. Miss Lofts implies that Henry's desire had been worn out by waiting before he and Anne were married, and that it was resentment of her stubborn discipline during the years of waiting that drove him to kill her when he might have divorced her. Neither Anne Boleyn nor the King becomes a very vivid figure in Miss Lofts' rendering of their story, but it makes a pathetic, readable tale, dimmed in horror as well as in color by the passing of the years.

THE SUMMER HOUSES, by James Stevenson (Macmillan). An unlikely and quite funny morality tale, set on an imaginary island somewhere between New York and Cape Cod and having to do with the surprising reactions of its second- and third-generation Ivy League summer residents when a visionary billionaire attempts to buy them all out at above-market prices. The outcome is both sentimental and ironic, and so cancels itself out, but the occasional fine slapstick lingers on.

GENERAL

THE LAST OF THE INCAS: THE RISE AND FALL OF AN AMERICAN EMPIRE, by Edward Hyams and George Ordish (Simon & Schuster). A kind of improved version of Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Peru." It ends with the murder of the Sapa Inca Atahualpa, which followed immediately upon his gunpoint conversion to the religion of love and mercy. The form is otherwise the same: a historical study of Incan civilization, a review of the civil war that raised Atahualpa to the throne, and an account of the almost incredible victory of Francisco Pizarro and his little gang of plunderers. There are two major improvements. One—a natural product of modern archeological investigation—is a richer picture of Incan culture. The other—a natural product of twentieth-century sensibility—is a sympathetic understanding of the Incas. The writing, as in most collaborations, is functional rather than fine, but the closing paragraph is one that even Prescott would admire: "But when the Spaniards burst into the [empire], they shattered this great pattern, they scattered the dancers and broke up the figure. Millions of men and women who had existed only, so to speak, as parts of a great pattern, suddenly found themselves individuals; they did not know how to be individuals, and the very nature of their land told them it was a futile thing to be in any case. The great dance had been their reality; they awoke into the nightmare of chaos. And they continue to live in it even now." Photographs and maps.

TWO TUDOR PORTRAITS, by Hester W. Chapman (Little, Brown). Miss Chapman, who recently gave us an appealing study of Lady Jane Grey, the reluctant "nine-days Queen," here introduces two more highborn, short-lived, sixteenth-century unfortunates—Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1517-47), and Lady Katherine Grey (1540-68), Lady Jane's younger sister. Surrey's trouble, which cost him his head, was political naïveté, coupled with a spoiled-brat assumption that he could do no wrong. Lady Katherine's trouble was a simple-minded inability to profit by her sister's example, and it landed her in custody for life. They were both poor creatures, impossible to like and hard to pity, but Miss Chapman brings them fully alive, and by showing them so in a world beyond their understanding she also shows us that world from a newly instructive perspective. Illustrated with portraits of the principals.

THE NEW RYTHUM AND OTHER PIECES, by Ronald Firbank (New Directions). This book contains some manuscripts that were deliberately omitted from "The Complete Ronald Firbank," and some that were not discovered until after its publication. Among them are "Lady Appledore's Mésalliance," an almost conventional drawing-room comedy written in Firbank's youth; "The New Rythum," part of an incompleted fantasy about New York (where the author had never been); some miscellaneous notes for other works; and some very funny pictures of Ronald Firbank and his

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Robert Benchley, philosopher, wit, and man of the world, once observed: "There are several ways in which to apportion the family income, all of them unsatisfactory." How true! Almost every expenditure seems to mean forgoing something else.

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rooms at Cambridge. Although none of these pieces show Firbank at his best, all of them display that fastidious wickedness—that combination of naughtiness and whimsey, bite and nonsense—that made him a kind of improbable link between Lewis Carroll and Edward Gorey, Oscar Wilde and Evelyn Waugh, and a splendid fop and artist in his own right.

THE OCCASIONS OF JUSTICE, by Charles L. Black, Jr. (Macmillan). A collection of excellent essays and reviews, most of them about the law (the author is a professor at Yale Law School), and most of them intended for laymen. As a good lawyer is supposed to, Mr. Black marshals his arguments well and clarifies issues. His essay "Mr. Justice Black, the Supreme Court, and the Bill of Rights" is superb; his exposition in "The Lawfulness of the Segregation Decisions" is shiny bright; and his essay "He Cannot Choose but Hear: The Plight of the Captive Auditor," written with savage indignation, art, and wit, includes some valuable legal tips on how to shut up commercial broadcasts in common carriers.

LAWRENCE DURRELL AND HENRY MILLER: A PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE, edited, with an introduction and notes, by George Wickes (Dutton). A generous epistolary record—well over three hundred letters—of a durable literary friendship. It began in 1935, when Miller was forty-four and Durrell just twenty-three, with a fan letter from Durrell (" 'Tropic of Cancer' . . . strikes me as being the only really man-size piece of work which this century can really boast of") and a warm reply from Miller ("Your letter is so vivid, so keen . . ."); it ripened with mutual admiration and the discovery that the two saw eye to eye on almost everything (damn England, damn America, damn all); and—despite Miller's rise to fame and Durrell's rise to fame and fortune—it is still going strong. The letters—descriptive, anecdotal, speculative, polemical, boastful, alive—are highly entertaining and tell us a good deal about the authors. So does the fact that Durrell and Miller are willing to see their correspondence published.

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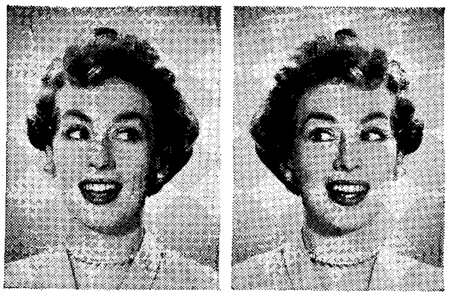

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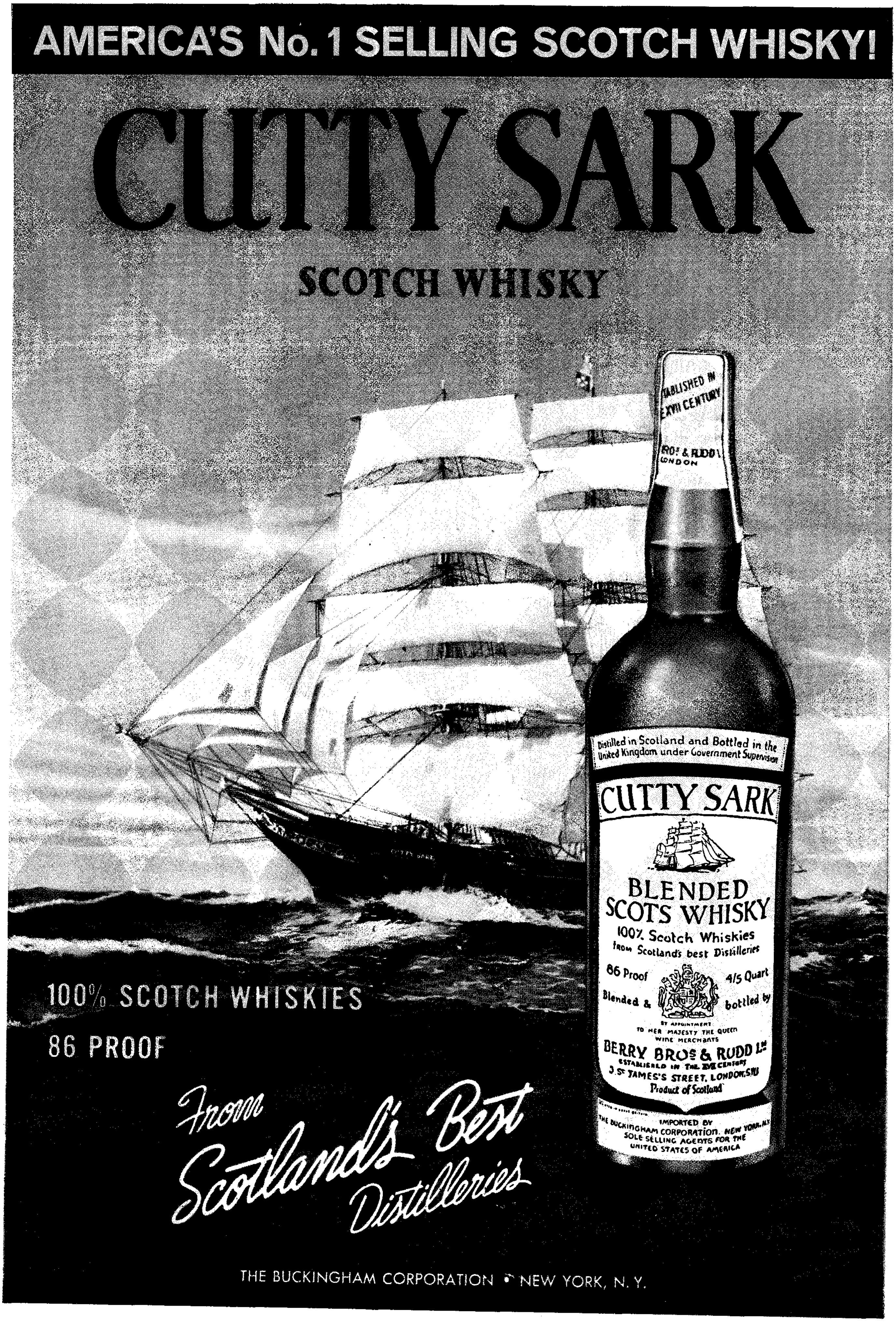
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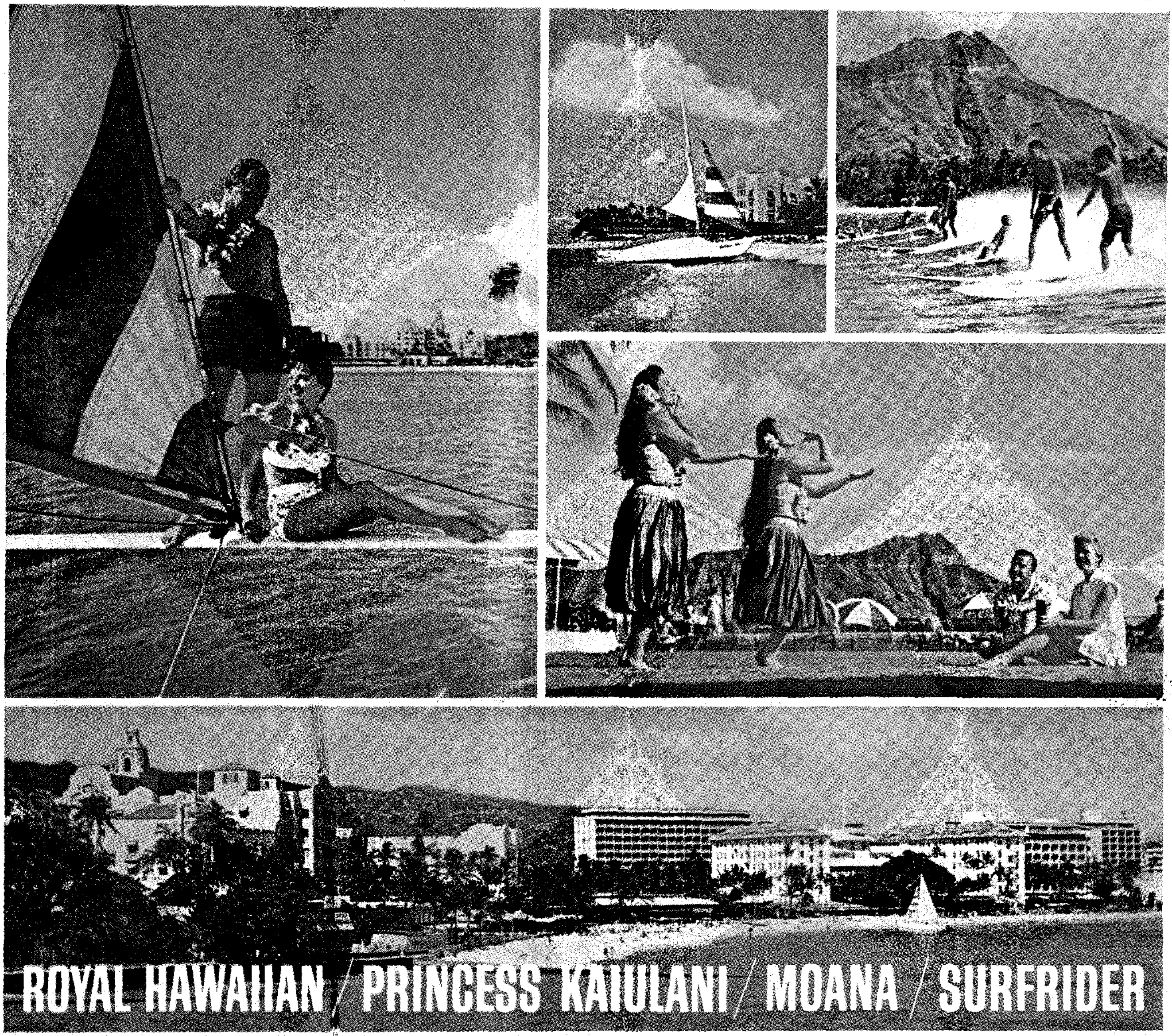

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